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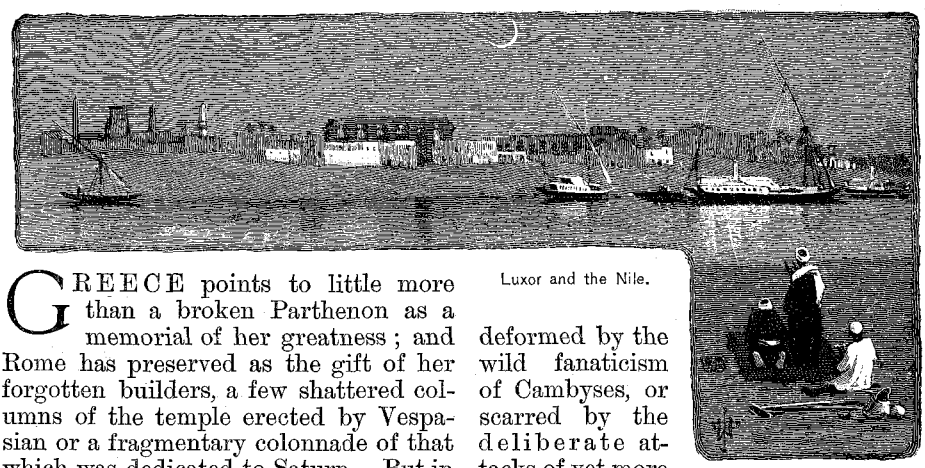
THE TEMPLES OF EGYPT.

By Edward L. Wilson.



Luxor and the Nile.

GREECE points to little more than a broken Parthenon as a memorial of her greatness; and Rome has preserved as the gift of her forgotten builders, a few shattered columns of the temple erected by Vespasian or a fragmentary colonnade of that which was dedicated to Saturn. But in Egypt, the temples are almost beyond numbering, while the inscriptions upon their walls and columns have preserved a written history contemporaneous with the age of their builders, most of whom had been forgotten long before the first stone was laid upon the Palatine hill, or the first year of the earliest Olympiad had passed.

Sometimes, in a mountain forest, we see a tree that has outgrown and outlived its neighbors, and we wonder by what law of growth and preservation it has outlasted the fallen monsters which lie decaying at its roots. So the Egyptian temples seem to stand, perpetual monuments of an otherwise long perished past. The centuries have neither increased nor diminished their girth. Time has wrought but little change in their formation. They have only been deformed by the wild fanaticism of Cambyses, or scarred by the deliberate attacks of yet more barbarous invaders and iconoclasts. Otherwise they would have remained as their projectors intended they should: the imperishable and unchanged symbols of "everlastingness." It is true that they are in ruins, but the ruins are still as awe-inspiring as they were when Diodorus and Herodotus held interviews with the pious priests who were the ministers to their mysteries.

A wide and inexhaustible field, therefore, is offered by the Nile temples, to the historian, to the student of art and architecture, and to the camera enthusiast.

The work of investigation must continue with courage and persistence until the Egypt Exploration Fund and its co-workers have revealed all the apartments of the Great Pyramid, and have turned over to the light the inscribed

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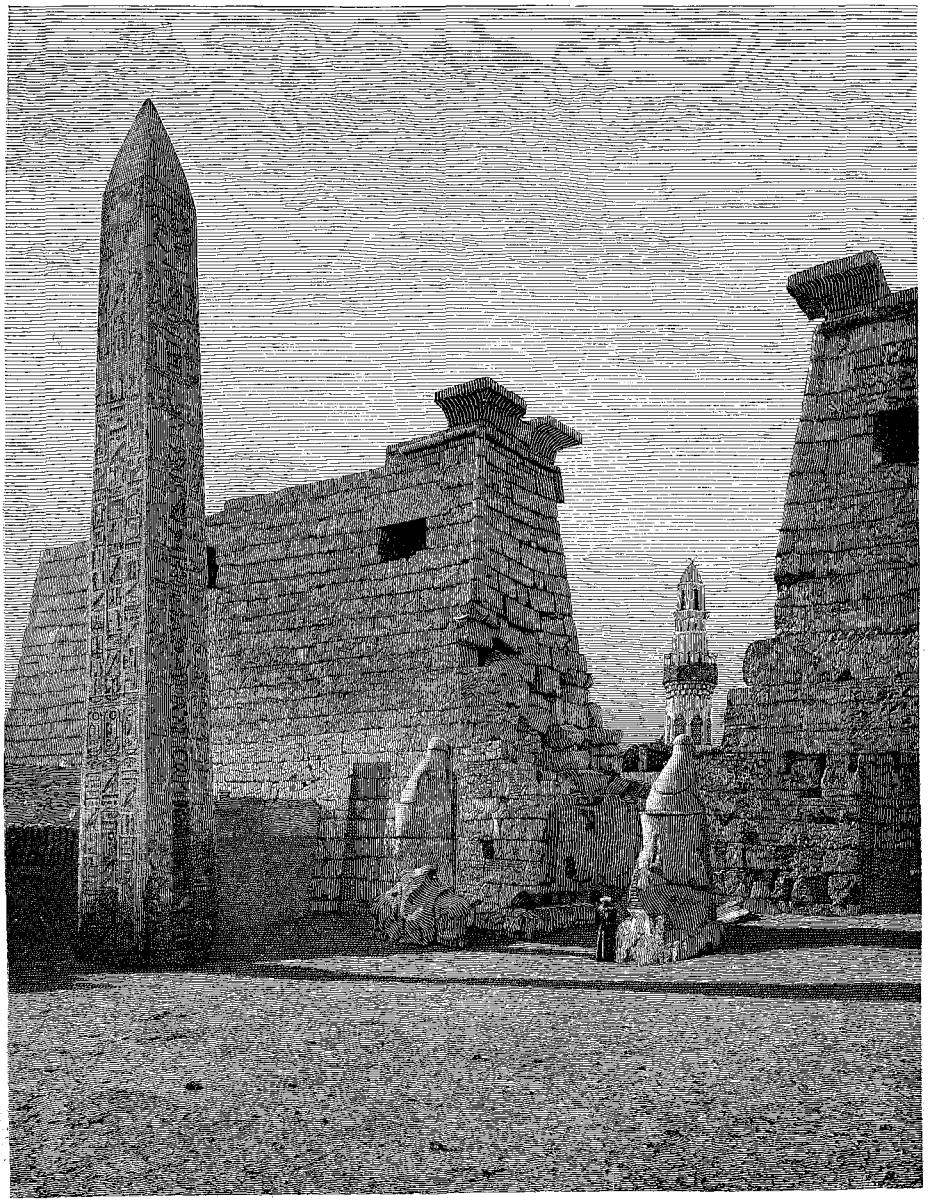

The Obelisk, Colossi, and Pylon, of the Temple at Luxor.

granite block which "tells the story and solves the puzzle of the erection of Gizeh's wonder." Though acres of storied pages still hang upon their walls, and miles of illustrations of life and manners are wound around their massive columns, these magnificent libraries do not furnish us with the successive pages of continuous history. Here and there the story is broken off. To restore its continuity demands contributions from widely separated cornices, columns, and capitals. But drawbacks and obstacles may be overcome, even as the heavy northward shadows of the temples themselves may, by the skill and technical manipulation of the photographic artist, be persuaded to reveal what they have hidden in mystery, and show forth the pictures which they have so long concealed.

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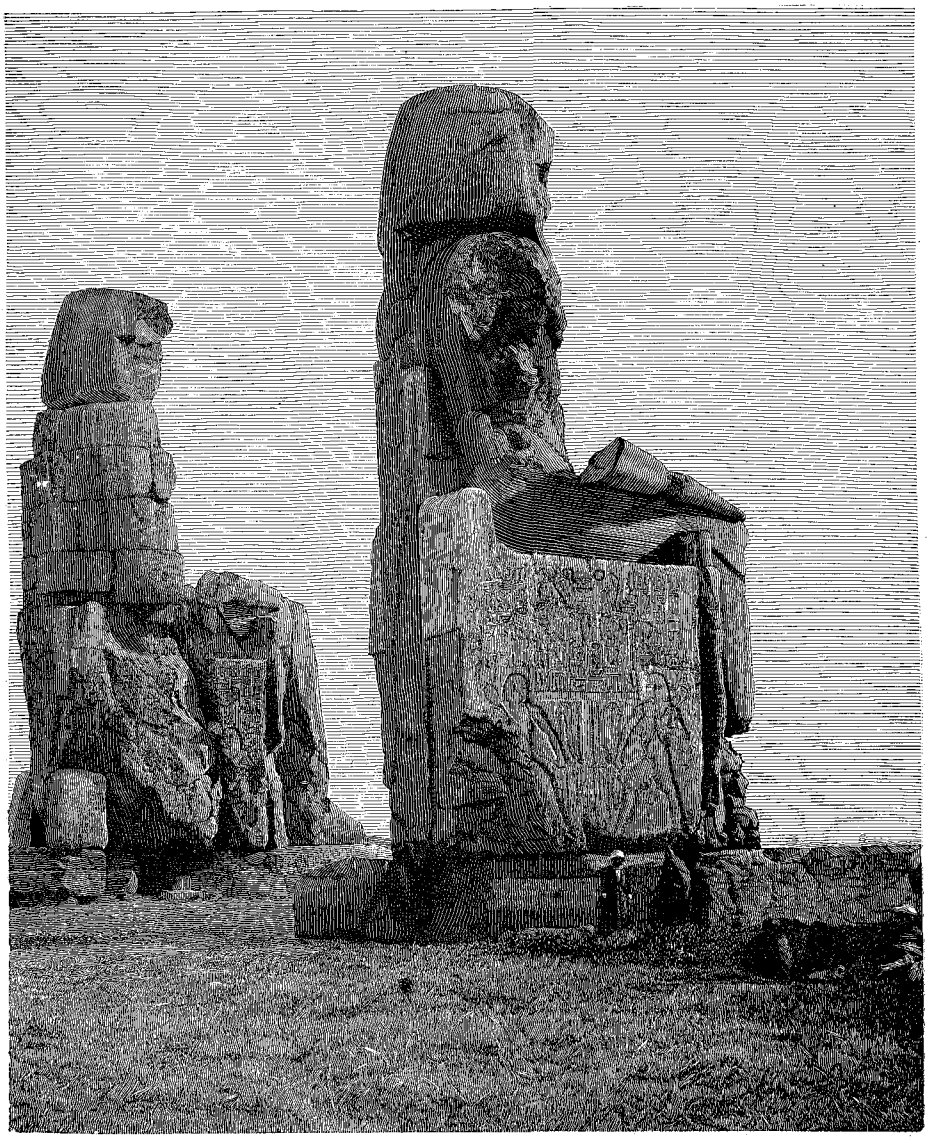

The Colossi of Thebes.

A journey on "The Modern Nile"* involved a visit to the most noted of the temples, and this paper is the result of investigations then begun.

Because of the ravages already alluded to, an Egyptian temple perfectly preserved in all its details, does not exist. But we can obtain a part here and a part there, which, when combined, will supply a very fair idea of what one of these marvellous structures must have been when the architect turned it over, completed, to his sovereign.

The details of construction are given by Strabo, and we use modern photography to prove the truth of that straightforward historian's assertions. He says:

"The arrangement of the parts of an Egyptian temple is as follows: In a line with the entrance to the sacred enclosure, is a paved road or avenue, about a hundred feet in breadth; and in length,

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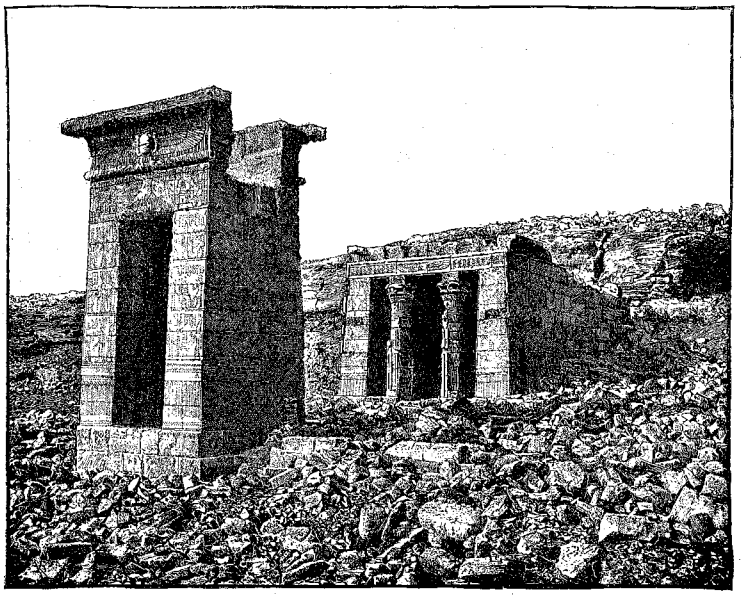
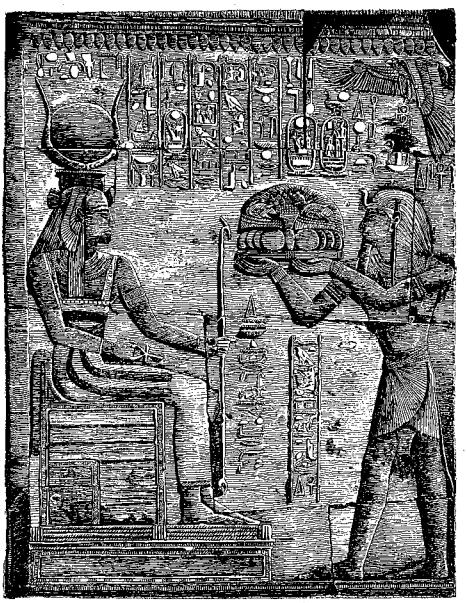


Pylon and Temple of Dendoor.

to the top. The walls have sculptured forms on them of a large size, like Tyrrhedian figures, and the ancient Greek works of the same class."

The exactness of this description is confirmed by the views herewith presented of some of the ruins which still stand as they did when Strabo saw them. After a little further investigation, we shall find, that in addition to the features mentioned by Strabo, two obelisks, and two or more colossal figures were placed in front of the Egyptian Temples, usually between the rows of sphinxes and the propylæa. In proof of all this we draw upon Karnak for our dromos of from three to four hundred feet, or even more. This is called the *dromos*. Through the whole length of the dromos and on each side of it, sphinxes are placed at the distance of thirty feet from one another, or even more, forming a double row, one on each side. After the sphinxes you come to the large propylæum (which consists of two obtuse pyramids, enclosing between them the principal gate, to form a grand entrance). And as you advance you come to another and to a third after that; for no definite number of either propylæa or sphinxes, is required in the plan, but they vary in different temples as to their number as well as to the length and breadth of the dromos. After the propylæum, we come to the temple itself, which is always a large and handsome pronaos, or portico, and a sekos, or cella (a place in which the heathen images are usually kept), of only moderate dimensions, with no image in it; at least not one of human shape, but some representation of a brute animal. On each side of the pronaos are wings of equal height, but their width is somewhat more than the breadth of the temple measured along its basement line. This width of the wings, however, gradually diminishes from the bottom



"Fruit Offering of the King"—Decoration in the Temple of Sethi I., Abydos.

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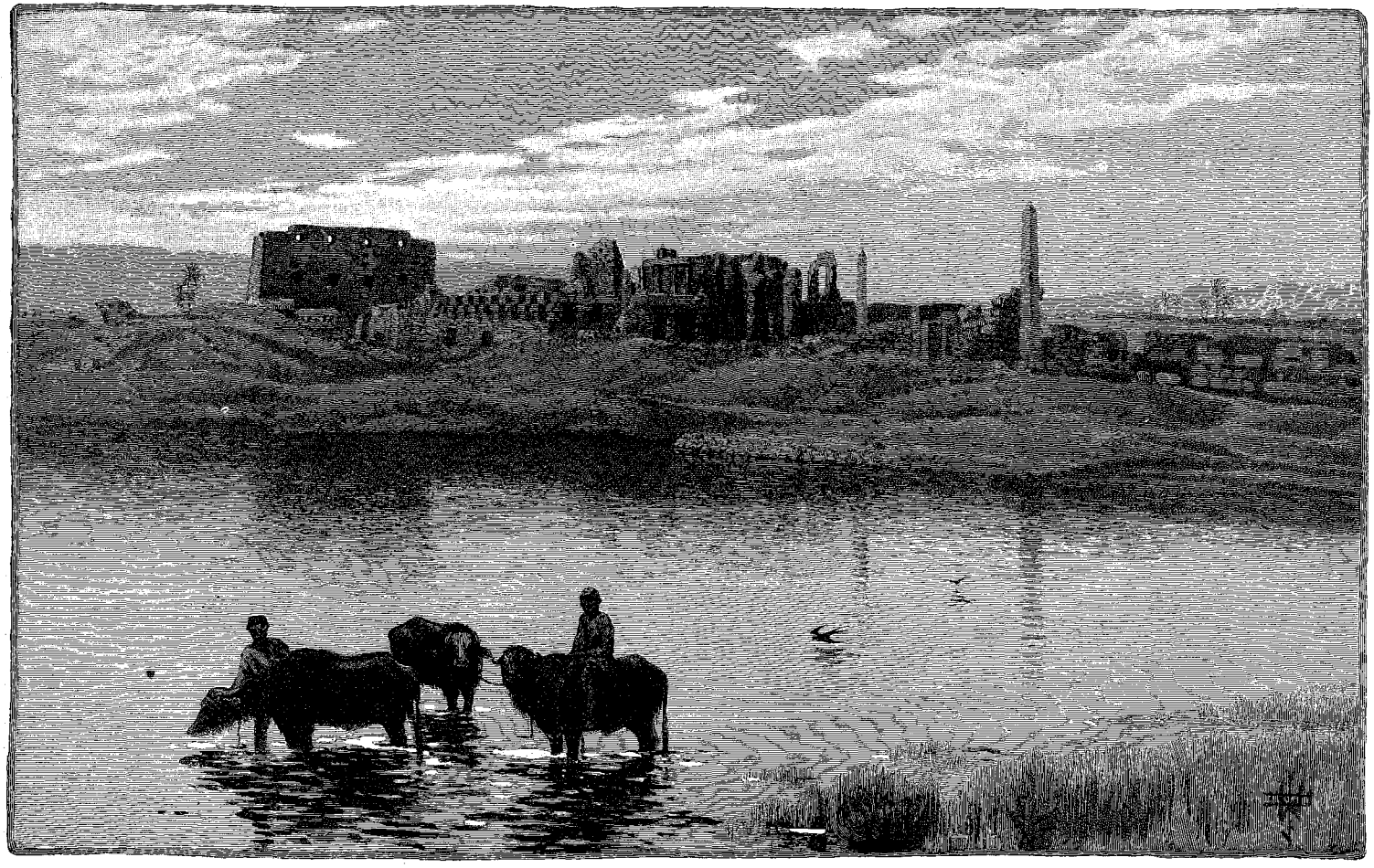

General View of the Temple of Karnak and the Sacred Lake.

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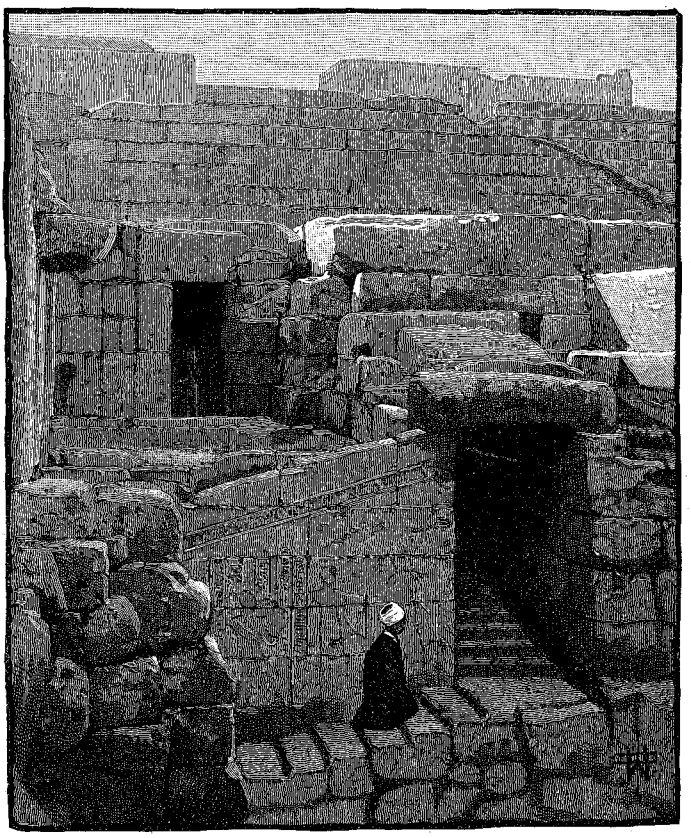
sphinxes and our obelisks; upon Philæ for our propylæum; upon Thebes and Abû Simbel for our colossi; return to Karnak for our pronaos or court; look back to "The Modern Nile," for the exterior suggestions supplied by Edfou, and, finally, examine many other structures, for more minute details. All this done, we may agree that neither the boldest imagination nor the most exact study, can enable us to form an adequate conception of the splendor of an Egyptian temple in its perfect state. The vast space it occupied; its lofty gateways; the long avenues of sphinxes; the glittering obelisks and the lifelike expression of the monstrous statues, form a combination of most imposing architectural grandeur. The æsthetic qualities of these structures cannot be briefly summed up. As we ponder them we shall be willing to acknowledge, for we shall discover, the exceptional constructive power of the ancient architects; we shall see how closely they followed Nature, and at times drew as well upon foreign art, though always preserving their own principles of form. We shall also observe how fancy and "feeling" are displayed in their temple-decorations. Besides, there is always one grand imaginative vein running through all their work—which expresses the principal idea of their faith—imperishability. Such impressions are usually gathered from the exteriors. When the spacious interiors are studied, so massive and so sombre, with their long-aisled, windowless halls; with their crowded files of lofty columns; with capitals of such tremendous circumference that their margins almost touch and form arches overhead; we think we can see the imitation of Nature, even more plainly. The influence of the cavern-temples of Ethiopia is likewise apparent; the curved lines and graceful shapes of the plants and flowers of that land are copied; and even the forms of the reeds and rushes are patterned. Wathens says:



Processional Stairs in the Temple of Edfou.

"One of the most striking peculiarities of the style is the pyramidal character of the ascending lines. We observe it in the outline of the portal and in the gigantic pylon; in walls, in door-ways, pedestals, and screens; in short it pervades the whole system and must have been occasioned by circumstances connected with its very origin."

The first dwellings of the people were

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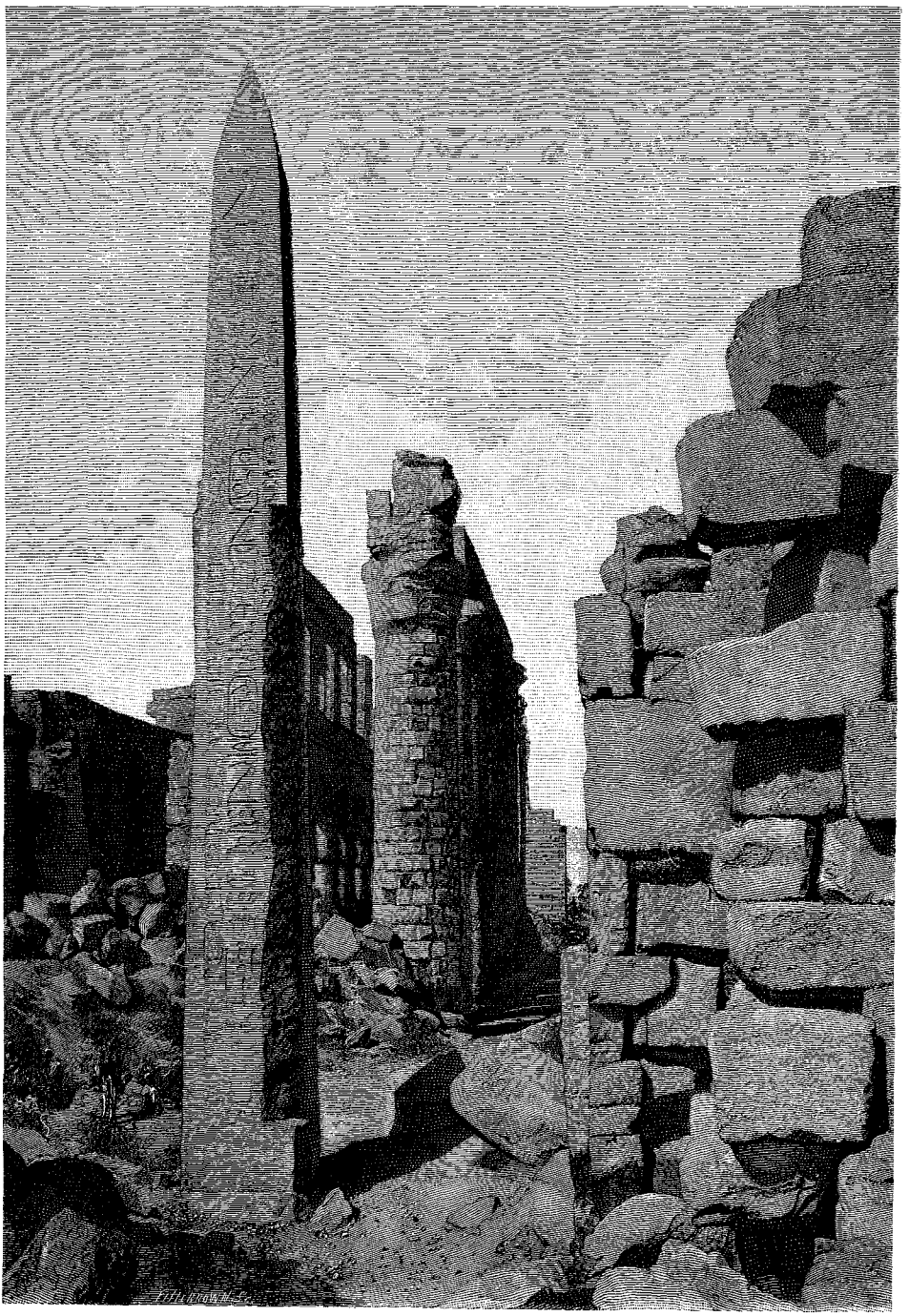

Obelisk and Columns beyond the First Court of the Temple of Karnak.

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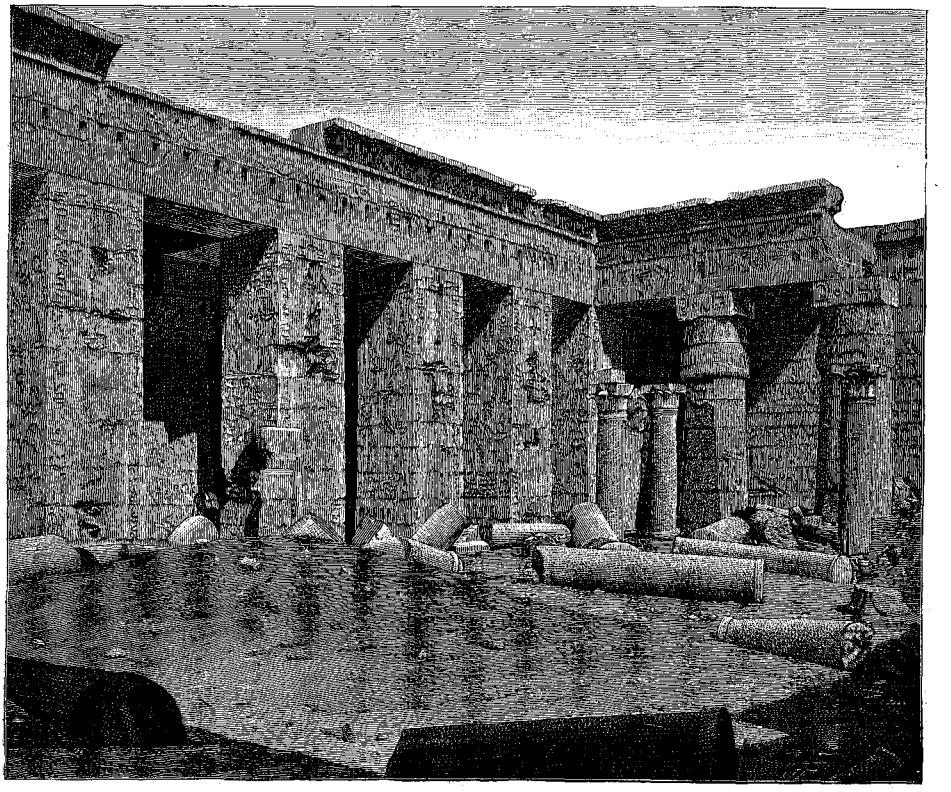
of reeds; and they were shored up by means of inclined props, just as similar work is done by modern builders. Now if the ancient constructions were of any considerable height, their stability would require that the main reeds at the angles should slope up inward, that they might support each other. With such a conservative people, a system like this, once established, would, more than likely, continue its influence for all time; and the pyramidal outline did, indeed, become the rule for several thousands of years, though modifications, elaborations and improvements were introduced.



The Christian Colonnade, Palace of the Kings—Medinet Abû.

The most important works of the Egyptians may be traced to three periods, which were separated by intervals of several centuries. The first, includes the two great dynasties of the Theban princes who governed Egypt during her "most high and palmy state," when Thebes sent forth her armies to distant conquests. A temple of that early Pharaonic period, presented a succession of between twenty and thirty grand divisions arranged either as cloistered courts or as pillared halls, followed by an assemblage of sombre chambers, in the midst of which was the mysterious adytum or shrine. In front of the first court was the pylon. It consisted of two broad, towering masses of masonry connected by a single gateway, such as we have seen on page 388. These announced the temple long before it was reached. The first division of the structure is almost always a colonnaded quadrangle, as at Edfou.* This is sometimes followed by a second court; sometimes by a spacious hall of columns, as at Denderah, at Karnak and at Luxor. A central succession of doorways assisted the perspective to the distant sanctuary, as at Karnak. Thus the range of the halls and quadrangles with their obelisks,

* See page 267, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, September, 1887.

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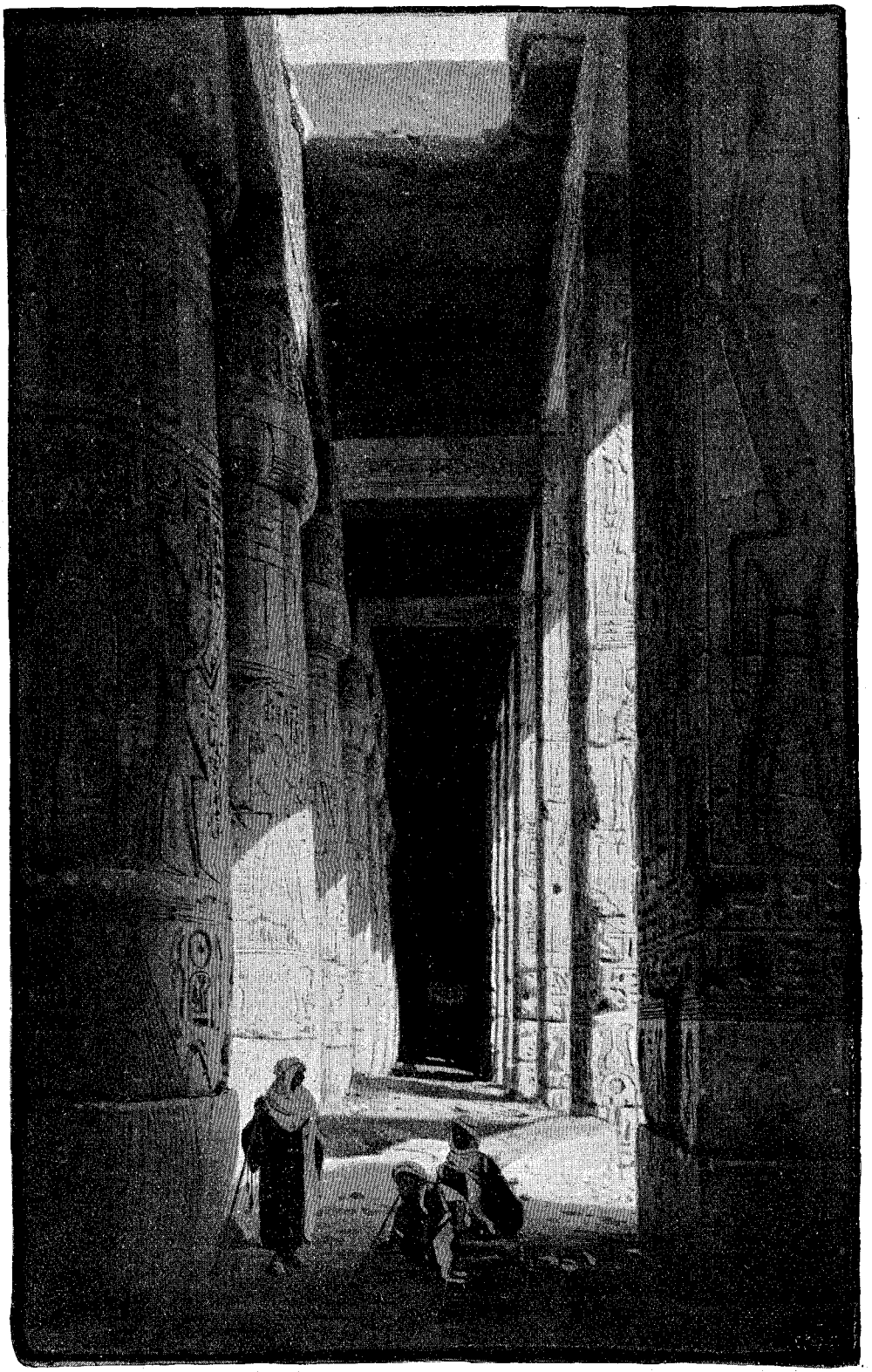

In the Theban Temple of Medinet Abû—Palace of the King.

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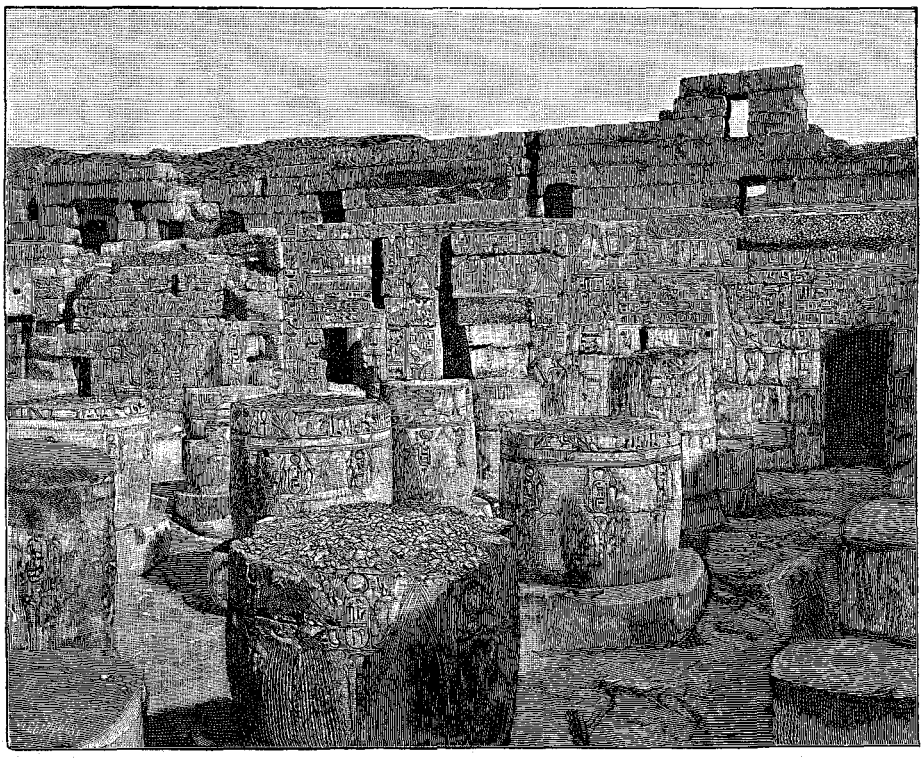

Broken Columns in the Temple of Rameses III.—Medinet Abû.

colossi and relievos, was partly disclosed to the worshippers as they passed the grand portal. A bewildering sense of magnificence and extent was presented to the excited imagination of the devotee, as screen after screen was passed, mystery after mystery revealed, and the graded enrichment of the sublime apartment was exhibited to his dazzled eyes.

The orators of ancient Greece were wont to point to their architectural glories, as eloquent witnesses of their country's genius and power; and the Grecian architect not only insisted upon an elevated site for his imposing edifices, but his principal effort was devoted to the portico, to the pediment and to the frieze, and not to the interior. It was not so with the ancient Egyptian. He cared more for his religious faith and future condition, and therefore gave but little attention to the exterior attractions of his temples. Solemnity, seclusion, mystery, and perpetuity were the chief elements of his creed, and he contrived, by all the means in his power, to secure an expression of them in his architectural wonders.

The great works of the second period included the erection of the Pyramids. The third period covered the reigns of the Ptolemies and of the earlier Cæsars. Under them, Egyptian architecture seemed to be born again. All the splendid characteristics of the Theban age were revived, though the edifices erected now gave evidence of Grecian influence. As we have seen, the temple of the first, or Pharaonic period, consisted of a range of courts and halls with a small secluded sanctuary in the rear. In the Ptolemaic temple there is first an outer court, from which one passes through a portico, open in front, to the body of the temple. That contains an assemblage of small chambers (often in two stories) as at Denderah and at Edfou, one of which (insulated by a surrounding passage) is the adytum. A lofty pylon encloses the court and forms the grand façade of the temple. Opposite, within, is the portico, which rises above and extends beyond the sides of the third or inner di-

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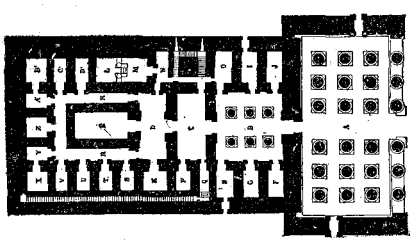
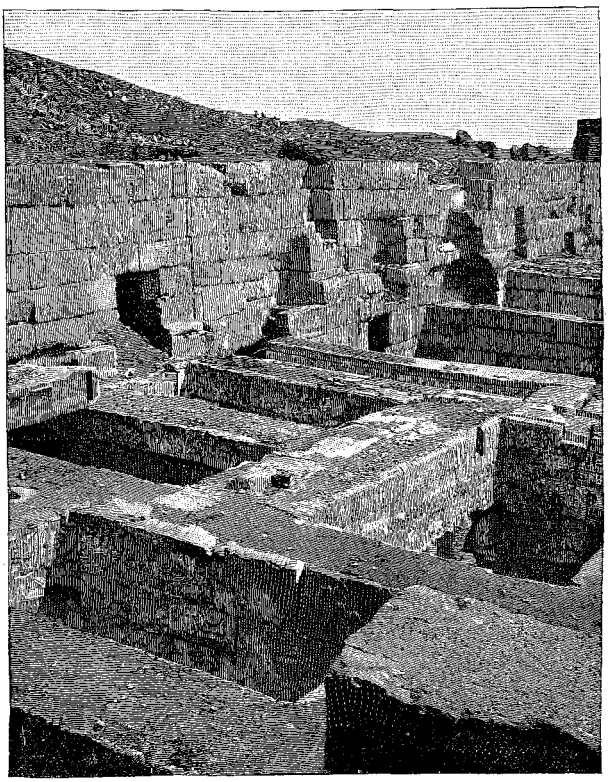
vision of the structure. The temples erected under the Roman rule, are even more like the Greek model and often consist merely of a naos or cell, surrounded by a peristyle of columns or square piers. The small temple at Denderah is of this class. The detached pylon was one of the features of this age. It was located in advance of the edifice, as at Denderah, at Karnak [see frontispiece], and at the small temple of Dendoor [page 390].

The large temple at Denderah, although about the last erected of its class, is the first one at which the modern traveller halts. Only about one-half of its height appears above the ground or surrounding débris. Until about fifteen years ago, it was filled in and covered over by the houses of a Coptic village. When these were partially removed, the wondrous beauties of the structure were revealed. Thanks to those same Coptic houses, the ancient monument was found in a capital state of preservation. The consideration of the annexed ground-plan of this temple, will assist materially in the understanding of all those constructed before it upon the same general plan. It is from Mariette's "Monuments of Upper Egypt."



Ground Plan of the Large Temple at Denderah.

"A. The entrance hall, open to the light of day. B. The hall from which the religious processions started. C and D contained altars where prayers were recited as the processions passed. In the hall E were the four barks which played so conspicuous a part in the processions. The chamber F was a laboratory for the preparation of perfumes. In G the consecrated products of the earth used in the ceremonies were collected. H and I were for offerings and libations. J was the treasury of the temple. In the chamber K the vestments were deposited with which the statues of the gods were draped. Prayers were recited in the chapel L. The court M was used for the collection of offerings and the limbs of the victims slaughtered at the sacrifice. N was another place for deposit, and in O, P, and Q the king consecrated special offerings. The walls of the corridor R were used for the sculptured pictures representing the motif of the temple. S, the chamber where Isis was invoked. T, the chamber consecrated to Osiris. U was sacred to Osiris-Onnophris, who restored youth to his body



Rear Court from the Roof of Medinet Abû—showing empty unroofed chambers.

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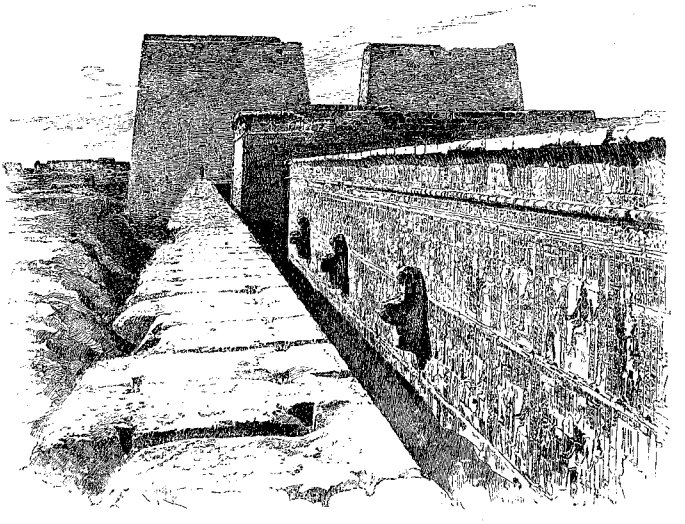
and imparted vigor to his limbs. In the chamber V the work of resurrection was completed. In X and Y Hathor was worshipped. The chamber Z is the axis of the temple, and the principal divinity was adored there under the most comprehensive titles. Lastly, in the chambers A′, B′, C′, D′, a special worship is paid to Pascht, considered as the fire that vivifies; to Horus, considered as the light which has conquered darkness, and to the terrestrial Hathor.

"The history of the temple of Denderah may be summed up in a few words. Its foundations were laid under Ptolemy XI.; its construction was finished under Tiberius, and its decorations under Nero. Jesus Christ was living at Jerusalem when the building of this temple was in progress."

One cannot soon forget the first impression had on entering the chamber B, whence the processions started. The effect on the mind, of beauty and harmonious proportions; the outspreading before the eyes of the illustrated mythology of the being who was here adored of old; with the thoughts coming in quick succession that this sombre interior was used for worship nearly eighteen hundred years ago by the race for whom it was erected and whom it has so long outlived; and that perhaps the power in whose honor it was built, still protects it from destruction—all this seems to come upon one with such a realizing sense, that the mind quails under the pressure. When, with lighted torch the exploration of the vast interior is begun, the immense columns seem to reach to the Heavens and the long hall to lead to the shades of Hades. The pictures of the gods give no consolation. It is impossible to look up at one of those stone faces without a feeling of awe. If you shout to see if you are mortal you startle the hollow-sounding echoes, and they, in turn, awaken the bats which, blinded by your torch, go flying about you with dreadful familiarity. Yet there is nothing to fear at Denderah. It was dedicated to "the True, the Beautiful, and the Good." Belzoni, Hawks, St. John, Mariette-Bey and many other distinguished interpreters of the record inscribed upon Denderah's walls and columns, all assure us of this. They agree that the philosophical purpose of the whole temple, dedicated to Hathor—is to illustrate that principle in Nature, by which things naturally assimilated to each other, are brought together for the production of new and beautiful forms.



Temple of Edfou—showing outer and inner walls.

Hathor was worshipped as the source of all creation and beauty—a lovely woman—a beautiful form—a woman and mother. To this power was the temple erected—beauty, love, creation. It seems to have been the intention of the architect to elevate the face of the goddess surmounting the columns, to a height beyond the conception and understanding of mortals. In every direction the enormous masses employed are so well disposed that the eye is continually misled. One moment you think you comprehend all; then suddenly the senses become dazed and you are just as sure you do not comprehend it. It is, indeed,

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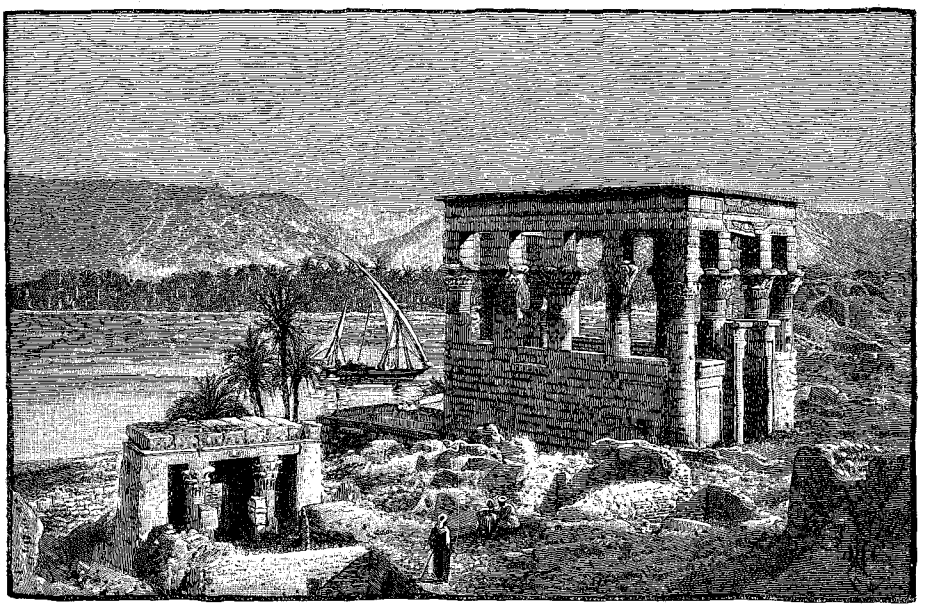
as Belzoni asserts, "the cabinet of the Egyptian orbs; the product of the study of many centuries; the sanctuary of the sciences." Hardly a space on the right side of the door, proceeded all around the apartment and departed at the left side. Statues were disposed around the chamber. The king opened



The "Kiosk of Isis" or "Bed of Pharaoh," Philæ.

of two feet is found that is not covered by figures of human beings, animals, plants, and emblems of agriculture or religious ceremony. Wherever the eye turns, or the attention is fixed, everything inspires respect and veneration, heightened by the solitary situation of this splendid structure. And so it is with all the other temples. [See page 395.]

Let us apply next to an older temple, for a better example of the wall sculptures. There are none so perfect as those at Abydos. Strange to say, in some places the lovely alabaster surface has been coated with some plastic material as if to make the work easier for the sculptor; or, mayhap, because such a "mat" surface would better take the color than the polished stone. It is very curious to see the costly alabaster covered by inferior material.

There are six vaulted chambers here, which have no rivals in the world. "All the pictures relate to the ceremonies which the king ought successively to perform. The king, presenting himself the door of the naos, or shrine, in which they were enclosed, and, as soon as he perceived the statue he offered incense; then, lifting the vestment which covered it, he laid his hands upon it and perfumed it. After this ceremony the draperies were replaced, the service was ended and the king departed."

An interesting picture preserved by the camera at Abydos is the "Fruit Offering" [p. 390]. The king is in the presence of the deity. He makes a general offering of flowers, of fruit and of bread. The god replies: "I give thee everything in the heavens; all that the earth produces, and everything that the Nile can bring. I give thee all that emanates from the rays of the sun, to fill thy dwelling with victuals." Such pictures everywhere form the decorations of the Egyptian temples. They always consist of an offering on the one side, and of a gift bestowed on the other; the whole being expressed by a dialogue between the personages represented. As a rule they are arranged like the chapters of a book; conceived

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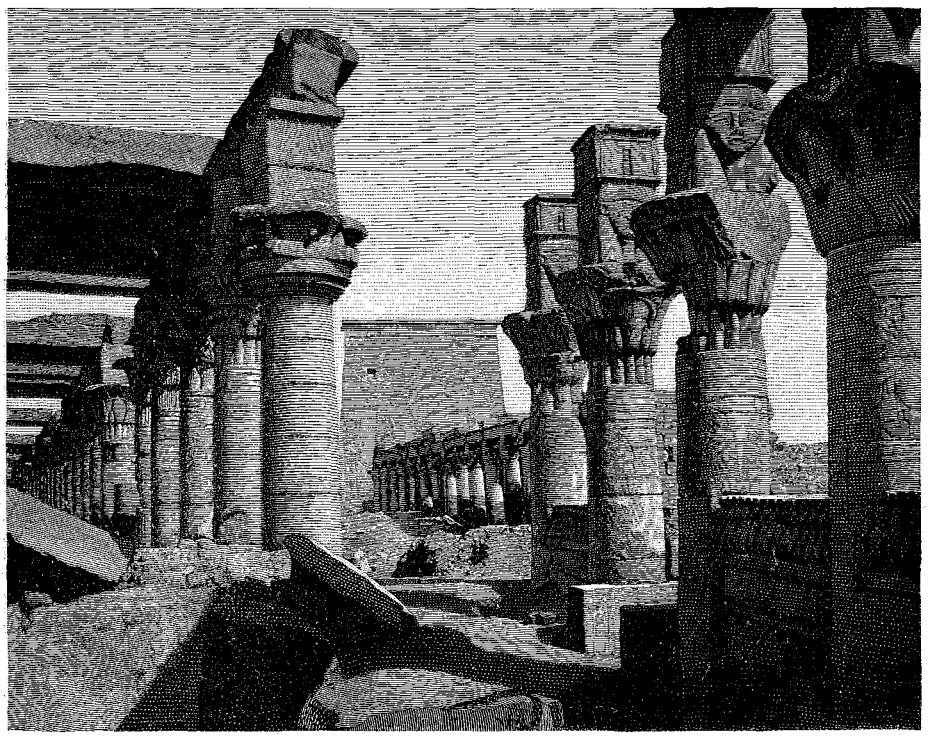
with a unity of idea which develops itself on the walls of the temple from the entrance-gate, to the depths of the sanctuary. The king is in adoration, and throughout this act of adoration he develops an idea common to the entire temple ; such is the basis of the decoration of the whole monument.

To complete our understanding of the size, construction, motive, and details of an Egyptian temple we must now return to Karnak. We have already seen its avenue of sphinxes [frontispiece] and have caught glimpses of its glorious portal. Our further studies take us inside the walls. First, however, a few facts : The grand edifice extends twelve hundred feet from northwest to southeast, and three hundred and forty feet in the opposite direction. The right-hand corridor of the entrance-court is interrupted by an annexed sanctuary supposed to have been placed there by Rameses II. as an "improvement."

Altogether the area covered is very nearly four millions of square feet—more than half as much again as that covered by St. Peter's at Rome. After passing the great isolated propylon, the gigantic gateway which protects the principal entrance is reached. It is the most monstrous of all its kind, but it is by no means prepossessing. Its base is four hundred feet long, forty feet thick, and it is eighty feet high. It is built of large blocks of stones, one of which would, of itself, supply an architrave of splendid size for a modern portico. There are two courts. The first one is not now colonnaded, though it was so embellished originally. Crossing the first court-yard another pylon is reached, on either side of which a colossal statue is seated at the foot of a flight of steps.



The "View Magnificent" at Philæ.

After ascending these steps the level of the grand hall of Karnak is reached, and a picture very different from the quiet-looking, cleared, first court is presented. There [p. 393], clustered together as closely as they could be crowded, are

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the ruins of four splendid obelisks, two sanctuaries (one central, one subordinate) and two pillared halls. Of these last, one is the largest of its kind. It covers more space than the cathedral at Cologne and has wall capacity sufficient to surround Notre Dame of Paris. The central avenue of the hall is supported by twelve massive columns nearly eighty feet high and thirty-six feet in circumference. They sustain the tremendous fice, the mind is strained and the senses are confounded.

The vista beyond the great hall embraces a view of two lofty obelisks in a field of ruins scattered over with the remains of colossi, obelisks, columns, and propylæ. This grand collection reaches on to the sanctuary of the temple. It was a perfect Elysium for the photographer; the only difficulty being the lack of ability to make a choice.

Philæ—West Colonnade, from the South.

slabs of stone, which once formed the roof. A few steps further and we are in a perfect Mariposa of columns. Besides the twelve which support the central avenue there are one hundred and twenty-two others of nearly the same proportions, all covered with hieroglyphic sculpture from base to capital. The eye is bewildered by the surrounding objects, so splendid in their ruin. When we contemplate the mysterious religion to which this mighty fane was dedicated, and the lofty civilization of the people who reared such a sublime edi- There were the once solid pylons riven in twain by earthquake or by the settling of the ground; polished obelisks which had been snapped like reeds by some unknown power; columns whose thick, broad assizes had been sent flying one after the other, across the courts; architraves wrenched from beneath the great weight of the ceiling which had rested upon them, twisted askew, and then dropped across the aisles and held dependent there by other masses of masonry; capitals on edge half buried in the débris, reminding one of the up-

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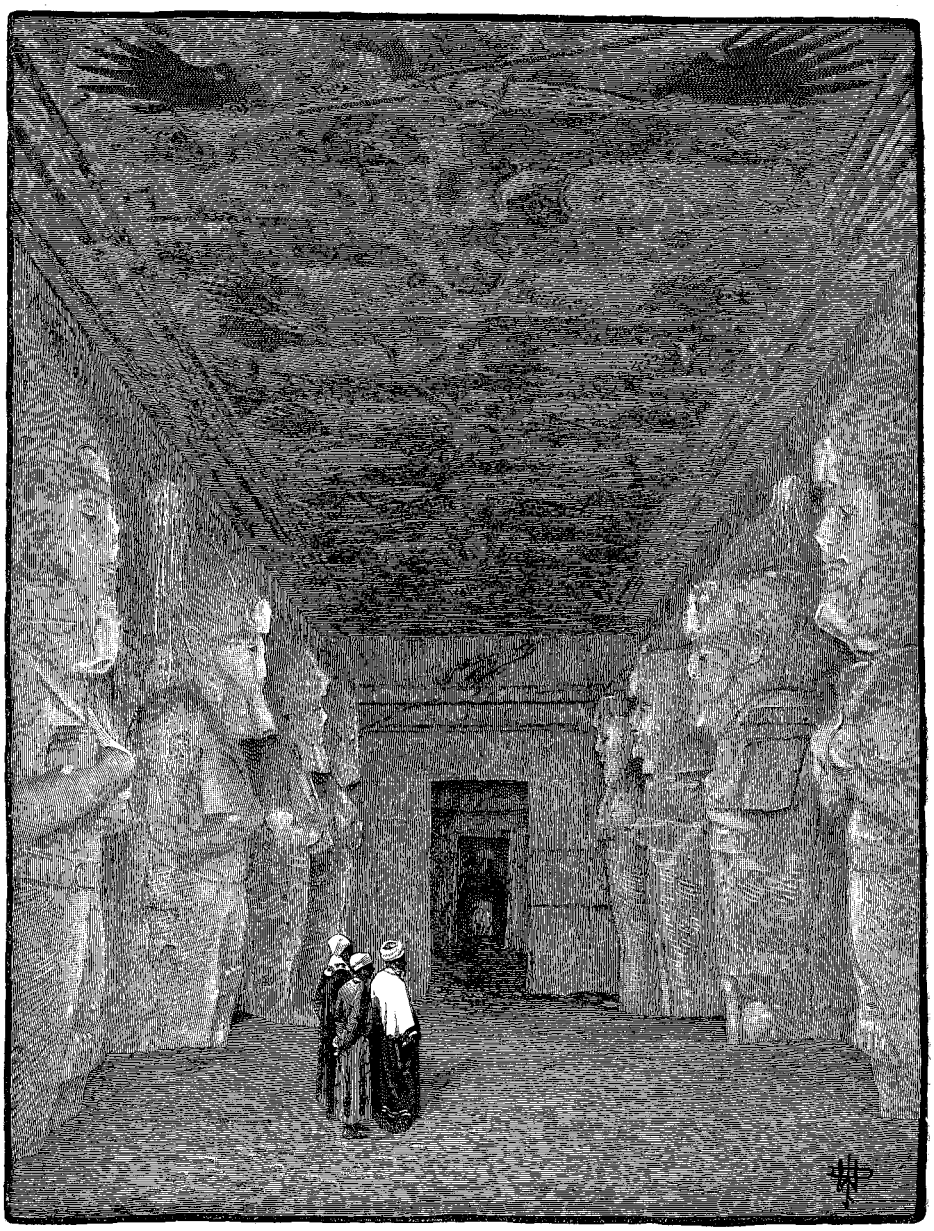
turned roots of a fallen tree—all on a stupendous scale.

Toward evening, when the heat of the sun has departed beyond the great propylon, it seems unnaturally quiet at Karnak. Not a zephyr is stirring; yet in the great shadows it grows cool; the echoes answer to the footsteps although one may walk never so softly; each fragment startled from its resting place seems to make as much noise as a falling column; the colossal figures of gods and kings look down from the shining obelisks, or from the walls and columns. As the sun lowers, the columns seem to lift higher. "A dim, religious light"



Interior of the First Chamber in the Great Temple of Abû Simbel.

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pervades, and every hieroglyph grows more and more "out of focus." The long shadow of the great propylon now creeps across the first court, on past the obelisks; then it blackens the faces of the colossi, and falls upon the columns of the second yard. For more than three thousand years it has let down the drop-curtain which separated the acts. When it began, the columns were all standing upright. Since then, earthquake has discouraged some of them and they lean upon their neighbors; but they have not fallen. Each one seems like a tower, in the dim twilight. Assize is piled upon assize, each three feet two inches in height and eleven feet in diameter, until the solid mass reaches the dimensions of the hollow column of Trajan or of the column Vendôme.

What changes has the world—what changes has Karnak, seen, since the construction of this marvel of architecture! Mighty armies; strong kings; lovely queens have sauntered through this hall! Even Cambyses, the wild fanatic and destroyer, reined in his chariot-horses here to wonder and admire. Hither came Rameses II. after his return from the war with the Khetahs. Here he received the approval of the gods, the welcome of his priests, and the loud huzzas of his people! The Ptolemies, the Cæsars, the armies of Napoleon, have all here visited, marvelled, and applauded. Now the hooting of the owl; the screech of the vulture; the cry of the jackal, and the "backsheesh" appeal of the Arabs who dog the stranger, supply the only excitements which break the silence of Karnak. But for these, a person alone there must soon relapse into a state of solemnity; and, half unconscious, question whether he is on terrestrial ground, or wandering about in some other planet, where the people are not mortal. The spell is broken, however, when the mind is turned again to the forests of columns, embellished over their entire surfaces with beautiful figures and curiously sculptured ornaments. Then there are in addition, the gates, the walls, the pedestals and the architraves, also adorned on every part with symbolical figures in basso-relievo and intaglio, which depict battles, processions, triumphs, feasts, offerings, and sacrifices. The obelisks, more aspiring, seem to say: "Around our bases the seat of Holiness is placed and we point toward its grand source."

The observer becomes more than ever charmed, if he can will away all thoughts of the immensity of things about him, and, for a while, observe the changes which are in continual progress. The massive grandeur pervading the vista of columns is varied by scenic chiaro-oscurò, and by the gleaming of accidental lights which vary in their combinations as the sun swings around and unrolls its changing shadows athwart the aisles.

One more accessory of the Egyptian temple must be noted here because one of the best examples is to be found at Karnak—namely the "Sacred Lake" whereon the emblems of the gods were taken during the religious festivals. As the journeys of the sun were looked upon as voyages of navigation across the space of heaven and through the shades of the regions below, so these mimic voyages of the deities came to have a place in the temple worship. When the surface of the lake is entirely smooth and the light is right, a person standing on the further shore can see the whole of the stupendous pile of ruins reflected sharply in the water. It is a marvellous sight. [P. 391.]

The last view of Karnak should be had just after the sun has sunk below the horizon from the top of the great gateway. The grand panorama of the ruins, though familiar, in such a quiet light will appear like a new revelation, so different do all things look when buried in shadow, with just a rosy tinge of red light caught here and there by the loftier parts. Look at it as you will though, it will never seem more than a dream.

Next turn the face and gaze across the Nile, toward Thebes. A red border of light marks the track of the sun behind the distant hills of Deir-el-Bahari and a cool breeze comes and drives away the warm air from the scorched stones of the gateway. There are green fields; the winding pathways are alive with the herdsmen and their flocks coming toward you; the bits of

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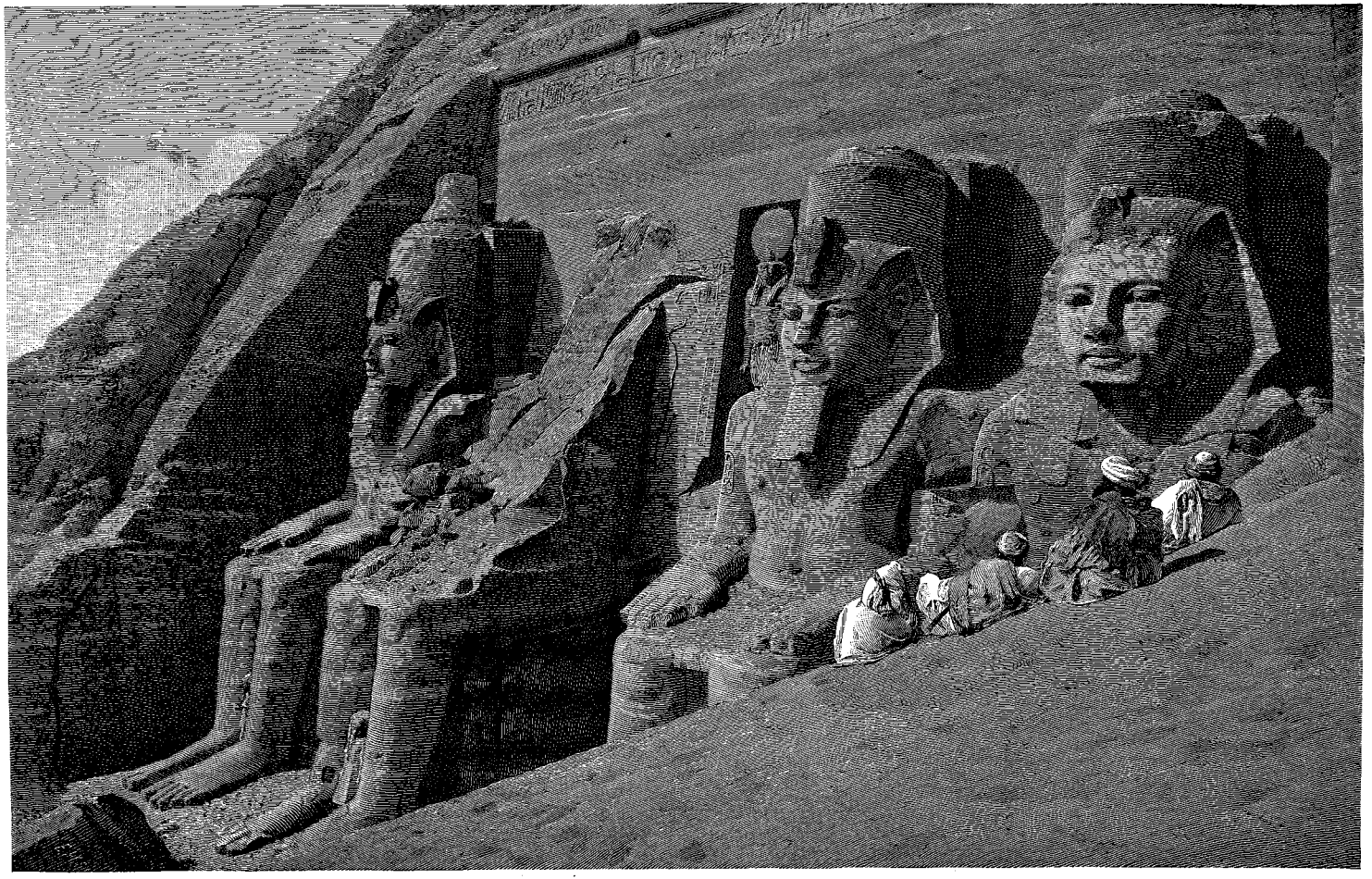

The Great Temple of Abû Simbel from the North Side.

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inundation water here and there are as red as blood ; the dark, ghoul-like forms of the colossal Memnon and its companion ; the pale fantasies of the splendid lines of edifices from Deir-el-Medineh to Goorneh, and even the "place of the great find" of 1881, can all be seen. Only the howlings of the jackal and the solemn cries of the night-bird break the soft stillness of the hour. The solitude of the place ; the tranquillity ; the majesty of the surroundings, start a reverie to which one gladly returns over and over again. There is a long range of history in the view, and not the least eventful part of it happened but a few weeks before the camera caught the shadows of the scene.

As we have already seen, if there was one thing more than another which fascinated the ancient architect, it was his columns. Wilkinson divides them into "eight orders." We find studies of several of these at the Theban temple of Medinet Abû. First of all is the square pier. It is the earliest order mentioned by Wilkinson, and seems to have been the first form used. Examples are found on the right-hand side as you enter the grand hall-way of the "Palace of the kings" so called [page 394]. On the other side is a row of perfect specimens of the third order, which is known as the "bud" or "seed-pod" capital. [See also p. 395.] The second order is polygonal or fluted. None such are found in temple construction, but they are used in the tombs. The fourth order is seen in great plenty at Karnak and is supplied with the bell-shaped or full-blown papyrus capital. Various patterns of the same order are found also at Philæ. The fifth order is known as the palm-tree column. We must look to Philæ for this also. Next in order is that with the Isis-head capital, also abounding at Philæ and at Denderah. The seventh order is known as the "composite," and is supplied with capitals of various shapes, comprising the full-blown lotus, sometimes surmounted by the head of Isis and various fanciful forms. The Osiride form comes in as eighth. It is usually a square pier, faced sometimes with the figure of the king in the form of Osiris, as in the temple of Rameses III. at Medinet Abû and at Abû Simbel ; and sometimes by the Typhonian monster. In the "palace court" at Medinet Abû [p. 394] there is a fine museum of columns surrounding what is known as the "Christian Court," viz., examples of the first, third, fourth, and eighth styles, grouped there by the architects of various ages. It will be noticed that the column is usually enriched by rings of intaglio sculpture. When this is not so, the surfaces are broken by being modelled after clusters of reeds. At Luxor, for example, the reeds or stems are distinctly bound together at successive heights, more or less firmly, to form the contour desired for both capital and column. In other modifications the reeds are less distinctly traced and at times there are no indications of them. In the latter case, as we have seen, hieroglyphics are resorted to. A square block or abacus invariably tops the capital and the shaft rests on a circular plinth as a base which projects, more or less, according to circumstances. As a rule these plinths are now hidden by débris far under the ground. In almost every case, in strict opposition to the Grecian model, the lower extremity of the column is curved, and often carved with foliage or bundles of reeds crossed or running together in triangles.

With the Osiride column it will be noticed that the colossal figure of the king does not support the architrave and so, consequently, differs from the Grecian caryatides ; no Egyptian king would suffer even the likeness of his royal frame to undertake so much work. The usual height of the Egyptian column is from three to five and a half times its diameter, thus making it appear deficient in height, though exceedingly massive. A Grecian or Corinthian architect would lengthen the same weight of material to ten times the diameter of the shaft. But history proves that the Egyptian architect was correct in his calculation that his form of column would come nearest to fulfilling his object of standing and lasting "forever." Had it not been for the lime-burner, the mosque-builder, and the earthquake, as many more noble columns as now stand would still remain.

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Three contrasting studies further illustrate the styles of columns employed. The first is the colonnade of the "Palace of the Kings," already mentioned, which shows both the square pier and the "bud" capital. For one hundred and fifty feet these monsters stand so closely together that only the broken rays of the light can find entrance. They are twenty-four feet in circumference, and are covered with scenes from the pleasurable side of kingly life. The second view is of a portion of the adjoining court of Rameses III. [p. 396] and shows the once splendid columns overturned to within a few feet of their bases. Of this site Mariette says: "The western side has been for some time the scene of considerable excavations. Some idea may be gathered of the immense amount of rubbish that has been cleared away, from the fact that at this point was the highest summit of the mound formed by the Coptic village above the temple. Unfortunately the works have not produced the hoped-for results, as decapitated columns, empty chambers, and religious inscriptions of a trivial character are all that has been brought to light."

A third view of Medinet Abû displays some of the "empty, unroofed chambers and religious inscriptions" mentioned by Mariette. He says: "It was in the chamber at the northwest corner, that nearly a thousand statuettes in bronze were found, all representing Osiris. . . . Another proof that the custom prevailed of purifying the area of the temple by strewing it with divine images buried underground."

A portion of the ruins of the Coptic village which once covered this edifice, may be seen piled up beyond the temple wall. [See p. 397.]

At the temple of Edfou, owing to its splendid state of preservation, several important studies can be made which are not to be found at any other place. The fact may have been already recognized that the temples of Edfou and Denderah are very similar in design, if not in detail. If one could stand upon the outer wall of the temple at Edfou near the rear* and look forward toward the pylon, he would obtain a view [page 398] showing finely the relation of the outer to the inner wall; the fine cornice; and the lions' heads at the side (which seem to have served as the exit for water-spouts). Both the rear of the temple and the inside wall of the grand propylon are also seen. No single view impresses one more than this does with the massiveness of Egyptian masonry.

During the important processional services the winding stairways came into use. The steps were low and broad, for the men of that day were not fond of exerting themselves unnecessarily. Everything was done in a slow and solemn way, for was not the temple constructed to last "forever?"

In further confirmation of what has been maintained for the skill and taste and faith of the ancient Egyptians, the Island of Philæ gives its testimony. Its history runs from the time when Alexander was a lad at school, up to say A. D. 453, some seventy-four years after Theodosius had, by his royal edict, wiped out the Egyptian religion. The last celebration of the mysteries of Osiris and Isis occurred at Philæ, and there the ancient religion drew its last expiring breath—upon the boundary line between Egypt and Ethiopia. Philæ is thirty-six hundred feet long and twelve hundred feet wide, and yet it is almost wholly covered with picturesque ruins. In the old days, a strong wall ran around the whole island, to prevent the incursions of the river. At the southwestern extremity there is a double colonnade which is unrivalled by any other in the land [p. 400]. The work does not seem to have been finished. Some of the columns are perfect, while of others the shafts are untouched and the capitals in the row of sixteen columns are still in the rough. Seemingly, this part of the grand cluster was added by the Greeks or Romans after the temple was many centuries old, in order to augment the grandeur of the approach.

A high flight of steps led up from the river to a spacious court flanked by a pair of obelisks. There the devotee was received on his arrival. From this, as we see, the magnificent colonnades conducted to the chief temple. Before the temple two colossal lions crouched in

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, September, 1887, page 267.

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front of a pair of obelisks forty-four feet in height. Remnants of these still stand. Several gateways here are similar in style to the principal one at Karnak. What is known as "the second propylon" possesses one peculiar feature which the others do not have. At the right of the base of the eastern wing is an arched-topped stone, a part of the island in fact. It is called the "Ptolemaic Land-Grant Stone," for the inscription which it bears upon its face is the deed given by the king to the priests of Isis, for the land upon which the temple has been erected.

Another of the attractions of Philæ, on the east side, is the graceful "Kiosk of Isis" or "Bed of Pharaoh" [p. 399]. It is always the chief feature of Philæ, no matter whether observed from the approach north, east, or south, or through the old Roman arch that is the loftiest of the group of ruins on the adjoining island of Biggeh, west. Nothing in Nile land is so beautiful as Philæ, with its great colonnades, richly cut pylons, lofty propylæa, decorated chambers highly colored, costly sub-temples, highly sculptured walls, slender obelisks and, withal, the irregular construction. The capitals of its columns are varied by the full-blown papyrus flower of several sizes, by its half-opened buds, by its closed buds, by its leaves, and by palm branches. Many of these objects are highly colored, as are the ceilings. Some of the columns show that they have been made up of parts of older ones, for here and there, through niches, their inner sculptured surfaces can be seen. A grand prologue is playing at Philæ, night and day.

Our investigations thus far have been directed to the temples which are constructed of quarried stone. Let us turn now to those which were excavated from the solid rock. Their arrangement corresponds as closely as possible with the structural buildings. Two fine examples are found at Abû Simbel, in Nubia. A visit to them well repays the traveller for the long journey of four hundred miles from Philæ. They are so very different from those in Lower Egypt, that it would be hard to understand that they were designed and built by the same nation, were it not that they so plainly give evidence of their Egyptian origin by their immensity, by their glorious conception and by their interior arrangement.

To construct those we have already seen, the architects were compelled to quarry their material, shape it, and then lift it into place and form, by means which are unknown to us. But at Abû Simbel it was not so. Probably when the great Rameses and the staff of architects, whom he had gathered about him, sailed up the Nile in one of the tremendous barges of that day, seeking a site for the temple, they came within sight of a great mountain whose rocky face confronted them; they commanded their thousand or more oarsmen to cease their labors, and discussed the possibility of securing material there for the erection of a temple.

We can readily imagine how the king, who (if the temple inscriptions tell the truth) was "never wrong," after listening to the suggestions made by his princes and his architects, said: The temple we have in mind already lies hidden by the gods in yonder mountain. You have but to remove the waste material, and your work is done. See to it, however, that the deities Ra and Isis and Phtah, *and I*, are all represented in becoming size on the façade, as guardians—two on each side of the pylon. And, mark you: see that no god has choice of position over the king; let the likeness and the form of them all be mine. Osiris must man the eight piers which support the roof, and we four must be seated in the sanctuary, side by side.—The work was so done.

The first one sees of the larger temple is from the deck of the boat when approaching. One of the colossal heads peering above the golden glacier of sand appears first, on the north side. The next moment all that can be seen of the glorious façade is revealed. It measures about one hundred feet in height, and in width the same. The first one ashore, may, in two minutes, stand face to face with the great Rameses in stone. Face to face? Well, no—not within fifty feet of it—yet where one can look up into the face, or the "likeness" of him whose daughter saved Moses from the croco-

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diles, and whose son so rashly pursued that same Moses across the Red Sea. There is no avenue of sphinxes here—no obelisks as at Karnak. The colossi and the pylon are combined in one. The dimensions of these monstrous statues, carefully figured out by a well-known American, are as follows:

	Ft.	Inch.
Height of the crown	14	0
Top of head to front of chin	10	6
Length of the ears	3	5
Width of shoulders	22	2
Width of chest	16	6
Top of shoulders to elbow-joint, outside	14	8
Forearm, inside, to end of second finger	15	0
Length of nose	3	6
Length of beard [they wore short beards then]	5	6
Diameter of the arms below the shoulders	5	0
Length of the hands	3	6
Largest finger in length	3	8
Hip to front knee	26	6
Width of hips	17	4
Top of knee to the sole of the foot	22	0
Diameter of the calves of the leg	6	6
Length of one of Rameses' feet	13	6
Width " " "	5	8
Length of the big toe	2	10
Width of " "	1	8

There are at each side of the pylon or entrance to the temple interior, two of the great master-pieces whose measurements have been given. The one on the left as you face them, is in the best state of preservation, and is cleared to its feet. The second has been broken down to its lap by earthquake or by a fault in the rock, and its head and trunk lie at its feet partly buried in the sand. The other two are in a well-preserved condition—both their faces good—but are partly under the sand also—the first almost to the calves of its legs, and the second quite up to its elbows. The north side of the temple is so near the edge of the mountain, that the sand from the incline which comes down it, like a great Niagara or Rhone glacier, flirts around with the wind and gradually wears off, changes and smoothes the outlines of the figures, thus altering their expression. It also leaves its golden deposit at their feet, besides driving into the temple such loads as sometimes wholly block the entrance. Even now, the eight figures of Osiris which support the osiride columns of the entrance hall [p. 402] stand up to their knees in sand. Nothing but a huge wall shutting back the blasts from the temple-mountain will evade this.

It is easy to visit this "Chamber of the gods" and explore the other rooms, the second, the third, and the fourth; then the sanctuary, with Rameses and the gods upon one throne. There are also various chambers or crypts at each side. All are lined with hieroglyphics and inscriptions, after all not so hard to read, for they set forth the life-work of the great Sesostris, the Pharaoh of the Pharaohs, whose mummy lies now at Bûlâq.

Photographs were made of several of the wall figures by the help of magnesium light. In one panel is Rameses in converse with the gods. In another he is suckled by Isis. Now we see him holding twenty Nubians by their combined top-knots with one hand, while with the other hand he aims his sword at their necks. In one picture on the southern wall he stands alone in his chariot, the reins tied about his waist, his fallen charioteers at his feet, while he deals out death on every side with his arrows. In another he has leaped to the ground and is engaged in a personal combat. Thus the pictures run on in historical succession, until, finally, we see the king returned to his home, where, seated upon his throne, accompanied by the gods, he passes senteuce upon the hopeless wretches who have been made prisoners in battle and who are brought in by one of the royal captains. All are more spirited than artistic; all tell of the greatness of him in whose honor they were engraved nearly four thousand years ago.

When the camera was put to work, the profiles and full figures, and arms and feet, were its chief subjects. A dozen people climbed to the lap of one great figure and were photographed, standing abreast; yet they did not half cover the broad chest. One man was posed on a finger-nail. A row over to the island opposite was necessary in order to secure the whole façade, together with the smaller temple, north. This latter, were it not for its larger neighbor, would be considered a great wonder

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Pictures on the Walls of the Great Temple at Abû Simbel.

Showing Rameses fighting from his chariot, in personal combat, and passing sentence on captives.

too, though its façade is not nearly so deep and grand, nor its figured warders so immense. It was dedicated to the goddess Hathor, and her likeness, in the form of a sacred cow, is many times seen upon the walls. Several statues of the king and the deities adorn the façade. The interior, about ninety feet deep, is divided into five or six small apartments. One gets the impression from it that it was the result of the first effort to create the great temple projected by the king; but the architects not coming up to his ideas, it was abandoned, and a much grander one was hewn out of the neighboring mountain. Belzoni tells us that Rameses II. erected the larger temple in honor of Amun and Phre, while his wife, Nofre Ari dedicated the other one to Hathor.

In reviewing the subject, there are some points which do not satisfy. The wall-sculptures give us valuable information as to the manners of the people and of the general nature of their civilization, but as to the appearance and special character of their surroundings we are left in darkness as impressive as are the sombre temple interiors. Nearly every episode in social and public life, where individual and even collective operation is implied, is depicted with dramatic exactitude, but without any external accessories. Thus, all the industries of the farm and of the garden, with their fruits, are spread before us with great minuteness so far as the actors are concerned, but there the pictures stop. At one corner of a field we may see a thirsty gleaner on his knees drinking from a water-skin suspended from the lower branches of a tree; at another place is a dog following his master somewhere, who leans upon his staff. But with all this fidelity of detail and design, there is not a suggestion as to the nature of the country in which the operations are going on. Again a yoke of oxen, with curving neck, and steady step, bend willingly to the plow, but not a line representing the upturned soil is given. The excitements of the chase are detailed with wondrous care, and the receptions of the king are figured in all their minute detail, but there is neither field nor throne-room, forest, fence, nor court-yard shown. Craftsmen are seen with their tools; gymnasts at play; and merchants with their wares; but the work-shops, the arenas and the bazars, are all missing. There are the actors in plenty with the plays going on; but the settings of the stage —and even the stage itself—are wanting.

The works of the Egyptians may fall short of what we have been educated to consider as artistic. As a rule, however, works of art are measured and judged by the success with which they carry out the intention and feeling of the artist. Judged thus, the Egyptian works of art are successful. The ancient Egyptians copied no one. Their art sprang from their surroundings. What they have left continues to baffle us in many ways. We may understand perspective better than they did; we are their superiors in the mastery of chiaro-oscuro. We dare to build higher, and we are willing to trust thousands of lives to walls which would be wrecked if a single Egyptian column should fall against them; but we do not yet understand how they lifted their great masses to such lofty places, nor do we know where their architects studied art.

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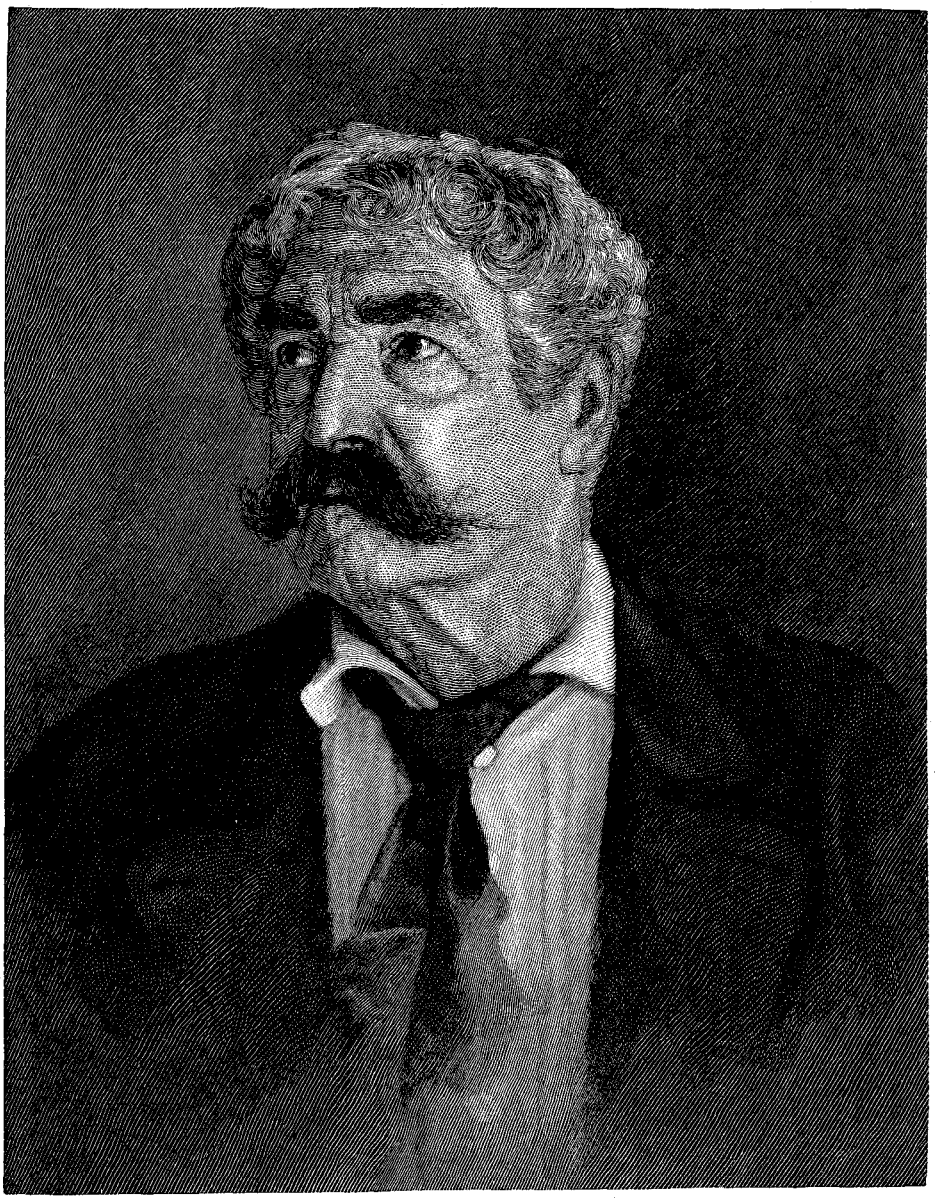

LESTER WALLACK.

(From a photograph taken at his country house in Stamford, July, 1888.)

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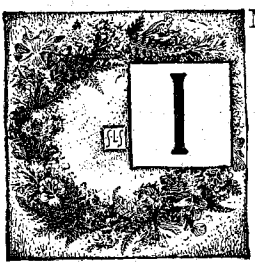
MEMORIES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

By Lester Wallack.

FIRST PAPER.



NTRODUCTORY NOTE.—Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in his "Backlog Studies," says: "The best talk is that which escapes up the open chimney, and cannot be repeated." The following papers are simply the result of an effort to catch and preserve the familiar talk of a veteran of the stage on its way to the fireplace of a certain front room in Thirty-fourth Street, New York. They do not pretend to be complete or consecutive; or even to be what is termed literature; only the Memories, Social and Professional, of Half a Century; affectionately inscribed to the audiences the speaker has addressed in other days and in other ways.

My first experience on any stage was at an establishment at Mitcham, in Surrey, called Baron House Academy, a fine old mansion which had become a private school. Colman's "Heir at Law" was produced immediately before the beginning of the summer holidays, upon an improvised stage in the school-room, with the English usher as prompter and general manager. As the son of "the celebrated Mr. Wallack," it was felt proper, naturally, that I should take part, and I was billed for the speech from Home's tragedy of "Douglas"—"My name is *Norval*"—although I was only ten years of age. I was dressed in a red tunic trimmed with fur, white trousers and red shoes, and carried a round wooden shield and a wooden sword painted blue. As for the lines, I suppose I must have painted *them* red. How I spoke them heaven only knows. I only remember that I never missed a syllable.

My next appearance was at another school performance given at Brighton, when I was about fifteen years old. This was at a seminary kept by a Mr. Allfree, which was then rather celebrated, and the play was "Pizarro." At that time my uncle, Henry Wallack, was stage-manager at Covent Garden. Of course all the boys were racking their brains and ransacking the shops to find what they should wear. My mother applied to my uncle, who sent down a lot of splendid properties, a leopard skin robe and all the necessary things for *Rolla*, all of which were of course very much too large for me, particularly the sandals. I remember nothing of the play except that it went off with a great deal of applause, but I do remember that the end was a most undignified one for me, because as I fell dead I fell just exactly where the curtain must come down on me; and when it began to descend the boy who played *Alonzo*, and one of the soldiers stepped forward, and taking me, one by one leg and one by the other, dragged me up the stage, a bit of new "business" which was greatly appreciated if I might judge from the "roars" in front.

Henry Wallack, Uncle of Lester.

On returning from my first visit to America, which had been a purely social one, and before it was quite determined whether I should finally go into the army or not, my father, who was about to set out upon a starring tour to Bath and other provincial towns, proposed that I should join him, partly as a companion, and partly to support him in such parts as could safely be entrusted to one who could only be looked upon as an amateur; and the first appearance

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I made on any stage after I arrived at manhood was as *Angelo* in a play called "Tortesa the Usurer," by N. P. Willis. I had seen it brought out before when my father had the National Theatre in New York. The character of *Tortesa* was written for him, and when he went over to England he took the play with him and starred in it. The character I assumed was originally acted by Edmon S. Conner, then his "leading juvenile."

Gustavus Brooke.

During this tour I played that part, *Macduff* to his *Macbeth*, and *Richmond* to his *Richard III.*, and these, I think, constituted the main portion of my endeavors at that time. This was just after the burning of the National Theatre in 1839. I had done enough, inexperienced as I was (so my father told me afterward), to show that, if ever the profession should become a necessity to me, I had a certain amount of promise; that in fact I had "the gift." During this engagement I assumed the name of "Allan Field," which had belonged to a relative of the family.

I hesitated long before I made up my mind to become an actor; but when I finally did so, I determined that I should know my profession from beginning to end, and should depend upon it for my sole support; and the consequence was that my poor mother often cried in those early days, because I would not let her send me a five pound note now and then, to add to my weekly stipend of twenty shillings!

I was resolved that whatever success I might make I would owe to myself, and not to my father's name; therefore, as Mr. Lester I played the *Earl of Rochester* in the town of Rochester, in a comedy called "Charles II.," by John Howard Payne. I had a very good part—the second part of the piece. Charles Kemble was *King Charles*, Fawcett playing *Edward* and Jones the *Earl of Rochester* in the original cast, at Covent Garden. The season at Rochester was a short one, as my uncle Henry Wallack, who had taken the theatre as an experiment, had it for only a few weeks. This was my first professional engagement. My salary was still one pound a week; and I was paid about as punctually as actors in small companies were at that time. Three pounds a week was a good salary in a country theatre, and five pounds was enormous. When we got to the larger provincial cities salaries were a little higher, but I very much doubt if any leading actor at Bath, Bristol, Liverpool, or Manchester ever received more than ten pounds a week in those days.

My experience at another provincial theatre—the Theatre Royal Southampton—was somewhat curious. The house was taken by a Mr. W. J. A. Abingdon, a barrister in very good practice and a rich man, who was wildly enthusiastic upon every subject connected with the drama. His particular craze was his fancy that he resembled Shakespeare, and he indulged his pride in having himself painted as the Bard of Avon, after Roubillac's statue in Westminster Abbey, a portrait which was distributed broadcast over Southampton and the neighboring town of Winchester. I soon became a favorite with him, and as I was pretty careful in my study and acting, although very inexperienced, a short time after my joining his company he made me stage-manager; and a pretty queer stage-manager I suppose I was! This must have been about 1844, because a little later I became a great Liverpool favorite. But to return: We performed alternate nights at Winchester and Southampton, and the company used to travel in a little omnibus with a lantern in its corner. After playing in Southampton we had to go to Winchester, and vice versa. We acted in three plays a night in those days, and had to write out our own parts, too. We were not provided with books, and studied by

Charles Mathews.

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the light of this lantern, arriving at our destination awfully tired in the middle of the night, or perhaps early in the morning. Sometimes we had but one rehearsal and sometimes two, seldom more; and to this early discipline I owe the retentive powers of memory which have been of such wonderful assistance to me ever since.

One of the first important steps I ever took upon the ladder of fame was when I had the honor, and pleasure, of playing *Benedick* to Helen Faucit's *Beatrice* at Manchester. She was one of the gentlest and sweetest actresses I ever met. She gave me more encouragement than I had ever received before, and the patience with which she rehearsed, for I was young and inexperienced then, was remarkable. She did what must have been very irksome to her and went over our scenes again and again with me, until I got my part in some kind of shape; and it was through her kindness that I made something of a hit with the audience. I shall always remember her with feelings of the greatest gratitude on that account. I played but that one Shakespearian part with her, because *Beatrice* was her only comedy character there except *Rosalind*, and as she appeared in tragedy all through the rest of the engagement Gustavus Brooke supported her. She is now Lady Martin. As Miss Faucit she was what I should call one of the most sympathetic actresses who ever walked the English stage. She combined a great deal of power with perfect pathos, and I can hardly recall another actress who did this in so great a degree. They say her *Lady Macbeth* was very impressive; I know her *Portia* was. She not only played the comic portions admirably, but "the trial scene" was equally well done; gentle and quiet, but majestic and powerful—wonderfully impressive. She came out first in London under her mother, Mrs. Faucit, who played what is called the "heavy lead." Helen supported Macready—she was the original *Clara Douglas* in Bulwer's "Money"—at the Haymarket, Covent Garden, and elsewhere, before she went starring on her own account. She was a very great favorite throughout Great Britain, particularly in Edinburgh.

I first met Gustavus Brooke at this house. It was rather a small one and Brooke and I dressed in the same room. Off the stage, he had a particularly strong brogue. He was a perfectly reckless man, who did not care how his money went or what straits he might be in. He was an Irishman, one of the generous, kind-hearted, whole-souled John-Brougham Irishmen. During that engagement at Manchester we acted together. I would often go into my dressing-room and find that certain very necessary articles of my wardrobe were missing, and one night in particular I remember I was playing *Modus* in the "Hunchback" while he was acting *Master Walter*, and Miss Faucit *Julia*. I went into the room and found Brooke ready to go on. I had a costume I was particularly fond of, a chocolate colored, plain, quiet sort of dress; and I missed the tights belonging to it. Brooke said: "What is the matter, me dear boy?" I said, "I cannot dress—I can't find my tights." "Why,"

Lester Wallack (from a photograph by Brady about 1870).

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said he, "I took the liberty to take your tights myself, they are on me. I couldn't find my own." Fortunately I did not go on till the second act, and by that time the whole theatre had been ransacked and I got somebody's nether garments, and he carried through the performance with "Lester's tights." It was characteristic of Brooke that he would have been quite as willing that I should have taken his and have gone on himself without any. He was one of those reckless, generous creatures who would give anything he had in the world to me, or to anybody else he liked. He first made his appearance at the Olympic in London, a little bit of a theatre, and he met with unqualified immense success. He came out in *Othello*. It is a singular thing, that Brooke made almost as great a hit as Edmund Kean did when he appeared as *Shylock*. It was a tremendous triumph. He had been little heard of except as a favorite provincial actor. His success was instantaneous and complete; but unlike that of Edmund or Charles Kean it was not followed up at all. The second part he played was *Sir Giles Overreach* in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and although that was as consistently fine a piece of acting as his *Othello*, perhaps more perfect, it did not seem to strike the people by any means so forcibly. From his first performance the thing gradually simmered down, so to speak, and that, I presume, was the reason he went to Australia, where he made an immense reputation and is still lovingly remembered. It was on his second voyage to Australia that he went to the bottom, poor fellow. I think the ship was called "The London." Harry Edwards has the most affectionate recollection of him.

Lizzie Weston Davenport.

"Dolly" Davenport.

Brooke had a most wonderful voice, a voice of tremendous power and at the same time of great melody, and with a great deal of variety in it. On one occasion he was acting with Forrest, our American tragedian. He was then a stock actor in one of the English towns in which Forrest was starring, and when someone said to him: "Brooke, look out, here is Forrest coming; he has a powerful voice, a voice that will drown anything that was ever heard here;" Brooke replied: "I'll show him something if he tries it with me." Forrest played *Othello* and Brooke *Iago*, and in the great scene in the third act where *Othello* lays hold of *Iago*, Forrest put forth the whole of his terrific and tremendous force, which he always did. The moment he finished, Brooke came out with his speech: "Oh Grace! Oh Heaven defend me!" etc., in a manner that almost made the roof shake; it absolutely seemed as if Forrest's voice had been nothing. It astonished Forrest, and astonished everybody else. I suppose Brooke had the most powerful lungs except Salvini's that were ever given to an actor. That is a very exhausting speech of *Othello's* in this scene, and by the time Forrest was done he was pretty well pumped out and the other came in fresh. It was not a very wise act upon Brooke's part, and contrary to his better judgment; but he had become so worked up by the repeated warnings against Forrest's tremendous voice, that he did it on the spur of the moment. Forrest certainly was never more surprised in the course of his professional life; for it was seldom he met with a man whose utterance could compare with his own in volume and strength.

My first intimate relation with Charles Mathews the younger was also during my Manchester engagement, when I had become a sort of favorite at the Queen's Theatre—what might be called a semi star—or asteroid. Mathews and his wife—formerly known as Madame Vestris—came there to play; and of course I was very glad of the opportunity of acting with them, which I did in two or three pieces, receiving the kindest and warmest encouragement from them both. This is one of my pleasantest recollections; one of those remembrances that make me appreciate the fact that a young man's progress

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may be very much injured or very much aided by the kindness or discouragement shown him by those who are higher in rank than himself. At all events, they did me a great deal of good.

James Wallack (the Elder)

The next I saw of Charles Mathews was when he came to this country in 1857, after his wife's death, and played at what was then the Broadway Theatre, on the corner of Anthony Street. I met him very frequently at dinner at Boucicault's house, and at my own. My father was a great invalid, and Charles used to go and visit him and sit by his bedside continually, and so we got to see a great deal of each other; and it was perfectly remarkable then, as it was afterward, how lightly he took all the cares and vicissitudes of life. He seemed to go through the world as a grasshopper does; when he found the ground a little rough he hopped and got over it. He was the most lightsome creature that can be imagined, and he never seemed to let care take hold of him.

During this visit to America he played in various cities throughout the country, and I remember his showing me the results of an engagement in one large town, which he invested in a peculiar and characteristic way. His net profits were exactly ten cents, and this particular dime he put upon his watch-chain and wore for many years as a charm. This visit ended with his marriage to the wife of "Dolly" Davenport, formerly Miss Lizzie Weston.

Davenport was then at our theatre, Broadway near Broome Street, and the famous fracas between them occurred just outside of the stage door of the Metropolitan Theatre (afterward the Winter Garden), where Mathews was playing an engagement. The usual result followed: there was a great deal of gossip, much controversy in the newspapers, with the inevitable "simmering down;" and Mathews and his wife almost immediately afterward left America for England. Thence he went for a long tour to India, Australia, and New Zealand.

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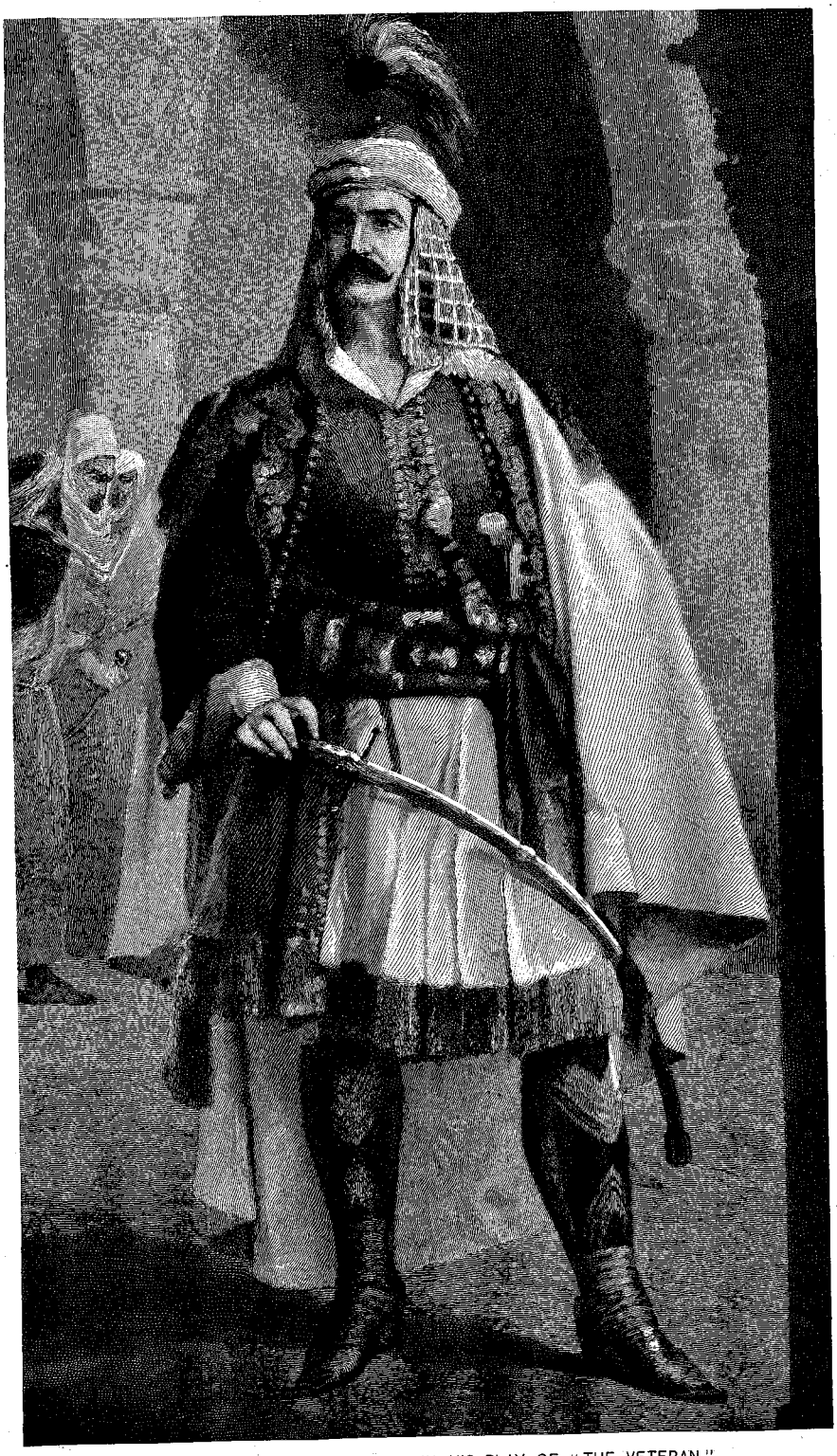

MR. WALLACK AS *LEON DELMAR* IN HIS PLAY OF "THE VETERAN."
(Leon disguised as Zohrab, the dumb captain. From a crayon drawing by N. Sarony.)

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His last visit was made after my father's death, and when I had become the sole manager of the house on Broadway and Thirteenth Street. He brought over his wife, who, from being a very handsome, dark-haired woman, had become a brilliant blonde; as was the case with the majority of dark-haired women at that time. He opened at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, and she played in one piece with him. I remember that was the time I produced "The Liar." Mrs. Mathews came to see it the first night, and he told me afterward that she had advised him not to play it. He replied, "My dear Lizzie, it is one of my big parts in London; why shouldn't I play it here?" She said, "Don't think of it." He wanted to find out why he was not to play it, and asked two or three friends, who told him that I had embellished it with new scenery and many effects that he never thought of, and perhaps, if he were to play it, the audience would miss these things, and as he had plenty of other parts it would be just as well if he did not invite the comparison.

At last he wrote and told me he wished to see me, so I made an appointment and he came one day to my office, and said: "My dear Wallack, what is the reason I must wander about from place to place? what is the reason I can't get any chance with you? Here is the very theatre that suits me." I said: "My dear Charles, the reason simply is that the only auxiliary I have is myself; I have a very fine company, and when business is very dull I go on, and am a great help; but a star theatre I can never make it." "Will you have me in your stock company?" he asked. "Are you joking?" I returned. And he replied, "No, not at all, I shall be delighted; think what you can give me, and if you come anywhere near what will suit me, nothing will be more charming than to find myself under the management of one I knew almost as a boy."

Harry Beckett.

After duly considering the matter I wrote to him, saying he must make his own proposition, and that I would meet his terms if I could. His reply was: "My dear Wallack, No! No! No!" Upon which I wrote: "My dear Mathews, I will give you one hundred pounds a week for the season." And he replied at once, "My dear Wallack, Yes! Yes! Yes!" And that settled the matter.

W. Farren.

He was a member of my company all through the season. I had then revived "The Veteran," to seventeen and eighteen hundred dollars a night, and had to defer his appearance. He came to me and said: "John, this is all wrong, I am taking your money and doing nothing." I replied, "Charles, take it and *do* nothing, and thank Heaven you are so well off." He asked: "Do you mind if I can make that money by playing an engagement at Brooklyn?" I answered: "No, certainly not; if you can relieve me of two or three of these five hundred dollars, I am willing." And this he did, in a measure, by what he made there. He was very ill at that time, too. It was then that he first told me what a charming club there was in Brooklyn, and was the cause of my ultimately joining the Brooklyn Club, of which I have been a member twelve or fifteen years.

I first brought him out in "London Assurance," at my theatre. I played *Charles Courtly*, and he played *Dazzle*. Gilbert was *Sir Harcourt*, Miss Plessy Mordaunt was *Lady Gay Spanker*, and William Floyd was *Dolly*. Then he went through a round of his favorite characters. He played *Puff* in "The Critic" charmingly. Stoddart was the *Don Whiskerandos*, and his death was so excessively droll that Mathews said it was the first time this character had succeeded in making him laugh on the stage, to the neglect of his own "business." He appeared also during the engagement in "Aggravating Sam," one of his special favorites, and in his old part of *Marplot* in "The Busybody," which I had frequently played on the same boards.

I was sitting in his dressing-room one night, when he said: "John, I have been

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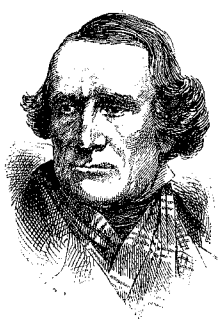
thinking where to place you." I said: "What do you mean?" "Where to place you as an artist," he went on. I was naturally very anxious to hear what he had to say on that point, so I said: "Don't be bashful." I thought perhaps he was going to be a little critical. "Say anything; it must do me good more than harm." He said: "I should call you a mixture of your father and myself. Of your father in melodrama and high comedy, and of myself in what we used in my younger days to call 'touch and go' playing." "Well," I said, "that's a pretty good mixture, and, seriously, the highest compliment I have ever received."

Charlotte Cushman.

As a member of a stock company, in spite of his importance as a star, a more genial or charming person cannot be imagined, nor a more loyal subject. And here it may be remarked that, as a rule, I have always found that the higher the rank of the artist, the more amenable he is to discipline. The troubles in this respect, at least those I have experienced, have always been caused by comparatively unimportant people.



George H. Barrett.

He said one day he had never seen an American yacht. I said, "Well, will you come down and have a little cruise with me on the Columbia?" "For heaven's sake, don't ask me to sail in her. I have sailed all over the world during the last two or three years, and I am thoroughly sick of the water." I said: "We won't quarrel about it, but come down and dine with me, and you might bring just a dressing-gown and a pair of socks, or something of the sort, because if it should rain very hard you had better sleep aboard, and not have that long journey back." The yacht was then lying off Tompkinsville, Staten Island. He came aboard and was delighted with her. I said: "Are you seasick?" "Oh, this is delicious," he answered, as he lay in the cockpit, smoking a cigar. I had given orders quietly to get the anchor up, and before he knew where he was we were under way, and he did not leave that boat for three or four days. He said he never had a more delightful time in his life.

A more charming table companion and more agreeable person than Charles Mathews could not possibly be. I have somewhere the speech he made (which he sent me in print afterward) at his benefit and last appearance on my stage. It was in a part called *Sir Simon Simple*, in "Not Such a Fool as he Looks." I had acted in the first piece the *Captain of the Watch*, an original part of his which I first saw him play at Covent Garden. That was the last time I ever saw Charles Mathews. I got a most affectionate letter from his wife after he had returned to England, in which she said she never could forget his description of how he was treated by me.

After that Mrs. Wallack met him several times in London, and he was always most attentive and kind to her. On one occasion she went to see him in "My Awful Dad." There was another piece played after it, and Mathews, when he was dressed, came into the box and asked Mrs. Wallack how she liked it. She was much pleased with it, so he said: "There is but one man, after myself, that can play this part, and that is John. I will make it a present to him." He did so, and she brought out the manuscript. I saw that two long acts would never do, and I rewrote it, making it into three acts. Much of the business is mine, including the address to the jury. I did the latter in imitation of a barrister I had heard in London. That was how I came to have "My Awful Dad." Harry Beckett played the son admirably.

But to return to Manchester and my early experiences there. Charlotte and Susan Cushman, with both of whom I afterward became very intimate, played "Romeo and Juliet" at the Queen's in 1845; and were the cause of my going to London, that Mecca of all young Eng-

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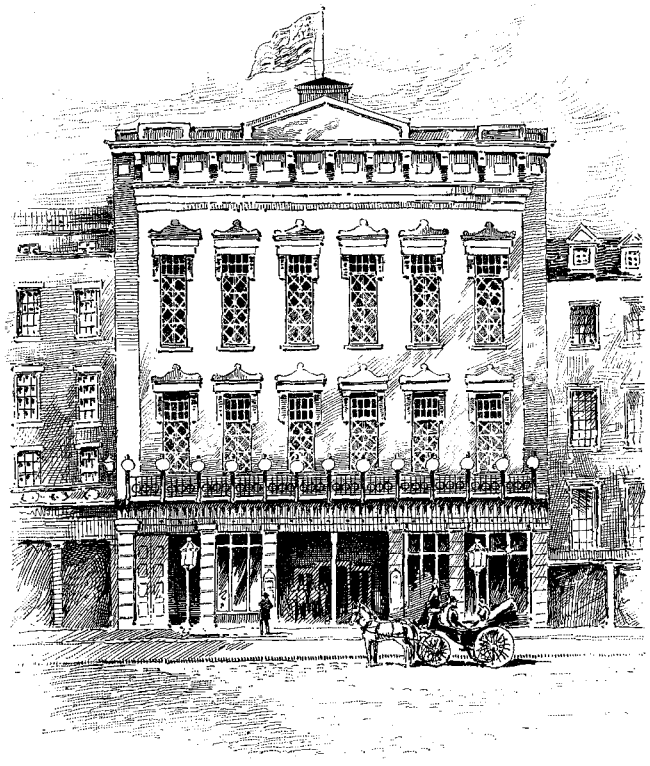

The Old Broadway Theatre, New York.

lish actors. Susan was the *Juliet*, and Charlotte said to Mr. Sloane who was then the lessee of that theatre, "Who is your *Mercutio?*" Sloane replied "There I think we shall be all right; I have got young Wallack." She asked "Whom do you mean by young Wallack? I know Mr. James Wallack; I have played with him, and have the greatest admiration for him. I know he has a son; is he on the stage?" "Yes," said Sloane. "I do not see his name here." "No, he calls himself Mr. Lester." "Very inexperienced, I am afraid," said Miss Cushman. "Yes, very inexperienced, but he is said to have a good deal of promise about him." At the end of the first rehearsal without books, Charlotte Cushman put her hand on my shoulder and said: "Young gentleman, there is a great future before you, if you take care and do not let your vanity run away with you." After that we became great friends, and when she went to fulfil an engagement at the Haymarket she said to Mr. Webster: "Wallack is the coming young man of the day." As I had often seen my father in the part of *Mercutio*, I suppose, for a youngster, it was a better performance than they expected; and that was the commencement of my approach to London. Mr. Webster thought that he would very much like to get a young man who would hit the public, because Charles Mathews had just left him to go to the Lyceum Theatre. Webster had the Adelphi and the Haymarket both, at that time. Miss Cushman's recommendation of me worked upon him, and he finally engaged me to play at the latter house. My first appearance in London was in a piece called "The Little Devil," a two-act play which Mr. Mathews and his wife had been very successful in. Mr. Farren, Mr. Webster, and I consulted as to what would be best for my metropolitan début; and I said I had made some fame in this part of Mathews's at Liverpool, but I had played in a different version from that of Mathews and Vestris. I wanted to play my own version, as I had my own little business, and all that; but Mr. Webster declared that I should play in his, which was very poor; and also that I should sing. I had never sung a note on the stage, and I told him it would in all probability kill my first appearance, by reason of the extra nervousness in singing a duet with Priscilla Horton (afterward Mrs. German Reed), and particularly a drinking song, a thing I never dreamed of. Not only did Mr. Webster insist upon my doing this, which required a restudy (there is nothing so difficult as studying the rearrangement of a play you have already learned), but he insisted upon my sing-

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ing the songs, and sent me on the stage after 11 o'clock at night, and after a five-act comedy. I was a good deal put out at this. I thought it would ruin my chances, and to a certain extent it did, the audience being tired and yawning, many leaving the theatre before I came on. So well did somebody manage, I won't say who, that after a few nights of this I did not act at all, and when I appeared again it was once more under unfair treatment, as I believe. Mr. Hudson, who was the leading comedian then, was taken ill and could not play *Dazzle* in "London Assurance" which had then been revived. Mr. Boucicault himself attended the rehearsals, and they cast me for *Dazzle*, a part I had never attempted, and which had all the prestige of Mr. Charles Mathews's great name. I had not been allowed to play for some weeks, and I was put on the stage with Mr. Farren, Mr. Buckstone, and all these people around me who knew every turn and twist of the business of the comedy; and I naturally appeared under the greatest possible disadvantages. I think that is about all I did do.

James Wallack, Jr.

In the meantime Mr. George H. Barrett, who had come to England to make engagements for a new theatre which was building on Broadway, corner of Anthony Street, New York, and which was to be called "The Broadway," went to the Haymarket, saw me, and thought he had found the very thing he wanted for America. He came to my mother's house and asked, "When does this season end?" I told him, and he said, "Well, now, what are you getting here?" "Six pounds a week," a very good salary in those days. He replied: "Well, I will give you eight, if you will go to the States." It was a great temptation, because it secured to me the first line of comedy and because my father was then in America; so I closed with him at once, and at the end of the Haymarket season sailed viâ the Cunard line, which then went to Boston only. There I saw my father, who was just about to start for England.

This was the cause of my coming to America as an actor. I opened the Broadway Theatre, playing *Sir Charles Coldstream*, fell through a trap on the first night and nearly got killed. The stage had been built in a very hurried manner. Jumping on the trap, it gave way and I went through, but fortunately had presence of mind enough to catch myself by my elbows. I picked myself up uninjured and had one of the greatest receptions I ever remember. I was the success of the evening, so the newspapers said. In those days I lived on Broadway at a boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Black near Broome Street. Wallack's Theatre, strangely enough, afterward stood on that very spot.

The Broadway Theatre was built by, or for, one Colonel Alvah Mann. The first season was a losing one. There was a succession of managers, things were going very badly, and Mr. George Barrett finally gave up the stage management, which devolved upon Mr. James Wallack, Jr., my cousin; it then came into the hands of Mr. George Vandenhoff; at last it came to Mr. William Rufus Blake, and then was produced Boucicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts," with Mr. Blake as *Jesse Rural*. The drama, which had never been done here before, brought up the fortunes of the theatre again. The next season Mr. Blake was still stage-manager and we repeated various plays. Mr. Forrest had a very successful engagement there during which I played *Cassio* to his *Othello*. Then James Anderson played an engagement and I acted with him. I supported Forrest, too, in the "Broker of Bogota," and that was the first idea I got that I could do some serious work. The fortunes of the theatre went down once more until at last an actor named George Andrews got hold of a book which was exciting and interesting the whole town. It was Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo." Andrews made a dramatization of it, and offered it as a holiday piece, to be brought out on Christmas night. Mr. Blake came to me and told me about it. I said it was

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capable of making an excellent drama. He replied: "The drama is made; and you must play *Monte Cristo*." "Good Heavens, I cannot!" said I. "You must do this or the theatre will close," he answered; "we have no one else to do it." I was in a horrible fright, for I had never attempted anything of the kind; but I said: "Very well, I will try it and if I fail it will not be my fault." The consequence was an immense success—one of the first plays that rivalled "Richard III." and "London Assurance" by a run of one hundred nights. Fanny Wallack, my cousin, played *Haidee*, and Mr. Fredericks played *Fernand*. Hadaway was in the piece and played *Caderousse*. It was the great hit of the season, and the thing that saved the theatre from bankruptcy. It was from *Monte Cristo* that I got what celebrity I ever had in melodramatic characters, and singular to say, most of the greatest successes I ever had were in parts which were a mixture of the serious and comic, like "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," "Jessie Brown," "Rosedale," and "The Streets of New York."

George Vandenhoff.

I first met George Vandenhoff at the Broadway Theatre, where it seems he had made an engagement with Colonel Mann, in which he stipulated that he should not be held inferior to anyone in the company. In other words he was to be strictly the leading man. When Mr. Blake came into the stage management he advocated making a star theatre of it, and among other stars he engaged was my cousin, Mr. James Wallack, Jr. The opening play was "Othello," in which Wallack was cast for *Othello*, as a matter of course, and Vandenhoff for *Iago*. About half past six, the curtain being supposed to rise at seven, there was no Mr. Vandenhoff in the theatre. They sent a message to his lodgings or his hotel, or wherever he was, to know whether he was aware of the lateness of the hour. The messenger came back and reported that Mr. Vandenhoff was out and had left no word as to when he would return. The time approached for the commencement of the performance, Mr. Wallack was waiting, dressed for *Othello*, I was waiting dressed for *Cassio*, which I was to play that night; everybody was waiting, dressed for everything. No Mr. Vandenhoff, no message, until about five minutes before the curtain should have risen, when a note did arrive at last from him, explaining that as his name in the bills and advertisements did not appear in equal prominence with Mr. Wallack's he did not intend to play at all. There was naturally a great deal of indignation expressed on the part of the management; the audience were becoming impatient, and eventually Mr. Blake went upon the stage before the curtain to explain the cause of the delay. He spoke to this effect:

"Ladies and gentlemen; I am very sorry to appear before you as an apologist. We shall give you the play, but without Mr. Vandenhoff, who, not ten minutes ago, sent word that he would not act because his name did not appear in the bills in equal type with Mr. James Wallack's. It has been left to the management to give you an acceptable substitute in the person of Mr. Dyott, who, at this singularly short notice, will appear as *Iago*. [Great applause.] We have given you the best possible remedy for the disappointment, and we leave it to you to give Mr. Vandenhoff his just deserts whenever he shall appear before you again."

William Rufus Blake.

The result of this was a very successful performance of the tragedy, and a challenge from Mr. Vandenhoff to Mr. Blake. Mr. Thomas Placide consented to act as Mr. Blake's second. The affair, however, was patched up by the interference of mutual friends, and no blood was shed.

Mr. Blake, off the stage as well as on, was a positive epitome of fun and humor. There was a gentleman in the company named Hind, who came to him one day with the pomposity which I have gene-

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rally remarked prevails in a greater degree among the lesser luminaries of the stage than among the greater, and said:

"Mr. Blake, I have observed an omission in the bills with regard to my name."

Thomas Hadaway.

Mr. Blake turned around from the managerial table, and gazed at him with some surprise.

"Mr. Hind, what is the omission?"

"I have always been particular, sir, about my initials; they are not in the bill."

Mr. Blake, without asking him what his initials were, said very solemnly:

"Mr. Hind, the omission shall be rectified." The consequence was that in the next bill in which the gentleman's name occurred Mr. Blake put "The Character of *so and so* by Mr. B. Hind," which of course caused a great deal of amusement in the company, and a great deal of indignation on the part of Mr. Hind, whose initials were T. J., but who was called "Mr. Behind" ever after.

On another occasion Mr. Blake had to deal with a gentleman of a somewhat higher style of ambition whom we will call Jones. On the 22d of February a patriotic play was produced which was concluded with the appearance of the figure of Washington surrounded by every sort of emblem of patriotism—in fact, in a blaze of glory. Mr. Jones said to the stage-manager:

"Mr. Blake, I have frequently played the part that you have cast me for in this piece. I represent the officer who carries the flag of our nation, and I have always, in that particular scene in which I carried it, been accustomed to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'" Mr. Blake replied:

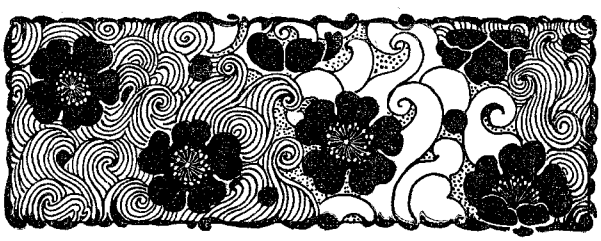
"But a song here is entirely out of place; it will be an interruption to the course of the play, and on this occasion I cannot consent to its introduction. We cannot sacrifice the play on that account." Mr. Jones replied:

"Mr. Blake, if I am to play this part I *must* sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' My name has invariably been in the bills with the addition of this line: 'In which he will sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'" Mr. Blake persevered in his denial of the request, when Jones drew himself up to his full height, which, by the bye, was not above five feet four, and majestically said:

"Mr. Blake, I wish it to be recorded that I *insist* upon being billed as singing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

Thomas Placide.

Blake declined any further conversation on the subject. But in the bill he wrote "The Character of *so and so* by Mr. Jones, in which he insists upon singing 'The Star Spangled Banner!'"



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PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

By Hugh McCulloch.

LORD DERBY, in a speech delivered at Liverpool, in 1872, made the striking remark that the increase of wealth in Great Britain, within the present century, far exceeded the increase in the preceding 1800 years. This wealth had been chiefly created by her extensive commerce and her manufactures, in which for many years she excelled all other nations combined. The gain in the United States has been the result of agricultural and manufacturing industry, and of the increased value of land, and this increase in the value of land is in a very great degree attributable to canals and railroads, chiefly the latter, without which the most of the great West would have remained a wilderness, and our large cities would have been unimportant towns. It is hardly too much to say, that the United States are twenty times richer than they were a half century ago. The whole world has, indeed, felt the influences that have been at work within this brief period of its history in pushing onward modern civilization. A large part of it has, in fact, been rejuvenated within a half century. Nearly all of the mechanical inventions, now so indispensable, such as railroads, iron ships, telegraphs, agricultural implements, labor-saving machinery of all kinds, have come into use within less than two generations, but in no part of the world have such changes taken place as in the United States. Within the period named, the population of the United States has been more than twice doubled. Sixteen States have been added to the Union, and what was then the far distant West, has become the centre of population and political power.

Of all the changes that have taken place within the last half century, none has been more marked and decided than that in ships. Until the Cunard Company, in 1840, sent their first steamship the *Britannia*, of thirteen hundred tons, from Liverpool to Boston, sailing vessels built of wood, had the command of the seas. There were, it is true, a few steamships constructed before that time. In 1819, the *Savannah*, with steam as well as sails, went from Savannah in Georgia, to St. Petersburgh, stopping on her way out at England, and completing her run from St. Petersburgh back to Savannah in twenty-six days; so that the honor of sending the first steamship across the ocean from the United States, belongs to a Southern State. In 1825, the *Enterprise*, properly so called, went from England to Calcutta, and in 1838 the *Sirius*, of seven hundred tons, and the *Great Western*, of thirteen hundred and forty tons, came to New York from Liverpool. These, however, were experiments. Regular ocean traffic by steamships did not fairly commence until the establishment of the Cunard line in 1840. From that time the construction of steamships went rapidly on, and traffic upon the seas went as rapidly from sailing vessels to steamers. The great motive power of the world upon water as well as upon land, is steam. Upon the Great Lakes and upon the Ocean, its value is appreciated; but upon the rivers only, can its great advantages be fully understood. Before I went to the West in 1833 and for some time after, the business upon the Mississippi and its tributaries was chiefly carried on by flat-boats, which were floated down to New Orleans by the current, and broken up and sold for lumber after their cargoes had been disposed of; or by barges which, after they had been unloaded at the levee, were towed back to their shipping points by watermen, a race that has long since disappeared. A whole season was consumed by these barges in a single trip down and back from the Ohio and Upper Mississippi to New Orleans.

Steamboats when they came into full

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play changed all this, and opened for settlement a country as large as that which lies east of the Alleghanies. The ocean and lake traffic might have been carried on by sailing vessels, but upon no rivers, except the great rivers of South America, could sails be used. In our harbors one now sees a few small sailing vessels, and here and there a three masted schooner, which reminds him of the Baltimore Clippers, but these are engaged in a coast wise trade, and are being rapidly superseded by small steamers. In 1876, the last time I was in Liverpool, I saw scarcely a single sailing vessel among the hundreds that filled her docks. The age is utilitarian; it is the most useful that is sought for, what pays the best is the desideratum. The sailing ship is a thing of beauty. Nothing to me is so beautiful as a full rigged ship with all sails set, as she moves before the wind; but she has ceased to pay. A steamship is a thing of power. There is nothing about her which is beautiful, but she is time-saving, and hence her superiority over sailing vessels.

Next to steam, iron and steel have been the great factors in the revolution of the last half century in ship building. Fifty years ago, vessels of all descriptions, naval as well as those that were used in trade, were built of wood. Now iron and steel are almost exclusively used. There are a few small sailing vessels being built of wood for home trade, but a wooden ship of war can only be seen among the hulks. The fight in Hampton Roads between the little *Monitor* and the *Virginia*, sealed the fate of wooden war ships. What a revolution in ship building that first contest between iron-clads produced! It literally made valueless the navies of the world, upon which countless millions had been expended. In itself considered, it was in comparison with hundreds of other naval battles, an unimportant affair, but by enabling the Government to maintain the blockade, it did much for the preservation of the Union, and by showing how powerless wooden ships would be in contests with ironclads, it created a system of naval architecture in which all the commercial nations are now experimenting. Each is trying to construct ships that will attain the greatest speed, carry the heaviest guns, and resist the heaviest shot. Their value will be tested in the next great European war.

The decline in its shipping is the great humiliation of the United States. Less than half a century ago, it was second only to Great Britain, with strong indications that it would soon be her superior as a maritime power. The best ships in the world were then built in the United States, chiefly in New England, and our ship-yards not only supplied the home demand, which was very large but to a considerable extent the foreign demand also. Now, except for the home trade, the building of ships has substantially ceased.

It makes one who saw the ship-yards, along the New England coast half a century ago sad as he sees them now. A few steam-ships are being built there and in the other Atlantic States for coast-wise or West Indian and South American trade, but none for the European. In ship-building and ship owning, the United States are behind nations that, a few years ago, were not known for either. The carrying trade between the old world and the new is in the hands of Europeans. It is their ships that are crowded with Americans who are constantly visiting the old world on business or for pleasure; it is their ships that bring emigrants to our shores; their ships that carry our cotton, our wheat, our beef and pork, our tobacco and petroleum and what not, to foreign markets. We no longer share in the glory and the gain which attend upon maritime enterprise. The decline of American shipping commenced with the substitution of iron for wooden ships. It was hastened by our refusal to permit our ship owners to protect their ships by a foreign flag during the late war, and the finishing blow was given to it by a tariff which, by taxing the materials that are used in the construction of ships, made them too costly to invite capital in that direction and forced it into manufactures. That the United States have been enormously enriched by their manufactures, is undeniable, and it is equally undeniable that their rapid growth in manufacturing industries is very largely attributable to high duties

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upon imports. But why have our tariff laws been so framed as to prejudice and destroy one great interest while fostering others? Why have our people looked on with indifference? Why have our law-makers been inert, while our ships have been disappearing from the ocean? The answer must be found in the lack of broad and comprehensive statesmanship in Congress and in the Executive branches of the Government. There are, I am happy to say, indications that the public mind is being awakened to the importance of having something done for the restoration of American shipping. Over-production in manufactures for the home demand, the want of foreign markets for the surplus, are awakening public attention in this direction. The party of the future will be that party which, comprehending the interests of the whole country, fosters all alike, or relieves the people altogether from the burdens which a partial policy now imposes. If protection is to be the continued policy of the Government, ship-building should be encouraged, and maritime interests protected, as well as manufactures. If restrictions are to be removed, and taxation for revenue only is to be the policy, the shipping interest, largely relieved from the burdens now imposed upon it, with fair compensation to steam-ships for carrying the mails, will take care of itself. It will be a proud day for the United States when American ships share with those of other nations in the business of the seas, and the American flag is seen again in ports from which it has been long banished. On one point there should be accord between men of all parties: if by reason of the tariff or any other cause we cannot profitably build ships, we should not be prohibited from buying and putting them under our own flag. It is urged, I know, that the building of ships could not be a profitable industry in the United States, even if the duty on all articles which are used in their construction and outfit were taken off, by reason of the cheaper labor on the other side of the Atlantic. If this were a fact, which I do not believe, what justification can there be for keeping on the statute book the law that prohibits citizens of the United States from buying foreign built ships and putting them under our own flag? If we cannot build ships, why should our citizens be prohibited from purchasing them? In no country in the world except this great, free country of ours, does such a barbarous prohibition exist. If we need ships and cannot build them, why should the right to buy be denied?

The following sentences are selected from some rather extended remarks, which I made in my report as Secretary of the Treasury to Congress, in 1866, upon the subject of American shipping:

"No single interest in the United States, although it may be fostered by legislation, can long prosper at the expense of other great interests, nor can any important interest be crushed by unwise or unequal laws without other interests being thereby prejudiced. The people of the United States are naturally a commercial and maritime people, fond of adventure, bold, enterprising and persistent. Now the disagreeable fact must be admitted that, with unequal facilities for obtaining the materials, and with acknowledged skill in ship-building, with thousands of miles of sea-coast, indented with the finest harbor in the world, with surplus products that require a large and increased tonnage, we can neither profitably build ships, nor successfully compete with English ships in the transportation of our own productions. It is a well established general fact that the people who build ships navigate them, and that a nation which ceases to build ships, ceases of consequence to be a commercial and maritime nation. Unless, therefore, the cause which prevents the building of ships in the United States, shall cease, the foreign carrying trade even of our own productions, must be yielded to other nations. To this humiliation and loss, the people of the United States ought not to be subjected. If other branches of industry are to prosper: if agriculture is to be profitable, and manufactures are to be extended; the commerce of the country must be restored, sustained, and increased. The United States will not be a first class power among the nations, nor will her other industrial interests continue long to

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prosper as they ought, if our commerce is permitted to languish."

The causes of the decline of ship-building referred to in these extracts were, higher prices of labor and materials in the United States than in Europe, and the Tariff. One of these causes has been much modified. Skilled labor has become abundant in the United States within the last twenty years, and greater progress has been made in labor-saving machinery on this side, than on the other side of the Atlantic. If all the materials which are needed in the construction of ships were relieved from import duties, the other cause of the decline of shipping would be also modified; but so much ground has been lost by delay, and so strong has become the European monopoly of the ocean traffic, that something more is required to build up ship-building in the United States.

Not only should ship-building materials be admitted free of duty, but United States Steamship Companies should be liberally paid for the transportation of the mails. We should, in this respect, do what other nations have done to build up and sustain their maritime interests;—but we must not stop here. All efforts to induce investments of capital in ships will be unavailing unless foreign markets are secured for what we have to sell. Trade is essentially barter, and there can be no barter as long as trade is fettered with unequal duties on articles to be exchanged.

This leads me naturally to say something upon a subject which ever since the formation of the Government has been fruitful of discussion—the tariff. That in the infancy of our manufactures, protective laws were needed, and that the country has been in times past, greatly benefited by these laws, is admitted by the advocates of tariff reform, if not by free traders. Without Government protection against the competition of British manufacturers, capitalists in the United States would not have engaged in manufacturing. Great Britain, early in the present century, became the work-shop of the nations. From 1831 to 1870, she controlled the manufacturing of the world. She had more capital than any other nation, and her people were more skilful in the use of machinery than the people of the Continent. She had also, what they had not, an unlimited supply of coal—the great factor in manufacturing, and if not the inventor of the steam-engine, she was the first to utilize it. She was also the leading maritime power of the world, and consequently possessed the facilities for sending her goods to all ports that were open to her ships. To make the most of these advantages, she adopted the principle of free trade. By it the raw materials which she needed were admitted free from taxation and paid for in productions of her mills. By this means she had obtained a manufacturing ascendancy too formidable to be competed with by capitalists of the United States, without government aid. It was to free the United States from dependency upon Great Britain, for the goods which were needed, and of which they might be deprived in case of war between the two nations, that our protective laws were mainly advocated. These laws were for many years simply revenue laws with incidental protection. They were afterward so changed that protection became the object and revenue the incident.

"I am in favor of a judicious tariff," said John Quincy Adams, in a conversation with Henry Clay and others. "I am in favor of a judicious tariff." "And I," said Mr. Clay, "am in favor of a tariff, judicious or not." Congress has of late years been altogether with Mr. Clay, and adhered to protection until it has become burdensome upon the people—depriving producers to a considerable extent of the benefits of foreign markets for our surplus of agricultural productions, for which at remunerative prices there is insufficient demand, and what is worse than all, our protective tariff has created a demand for laborers, which has brought over immense numbers of foreigners for whom already there is insufficient employment, and who are consequently restive, and may become dangerous.

Conceding that protective tariffs were needed to induce investments in home manufactures, and to sustain them when they were too feeble to compete unaided with Great Britain, it is clear to my

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mind that our tariff laws should have a thorough revision, for the purpose of accommodating them to the changed condition of the industrial interests of the country. Protection was originally and properly advocated on the ground that without it manufacturing could make no headway against the crushing power of British capital, and on this ground only. Thirty years ago, few if any of the advocates of protection were bold enough to advocate it as a permanent policy. It was to be temporary—not perpetual. When the expenses of the civil war began to require immense revenues, the tariff was largely increased, and a patriotic people submitted to the additional burden thus laid upon them, because they had resolved that the Government should be sustained. Not only was the tariff increased, but an excise system was adopted under which almost everything that could be reached by the tax collectors was heavily taxed. Nothing more was heard about protection. Revenue was what was needed and taxation was chiefly submitted to, not only for revenue, but to give credit to the immense loans that the Government was obliged to resort to, and it so happened that these taxes, heavy as they were, and indiscriminately as they were levied, neither diminished production nor checked importation. On the contrary, both were increased. So great were the necessities of the Government in the prosecution of the war, that existing cotton, woollen, and iron mills were worked to their full capacity, and new ones were created, while at the same time foreign importations were greatly stimulated. To pay for needful supplies, immense sums of money were required, and this requirement was met by the issue of Government notes, so that in a great and destructive war—the greatest and most destructive that has ever been carried on—the loyal States seemed to be highly prosperous, and the burden of taxation was not felt.

When the war ended the paper circulation of the country (money as it is improperly called) instead of being reduced as it should have been, was increased, and artificial prosperity continued until the crisis of 1873, put a temporary end to it. The terrible depression which followed this crisis was, however, of short continuance. The spirit of the people was too elastic and buoyant and energetic to be long depressed. Millions of debts were wiped out by the Bankrupt Act. The Government notes were not called in. Bank notes practically irredeemable, were abundant, for both of which employment must be found, and this employment was found in the construction of railroads, many of which were built not for business which required them, but for the business they were expected to create. So capital went into railroads in amounts that would have been ruinous, had not short crops in Europe, and abundant crops in the United States, greatly increased railroad traffic and created balances in our favor which were settled by importations of gold.

All this is now being changed. Manufacturing of all kinds has been overdone. Mills have been built where they can never be profitable, no matter what governmental protection may be given to them. Our agricultural productions are declining in value. The tariff is gradually shutting up foreign markets against our manufactured goods, and favorable crops in Europe are diminishing the demand for our bread-stuffs. Foreign nations, upon whose productions heavy duties are imposed, buy of us only what they greatly need, and cannot dispense with the use of, and these articles are chiefly limited to cotton, wheat, corn, tobacco, petroleum, beef and pork, and our markets for some of these articles are in danger. India is becoming a formidable competitor in the great wheat market of Great Britain, and petroleum from Russia is competing with the petroleum from the United States, in the markets of which, on this article, we have had for years the control.

To remedy the evils which are now to be faced, wise counsels are needed in Congress. The attention of our lawmakers must be diverted from the making of Presidents and the distribution of patronage, to the economic questions upon the proper solution of which the permanent well-being of the people must depend. The most important of these questions are those which arise from the

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decay of our shipping, and the want of foreign markets for our surplus productions. These, in fact, are the only really vital questions, except the currency question, before the country, and they ought to receive the most careful consideration of Congress; and if party politics could be subordinated to them, there would I think be but little doubt in regard to the conclusions which would be reached.

What is now needed in the United States, and needed more than anything else to promote general prosperity, is such a modification of our tariff as will facilitate exchanges with other countries. The protective policy must be abandoned. A revenue tariff we must have. Absolute free trade will be among the things hoped for, but not to be gained until the people are prepared to support the Government by excise duties or by direct taxation. The Government is mainly to be supported as it was before the late civil war by a tax upon imports which, although the most insidious, and in some respects the most unequal of all taxes, is, as it has always been, the most popular, by reason of its being felt only indirectly by consumers. Against such duties, there never will be serious complaint, and when judiciously imposed, separated as the United States are from European nations by the broad Atlantic, (neither Canada nor Mexico, nor the South American States can be formidable competitors,) they will afford all the protection that our manufacturers can fairly claim. In asking more than this, they are asking that the whole people shall continue to be taxed for the benefit of a few.

Much the larger part of the revenue required for the support of the Government and the payment of the national debt, must be derived from duties upon imports, and it will, therefore, be impossible so to reduce them that they will not be protective. A tariff for revenue which must necessarily be to some extent protective, is what is now required to increase and enlarge the foreign markets for our various manufactured goods, and our agricultural productions. Without these markets, our great industrial interests can never be permanently prosperous. Time will be required to overcome what has already been lost, but it will be recovered, and more than recovered, if wisdom prevails in our national councils. That a country with sixty millions of people rapidly increasing in population, washed by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, with thousands of miles indented with the finest of harbors;—with unequalled facilities for ship-building;—with a soil better fitted to produce cotton, tobacco, maize, cattle and hogs, than is possessed by any other country,—and with equal capabilities for the production of wheat;—that such a country should be without ships to transport its surplus to foreign ports, is an anomaly in the history of nations;—that in such a country, with manufactures of all descriptions well-established and skilfully managed, with plenty of capital and cheap money, manufacturers who have become enriched by our protective tariffs should claim more protection than a tariff for revenue will afford, is unreasonable and unjust.

The tariff ought to be carefully considered not only with regard to its burdens upon consumers but in its bearing upon commerce and navigation. The leading nations of the world have been commercial, and ship building and ship owning nations. Such were they in mediæval ages, and such they will always be. It was by such nations that trade was extended and civilization was carried into countries that had been degraded by their isolation. By such nations, in search of markets for their productions, the American Continent was discovered, and all other great land discoveries made. What has made Great Britain the nation she is—the nation upon whose domain the sun never sets? Not her manufactories alone—extensive, varied, and profitable as they have been—but her manufactures, her commerce, and her shipping combined. Why have her merchants been able to take raw materials from all other nations in exchange for their manufactured goods? Is it not because she has exempted those raw materials from import duties? Why is her flag seen upon every sea? By what means has her supremacy as a commercial and maritime power been secured and maintained? Is it not mainly because her statesmen have understood the simple

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fact that trade is barter, and have freed it from all restrictions.

In all natural advantages, the United States are greatly superior to Great Britain. While, including her colonies, her domain is more extensive, the territory over which she has absolute control is insignificant in comparison, and so doubtful is her hold upon her colonial possessions, that some of her wisest statesmen have thought that she would be stronger without them. In what respect is she superior to the United States? Not certainly in productions of prime necessity, not in cotton or wool, not in cattle, or swine, or grain of all kinds, not even in what may be called luxuries, such as fruits of all descriptions—not in precious metals, or even in iron or lead or copper, which are more valuable than the precious metals; nor in the inventive power and manufacturing skill of her people. In everything necessary for national growth, everything needful for the comfort and happiness of the people, the United States are vastly superior to Great Britain. In two things only are they inferior: in commerce, by which is meant free exchange of natural and artificial productions, and in shipping, without which in combination, they cannot take precedence of Great Britain, and become what they ought to be, and what, with wise legislation, they would soon become, the leading nation of the world, to which all other nations would be tributary.

Without freer exchanges and a revival of their shipping interests, the United States, no matter how rich and populous they may become, will never be a great nation in all that is needful for national greatness. No nation can be truly great that depends upon other nations for the means of transporting its productions to foreign markets, or lessens the demand for them by restrictions upon trade. A half century ago the United States were almost supreme upon the ocean. Now they have no rank as a maritime power. I am proud of my country, but I cannot help being humiliated by the consideration that our merchants must establish credits in London, in order to pay for their purchases abroad; and that our Government is compelled to maintain an agency in that city, for the payment of its representatives in foreign lands, and the expenses of its ships of war in foreign ports.

There is in these times much discussion in regard to landed property, and it is claimed by even fair minded and intelligent men that land is the gift of God, to which none should have the right of exclusive ownership; that the manner in which it is held in all civilized countries is a wrong to the public, and the main cause of the poverty which is so generally prevalent.

That in some countries land is held in too large quantities by a comparatively few people, whose ownership is perpetuated by legislative or sovereign power, is undoubtedly true. In such countries there is little trade in land, and the ownership of a home, no matter how humble, is beyond the reach of the great mass of the people. The effect of this has been the creation of landed aristocracies, to the power of which labor has been subjected. Nothing of this kind exists in the United States. Here not only is there free trade in land, but the Government has been for years, by homestead laws and low prices at which its immense territories of fertile lands have been subject to entry, holding out the strongest possible inducements to industrious people to secure for themselves homes. Strangely enough, however, some of the most earnest opponents of the exclusive ownership of land are in the United States. In their opinion, as land was not created by man, no man should be the absolute owner of any portion of it; —that it should be held by the state for the benefit of all. To correct the wrong which land ownership is inflicting upon the public, these advocates of equal rights contend that land should be so taxed that the owner would be willing to surrender his right to it.

Land, it is true, is the gift of God, but it is by man's labor that it has been made valuable. It is admitted by the Land Reformer, that the improvements being of man's creation should not be taxed, but it is the improvements that have given value to the land, and it would be practically impossible to tax the latter without taxing the former. Most of the land in the United States,

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east of the Mississippi River, was covered with dense forests, and every acre of it which has been cultivated has cost more in labor and other needful expenditures than it would sell for. I speak of course of lands which have not been made valuable by their minerals, or by being the sites of cities or towns, or their proximity to them. I question very much that there are any farms outside of the prairies and away from large towns, which, if they were charged with the labor bestowed upon them at the rate of one dollar a day for men and fifty cents a day for women, and with other necessary outlays (their original cost not included), and credited with the market value of their productions, and their estimated present value, would exhibit a balance on the right side of the account.

No one who has known anything about the hardships endured by the first settlers in the timbered lands of the United States—their unceasing toil, their actual want—not of the comforts, but of the necessaries of life when in health, to say nothing of what they needed, and could not be supplied with, in sickness, during the long and wearisome years which came and went before they had cleared enough of their lands to enable them to begin to enjoy the fruits of their sacrifices and labors;—no one who has known anything about all this will be found among those who speak of land as being God's gift, and therefore property of which there should not be absolute ownership. In travelling from Fort Wayne to Indianapolis, in the early days of the West, over or rather through roads that for a good part of the year could only be travelled by men on foot or well-mounted horsemen, and in noticing the slow progress which was being made in the opening up of the country, the question naturally presented itself, Would men who could support themselves in any other way, or in any other place, make their homes in this wilderness and undergo the privations they are subject to, and labor as they must for a good part of their lives, before they can make a comfortable living? These settlers were invariably poor men; two or three hundred dollars would cover the entire outfit of a majority of them;—their lands, their teams, their cows, their farming implements, their axes and rifles. It was chiefly by such men that the timbered lands of Ohio and Indiana were settled. I have seen hundreds of such beginnings, and have admired the endurance, the patience, the persevering industry, by which forest lands have been converted into productive farms; I do not say profitable farms, because few farms are profitable. Men who, like the late Dr. Gwinn, of California, have bought at low prices extensive tracts of land which were ready for the plow, and which for a time needed no fertilization, and cultivated them by machinery for wheat, have undoubtedly made money out of them; but as the wheat-producing qualities of the soil become exhausted, and restoratives become necessary, profits will decline, and may soon disappear altogether. Lands naturally adapted to grazing may yield indefinitely good returns, because they do not become exhausted by being grazed, but they are exceptions. The alluvial lands on the lower Mississippi, and on some of its tributaries, might also be excepted, for so deep is the soil that they may be regarded as being practically inexhaustible; but they are subject to overflows and droughts, and good crops on even these lands are by no means certain.

On the whole, farming is not a profitable business in the United States. It is a healthful employment, productive of strong and vigorous men, but it is not attractive, and it is not attractive because it is not profitable. Seldom do the sons of well-to-do farmers become farmers. As soon as they are old enough to strike out for themselves, they will be found in the towns, not upon the farms. Nor are lands in the old States which are not near enough to populous cities to be profitably used for market gardens, increasing in value. So far is this from being the case, that very few farms in those States could be sold to-day for prices which they readily commanded twenty years ago. Investments in lands which are valuable for agriculture only, are not now regarded with favor by capitalists. Better use for their money is found elsewhere.

If thanks are due to God for the land, greater thanks are due to him for the

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muscle and the patient industry by which it has been brought under cultivation, and by which its producing properties are preserved; and yet these cultivators of the soil are among those whose property should be confiscated because they did not create what they have made valuable! Land is less able to bear heavy taxes than almost any other kind of property. The taxes to which cultivated land is now subjected in most of the States, instead of being advanced, should be reduced, for the purpose of increasing the number of farmers. In most of the European states, especially in Great Britain, lands are heavily taxed—so heavily, that they can be held only by the rich. In that country the landholders are monopolists, and they will continue to be so until free trade in land is established, and the taxes upon it are so reduced that men of moderate means can afford to be the owners.

No greater mistake was ever made by intelligent men than is made by those who suppose that monopolies can be broken up or weakened, and property can be more evenly distributed in the United States by increase of taxes upon land, which is the cheapest thing upon the market. It is true that in cities, lots to be built upon for homes are beyond the reach of all except those whose incomes are considerably greater than their outlays, but this is unavoidable. Cities are limited in extent, and the value of lots depends upon the demand for them for building purposes. In a few cities, especially in Philadelphia, some who belong to what are called the laboring classes are the owners of their homes, but this is not often the case. With comparatively few exceptions those whose living depends upon their manual labor are renters or boarders.

There is, however, compensation for these deprivations. Wages are higher in the city than in the country, and greater inducements to save as well as to spend are found there, than exist elsewhere. Men are naturally gregarious, and when thrown together they have enjoyments of life, although subject to great discomforts. In cities, however, as well as in the country, it is labor and the fruits of labor that have made the ground valuable, and it is difficult to see how the public would be benefited if city lots were to be confiscated, subject to the outlay that has been made upon them. None but Anarchists have gone so far as to contend that the property of man's creation should be subject to division among the people or become the property of the state. But in this free land of ours, for whose benefit should property of any kind be confiscated? Not for the benefit of those who are able and willing to work; for them there is rarely lack of employment at remunerative wages, and the way to rise in the world is open before them. Not for the benefit of those who are disabled; their wants when made known are relieved by private or public charities.

Nine-tenths of the rich and prominent people of the United States have made their upward way in the world without help from others. Of the wealthy men, or the men of large social or political influence, whom I have known personally, or with whose history I am familiar, I call to mind very few who have not made themselves what they are by their own exertions. With rare exceptions they are the offspring of poor men, or of men with very limited means. The opportunities for those who are self-dependent to make headway in life are not now, it is admitted, as great in the United States as they were some years ago, but one has only to look about him to see large numbers of such people rising above the level from which they started, soon to be conspicuous in business, in society, in politics. Poverty always has prevailed and always will prevail to a greater or less degree in all countries—in the freest as well as the most despotic, until, under some new dispensation, mankind become equal in natural gifts, in capacity and disposition to acquire and retain, in mental and physical power. Until then the industrious and the indolent, the thrifty and the unthrifty, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, will be found in all communities. If all the property in the world should be equally divided, in a few brief years inequalities like those which are now complained of would prevail. The differences in the circumstances of the race are to some

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extent produced by unequal and unjust government and laws, but they are largely in most countries, and altogether in the United States, the result of constitutional dissimilarities, which always have existed and always will exist. There can be no equalizing power short of divine power, and that power will, as heretofore, continue to be manifested through unchanging law.

Of all governments which have existed in civilized nations, none has been so bad as a paternal government would be. The permanency of our free institutions depends more than anything else upon our homes, our independent homes. Of all property the homestead should be subject to the lightest taxation. In some States humble homes are protected against the claims of creditors; they ought everywhere to be protected against the tax collector. Great differences in the condition of men have existed and will exist under all forms of government, and these differences will be most marked under the freest, where natural gifts have full play. All that can be done by the best government is to provide for the protection of life and property—the enforcement of just and equal laws—anything more than this would be tyranny. Without perfect liberty to acquire, and without protection to whatever may be lawfully acquired, no matter what might be the character of the property, enterprise would cease, and government would be a mockery.

In looking back upon a long life, nothing of course seems so wonderful to me as the growth of the country in the physical elements of national greatness—territory, population, wealth. This growth, so unprecedented in the world's history, has been effected without any change in the form of the government—without any departure from the principles upon which it was established, or material change of the Constitution which was adopted for its preservation. Nevertheless, changes have taken place, the effect of which upon our republican institutions cannot be contemplated without apprehension.

Immigration, considered merely with regard to its pecuniary and economical results, has been of immense gain to the United States. It is estimated that since the formation of the Government more than thirteen millions of immigrants have come to the United States, and that if each brought with him sixty dollars in money, the pecuniary gain has been about eight hundred millions; but the gain in this respect has been small in comparison with what the immigrants were worth as laborers in the varied branches of industry. Estimating them to have been equal in value to the slaves in the Southern States, they have added to the national wealth three times as much as our national debt amounted to at the close of the civil war. What the offsets may be to this enormous gain is yet to be determined. The true wealth of the country is not to be measured by acreage or money, but by the quality of its people. If the effect of foreign immigration should prove to be deleterious to the character of the population, the gain referred to would have been dearly acquired.

That the worst and most dangerous part of the population of the United States are foreigners, is proved by the criminal records and by the utterances of socialists. Not only have the industrious and honest been invited to come to our country to secure homes for themselves, but the door has been thrown wide open to the lazy and the disreputable—the very classes that foreign governments have been glad to get rid of. Nor is this all. Money has been furnished to enable foreigners to come and be workmen in our factories and shops because they would work cheaper than native born citizens. A very large part, if not a majority, of the population in some of our great manufacturing towns are foreigners, many of whom have soon learned enough of American freedom to be disorderly and dangerous.

The greatest mistake which has been made by the Government of the United States has been in conferring upon foreigners the elective franchise. So short is the period required for their naturalization that hundreds of thousands have become voters before they knew anything about the nature of republican institutions—before even they could

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speak the language of the country. The majority of them are doubtless well-meaning people, but they naturally fall under the influence of those who are not. With the working-men have come men who are revolutionists by nature or have been made such by real or fancied injustice in their native lands. To denounce the Government, and to make their followers believe that all governments are tyrannical and ought to be overthrown, seems to be considered by these men their especial duty. Others do not go quite so far as this; they are more moderate in their demands: they contend that property should be held and owned in common, that exclusive ownership by the few is oppression to the many, that the laws have been made by the rich and for their benefit, to the great injustice of the poor, and that they should be so changed that all would fare alike. If these men, with their blind and ignorant followers, were not voters, they would be comparatively harmless; but they are not only voters, but some of them active politicians, and when the two great parties are nearly evenly divided, their votes are courted by both. They are already a dangerous class, and are likely to become more dangerous, as they are rapidly increasing in numbers, and are becoming cohesive by organizations. It is very clear to my mind that none but native born citizens ought to have been permitted to be voters; that immense risk has been incurred—not by making the United States an asylum for the oppressed, not by opening the doors for foreigners to become inhabitants, under the protection of just and equal laws, but by inviting them to come and participate in the law-making and governing power. The elective franchise, which ought to have been considered the most precious of all rights, has been freely bestowed upon those who have no knowledge of its value, and upon those who use it for other than patriotic purposes.

Though it may now be too late, in the present condition of political parties, to change effectively our naturalization laws, there might be a limitation upon the franchise in municipal elections, and it is very certain that this must be done if our large cities are to be properly governed, and sufficient safeguards are to be thrown around persons and property. Municipal government should be created and conducted on business principles. No one should be a voter who is not the owner of property. The amount required need not be large, but it should be large enough to indicate that the voter has something at stake. Manhood suffrage in municipal elections is, to say the least, a dangerous experiment; a law that places upon an equality in voting the lazy vagabond and the enterprising wealth-producing citizen is certainly neither just nor reasonable.

The Government is stronger than it was a half century ago, but has not this increase of strength been at the expense of republicanism? We claim that the United States is the freest country in the world—the only country except Switzerland in which the people have equal rights. Equal rights before the law are indeed possessed by everybody here, but are there not combinations of interests which prevent the full play of natural rights, which hold in check, if they do not destroy, individual enterprise? In what other country can be found such companies as have been organized in the United States for the purpose of controlling the manufacture, the transportation, and the price of goods? Where can be found an organization like the Standard Oil Company, which absolutely controls the market of an article for which there is an immense and constant demand, and stamps out competition; or even such companies as have been formed to regulate the production of iron and steel and coal? In what other country do manufacturers who are protected by tariffs against foreign competition, combine by trusts and other agencies to advance or sustain prices and prevent domestic competition? There is no country of which I have any knowledge in which business of all descriptions is so steadily falling into fewer and fewer hands, in which combinations are so powerful and individuals so powerless, as the United States—no country in which the solution of the labor question may be more difficult. We have yet to learn that

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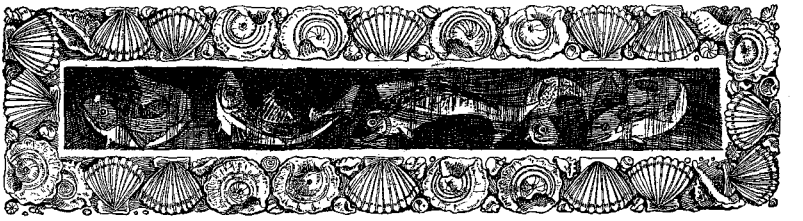
there may be as little personal freedom under republican institutions as under monarchies, and that the best efforts of all good citizens should be to prevent the great republic from being a free country in name only. That these efforts will not be wanting, I have an abiding faith. Congress has the power, by opening the way for freer trade with other nations, to destroy most of the existing monopolies, and this power will ere long be exerted.

There is, however, one danger ahead which cannot be easily surmounted. By our naturalization laws, by extending the highest privilege to men utterly destitute of proper qualifications for its exercise, by inviting to our shores to assist in administering the State and National Governments men who consider it their duty to fight all governments, we have done much to make our grand experiment a failure. It is now impossible to undo what was unwisely done, to deprive of the franchise those to whom it has been granted, but not too late to prevent an increase of the threatening danger. If our naturalization laws should be so changed that none should vote but those who, when the change is made, have the right to vote, and that thereafter none but the native born should be voters, the danger would not be entirely removed, but it would be greatly lessened. If this should not be done—if revolutionists who are rapidly increasing in numbers in Europe should continue to be invited to come and participate in the government of the Republic—how long will not capitalists only, but industrious, frugal, liberty-loving men be able to contemplate the future without misgivings? If the republic is to be short-lived like those which have heretofore existed, unrestricted manhood suffrage will be the cause. It is the only really grave danger that threatens the life of the Republic.



SEA IN OCTOBER.

By Elisabeth Fairchild.

Not now, not now, the unfruitful sea be mine,
With ever restless tides that ebb and flow
Like hopes in a sick heart; nay, I would know
How soonest to forget this kindred brine.
Show me some ripened land in mellow glow
Where heavy hang the clusters of the vine,
Where apples drop, where browse full-uddered kine,
Where, tilting-topped, the harvest wagons go
A-creak across the fields. O let me fill
My longing eyes with pictures of a land
Sloping to sunset, full of twilight peace
That seems from plenty's horn to overspill;
Let me thus gaze, and gazing, understand
Toil's fairest harvest is desire's surcease.

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Ballet Rehearsing.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF AN OPERA-HOUSE.

By Gustav Kobbé.

The Dragon's Fore-Legs.

SOON after the curtain had risen on the first performance of Wagner's "Parsifal," at Baireuth, in July, 1882, my attention was suddenly attracted by a peculiar excrescence on one of the rocks in the left foreground of the stage. Gradually, as I looked, the excrescence assumed the shape of a human head, and some minutes afterward I was able to distinguish the face of Wagner himself outlined against the piece of rock scenery. At first I supposed he had ventured out too far from behind the scenes in order to observe the effect of his last music-drama upon the audience. But this supposition was dispelled by the circumstance that he rarely looked toward the auditorium. He seemed rather to be watching the singers on the stage. The face remained in view until the panoramic change of scene from the forest to the Castle of the Grail. It struck me as a curious circumstance that although I frequently looked at the face during the progress of the scene, it did not grow into any bolder relief against the rock, but remained almost as flat as though it had been painted into the scenery. Afterward I asked a number of friends in the audience if they had seen what I had. They had not; nor had others of whom they made inquiries. I was beginning to think that the appearance of Wagner's face against the rock was a freak of mirage, resulting perhaps from the positions of some of the lights behind the scenes, when I mentioned the matter to one of the principal singers in the cast. He manifested surprise, not at what I had discovered, but at my having discovered it. He then told me that weeks before the production of "Parsifal," Wagner had chalked little crosses on the stage to indicate the exact spots where he wanted the singers to stand and had also drawn lines to show the direction in which they were to move from one point to another; and had himself drilled them in every movement. At the dress rehearsals and during the performance he had watched them, except during the first scene of the first act, from behind the scenes, in order to observe whether or not they closely followed his directions. Discovering that in the scene referred to he could not command a full view of the stage from any point at which he was entirely hidden from the audience, he had selected the place where I had noticed him, because there, when the stage was light-

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ed, his complexion and the coloring of the scenery almost blended, and he considered himself safe from detection. I was much impressed at this incident. For it furnished a clue to the vast amount of labor which, unknown to the public, preceded the production of "Parsifal." If one detail in the performance had necessitated so much thought, drilling, and watchfulness, how much of these, beyond the most liberal estimate of the public, must have been developed during the long period of preparation. As I thought the matter over, the energy expended in the performance of the work dwindled into insignificance compared with that which must have been called into play while the work was preparing for production.

Some years later, amid entirely different surroundings—at the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York, during the cathedral scene in Meyerbeer's "Prophet"—I was reminded of my Baireuth experience. In the scene of "The Prophet" a brilliant pageant unfolded itself as smoothly as if it were regulated by a machine controlled in turn by the rhythm of the Coronation March; for each division of the procession came upon the stage with the first beat of the measure at which it made its appearance and kept step with the music. The stage-manager seemed to have calculated the exact interval of time which would be occupied by each division in crossing and going up the stage, for the soldiers who brought up the rear disappeared behind the scenes with the last chord of the march.

It then occurred to me that an audience sees but a small portion of a theatre. What goes on in the space above, beneath, behind, and on either side of the stage? Are not the unseen regions of a theatre more interesting perhaps than those that are seen? These questions arose in my mind during the performance of "The Prophet," as they had at Baireuth. In that instance I had been unable to follow up the subject. In the latter, however, I was more fortunate. For, through the courtesy of the managing director, I was enabled to penetrate the innermost recesses of an opera-house of the first rank, an establishment, a tour of discovery behind whose scenes reveals all the resources of the modern stage; inasmuch as one finds there not only everything pertaining to a theatre, but also the numerous and varied contrivances which have been devised for the production of the works of the modern German repertoire. This is especially true of the Metropolitan Opera-House because every article used in the performances at that house is manufactured on the premises, and because in the special line of mechanical contrivances needed for the production of Wagner's works, now so prominently before the public, Yankee ingenuity has grafted many improvements on German designs, so that our opera-house, though young in years, has in stage-craft a longer head than the old-established German opera-houses.

The regions in which the labor of preparing a musico-dramatic work for production goes on are a veritable bee-hive of activity. They embrace, besides the rooms of the heads of the various departments—musical conductor, stage-manager, scenic artist, costumer, property-master, gas-engineer, and master carpenter—those in which their ideas are materialized. Connected, for instance, with the property department is a modelling-room, a casting-room, two rooms in which such properties as flowers, grass-mats, and birds are manufactured, two armories, and three or four apartments in which properties are stored—but this is taking the reader a little too far behind the footlights for the present. Before we begin our voyage of discovery it is well to box the theatrical compass.

The stage, properly speaking, is that portion of a theatre which can be seen from the auditorium, and the space on either side, behind the proscenium, utilized in shifting the "wings," as the side-scenes are called, when a scene is changing. The stage is widthwise divided into five parts. The side to the extreme left of the spectator is called the prompt-side. The prompter stands there in theatres in which there is no prompter's box. Half-way between the prompt-side and the point which marks half the width of the stage is the prompt-centre. Then there are the centre proper, and, corresponding with the prompt-centre and

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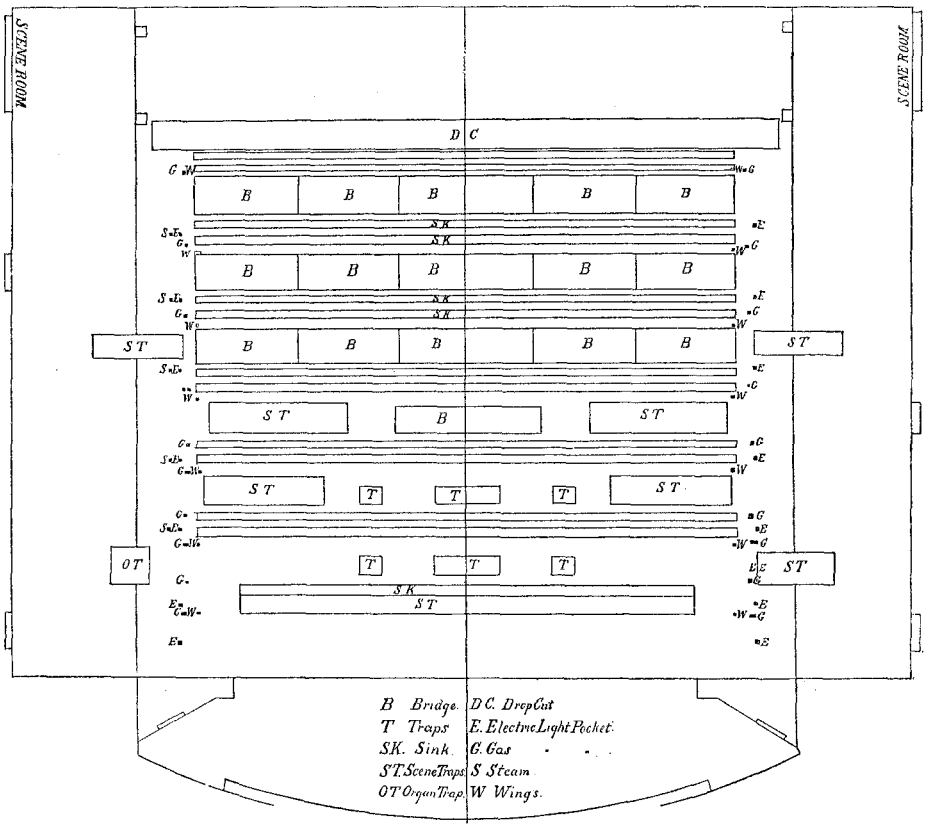
prompt-side, the opposite-prompt-centre and the opposite-prompt-side, or, as they are always called in theatrical parlance, theatrical term, and wrongly defined even in the principal dictionaries of the English language. The uninitiated almost



Plan of the Stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

the o-p-centre and o-p-side. The depth of the stage is divided into "entrances" according to the number of wings. Thus the "first-prompt-entrance" is between the proscenium and the first wing on the prompt-side. Corresponding with it on the opposite side is the "first o-p-entrance." All these divisions and their appellations hold good not only of width and depth, but also of height. For instance, the prompt-centre extends from the floor of the stage to the beams far above—a height sometimes of 160 feet—to which are attached the pulleys and huge leverage wheels for running the ropes that lower and raise the drop-scenes.

Everything above the proscenium arch is summed up in the term "flies," a word more frequently misused than any other invariably use this term in speaking of the strips of canvas painted to resemble sky, foliage, arches, or the ceilings of interiors suspended across the stage above the wings. These are the "borders," and form but a small portion of the flies, which include the border-lights (rows of gas-jets running across the flies and illuminating the borders), innumerable ropes, cleets, pulleys, the beams to which these last are attached, and the fly-galleries on either side, from the lowest of which the drop-scenes and borders are worked. These galleries vary in number according to the size of the house. In opera-houses of the first rank they are four in number, so that the flies are four stories high. Then, from the prompt-side across to the o-p-side, stretch, a story higher, the beams already referred

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to. These in the aggregate have two names, according to the position of the person speaking of them. Looking upward from the floor of the stage, he would call them the gridiron; standing on them, he would speak of them as the rigging-loft. The drops in large houses are about 56 feet high, and as they are raised, not rolled up, the space from the top of the borders, on a line with the first fly-gallery, to the gridiron is about 80 feet high, giving room for the drop and 24 feet of rope. There are five ropes to each drop—the prompt, prompt-centre, centre, o-p-centre, and o-p rope. These run from the gridiron down to the first fly-gallery, where they are fastened around cleets and from where they are worked. [See p. 446.]

While the floor of the stage runs from the footlights to the rear wall of the building, the entire depth is rarely utilized, because a section extending about eight feet forward from the rear wall is reserved for the paint-room. The floor of the paint-room is a platform called the paint-bridge, which extends across the stage and can be raised and lowered between the floor of the stage and the first fly-gallery. [P. 445.] The canvas to be painted having been hung in position so that its top is level with this gallery, the work of painting begins, the bridge being lowered as occasion requires. Frequently, however, the canvas is hung on pulleys from one of the gridiron beams and gradually lowered, the bridge remaining suspended between the prompt-side of the first fly-gallery and the o-p-side, thus forming a convenient crossing from one side of the house to the other for those at work in the upper stories, who would otherwise have to descend to the stage floor, cross it, and ascend several flights of stairs on the other side. Until within about a fortnight of the production of an opera or music-drama the work of preparation goes on in the buildings on either side of the stage and flies, and is not until that seemingly late period transferred to these latter.

At the production of the work the audience, comfortably seated, watches the performance unfold itself so smoothly that it suggests no idea of preliminary labor. This is as it should be. For as an actor must cause the result of his art to seem nature itself, so the theatrical manager must cause the action and its scenic surroundings to appear the spontaneous product of the time in which the drama or opera plays. We are apt to credit only the actor with the genius of simulating nature. As a matter of fact, the principle upon which he proceeds governs every detail of a theatrical or—to remain by the subject in hand—an operatic production. What the actor strives for, the manager, stage-manager, scene-painter, property-master, gas-engineer, master machinist, musical conductor, chorus, and principal singers are striving for. Each in his respective department is endeavoring to *simulate* nature. I emphasize *simulate* because the simulation of nature as distinguished from the actual reproduction of nature is the peculiar province of stage art. It is a fact that a real tree upon the stage looks less like a real tree from the auditorium than a tree painted upon a piece of canvas; and that with a bit of canvas and a little paint the scene-painter can, at the expense of a few dollars, produce a Persian rug looking costlier and more like the real article than would an actual Persian rug costing a thousand dollars. What in real life would be exaggeration becomes on the stage perfect simulation of nature. The actor's natural bloom would be a ghostly pallor in the glare of the footlights, so that he is obliged to rouge his cheeks in order that their color may look natural. And as in this case the look of nature is produced by exaggeration, so it is with everything pertaining to stage art—voice, gesture, costume, scenery, "properties," light-effects. They must all, so to speak, be rouged. A stage production, to be successful, must be prepared with this principle always in view. It can easily be traced through the work going on behind the scenes of an opera-house.

When Napoleon III., before declaring war upon Prussia, asked one of his ministers if everything were in readiness for the army to move on Berlin, the latter replied: "To the last button on the last gaiter." Unless everything pertaining to an operatic performance is in readiness to the last papier-maché shield for the last "super," there will be an operatic Sedan. The operatic host must be

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placed on a war footing. Some idea of the labor this involves may be formed from the statement that at the Metropolitan Opera-House it took from August, 1887, until January, 1888, to mobilize this host for the conquest of Mexico under "Ferdinand Cortez," a period of about the same length as that usually consumed at large opera-houses in preparing a work for production.

On the 1st of August, 1887, the managing director handed the libretto to the members of his staff. They immediately set to work to exhaust the bibliography of the episode lying at the basis of the action as thoroughly as though they intended to write a history. For they knew the production would have to be as far as possible a materialization of a page from history. They found the Despatches of Cortez and Charnay's work on Mexico of especial value, the illustrations in the latter suggesting designs for scenery, costumes, weapons, and other properties. The scenic artist and costumer came almost at the very outset of their investigations upon stumbling-blocks in the way of "putting on" their share in the production with historical accuracy. The buildings in which part of the opera plays were a mass of granite, and their faithful reproduction would have been inconsistent with the desired spectacular effect. The costumer, who was obliged to study both the Spanish and Mexican costumes of the period, discovered that the garbs of the Mexican women were not picturesque, while those of the Mexican priests were indecent. These matters were exhaustively discussed at a cabinet meeting in the managing director's office. It was decided, so far as the unbroken mass of granite and the costumes of the Mexican priests and women were concerned, to abandon historical accuracy, and, while retaining the architectural forms, to introduce some colors and to use the costumes of a somewhat later period. Here we observe that stage art demanded a sacrifice of historical accuracy, but that the semblance of the latter was maintained as far as possible. It became necessary to "theatreize" or idealize history. This is one of the most delicate problems presented to a conscientious theatrical manager. The solution is always in the line of the principle governing all theatrical productions —simulation. I am reminded here of a passage in Ruskin's "Modern Painters" to the effect that the true artist sees nature not as it really is, but idealized through his artist-imagination, and puts upon canvas only what his artist-soul allows his memory to retain. Similarly, those concerned in placing a work like "Ferdinand Cortez" upon the stage cannot be mere photographers of history. They must idealize it.

Meanwhile the property-master had made out a list of the articles to be manufactured in his department. He had not been hampered by the problem of historical accuracy. He found drawings of Mexican antiquities from which he made sketches of the Mexican implements of war and peace to be used in the opera, and from a genuine Mexican relic of that period, seen by chance in the show window of a store, he obtained his scheme for the principal property in the work, the image of the god Talepulka. He found he could have all these historically correct, except that he did not think it necessary to go to the length of decorating the idol with a paste made from a mixture of grain with human blood. A problem arose, however, when he considered the construction of the idol. He ascertained from the libretto that the idol and the back wall of the temple are shattered by an explosion, and that, just before the catastrophe, flames flash from the idol's eyes and mouth. He consulted with the gas-engineer, who had already considered the matter, and concluded that it would be most practical to produce the flames by means of gas supplied through a hose running from the wings.

The property-master then made the following note in his plot book: "Flames leap up high from the heathen image—the gas-hose must be detached and drawn into the wings immediately afterward so as not to be visible when the image has fallen apart." The necessity of having the gas-hose detached determined the method of shattering the idol. It is a theatrical principle that a mechanical property should be so constructed that it can be worked by the smallest possible number of men. This principle was kept in view when

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the method of shattering Talepulka was determined upon. The god was divided from top to bottom into two irregular pieces. These were held together by a line, invisible from the audience, which was tied around the image near the pedestal. Another line, leading into the wings, was attached to the side of the top of one of the pieces. At the first report of the explosion a man concealed behind the pedestal, whose duty it also is to detach the gas-hose, cuts the line fastened around the idol, and the pieces slightly separate, so that the image seems to have cracked in two jagged pieces. At the next report a man in the wings pulls at the other line and the two pieces fall apart.

The manner in which the effect of flames flashing from the eyes and the mouth of Talepulka was produced was only outlined in the statement that it was accomplished by gas supplied through a hose. The complete device of the gas-engineer, a functionary who in a modern theatrical establishment of the first rank must also be an electrician, was as follows: Behind the image the flow of gas was divided into two channels by a T. One stream fed concealed gas-jets near the eyes and mouth, which were lighted before the curtain rose and played over large sprinkler-burners in the eyes and mouth. These burners were attached to a pipe fed by the second stream. When the time arrived for the fire to flash, the man behind the pedestal turned on the second stream of gas, which, as soon as it issued from the sprinkler-burners, was ignited by the jets. By freeing and checking this stream of gas the man caused the image to flash fire at brief intervals. Thus only two men were required to work this important property.

The idol was but one of four hundred and fifty-six properties which were manufactured on the premises for the production of "Ferdinand Cortez," and when it is considered that the average number of properties required for an opera or music-drama is three hundred and fifty, it will be understood that the yearly manufacture of these for an opera-house which every season adds some three works to its repertoire is an industry of great magnitude. For instance, one ton and a half of clay was needed for modelling the Mexican idol, and that property represents three months' work. It was first sketched in miniature, then "scaled" —that is, projected full size on a huge drawing-board—next modelled in clay, and then cast in plaster. The modelling and casting of properties are done in a room in the basement of the building, on the o-p-side of the stage. The idol was cast in twenty pieces. These were transferred from the modelling-room to the property workshop on the third floor of the building, prompt-side, where are also several other rooms in which properties are made, the two armories, the scenic artist's studio, and the property-master's office. In the workshop the properties are finished in papier-maché, the casts being used as moulds. They are not filled with pulp, which is one method of making papier-maché, but with layers of paper. The first layer is of white paper, moistened so that it will adapt itself to the shape of the cast. Layer after layer of brown paper is then pasted over it. The cast having been thus filled is placed in an oven heated by alcohol, and baked until the layers of paper form one coherent mass the shape of the cast. Properties thus manufactured have the desirable qualities of strength and lightness.

While the property-master and his men were fashioning the god Talepulka, the scenic artist had sketched and modelled the scenery of the opera. In order that his models may be perfect representations on a small scale of the scenery as it is actually to be, he has in his studio a fac-simile in miniature of the stage and flies, a half inch on the miniature stage representing a foot on the real one. These little scenes are made of pasteboard, so as to admit easily of alterations; for frequently the scene must be changed in order that it may harmonize with the plans of the stage-manager, the designs of the costumer, and the products of the property workshop. For instance, in "Ferdinand Cortez" one scene is laid in a temple on one of the pyramids near the capitol. The stage-manager had, while the scenic artist was making his model, planned to have twenty priests swaying on the steps of the temple, and had also "plotted out" the procession which he has to bring on in this scene.

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On inspecting the model he found that the steps were not large enough to accommodate all the priests, and also that the procession would not consume time enough in descending. From the tempo of the march and the number of bars, he had calculated the exact duration of the procession and the exact time it would take a figure marching to the rhythm of the music to pass over a given space. With this last factor as a unit the scenic artist, with scissors and paste-pot, reconstructed the steps according to the stage-manager's suggestions, at the same time taking care to leave sufficient room for the pedestal of the idol. Then there was the question of color to be considered. The costumer had made his designs and the stage-manager had arranged his groups according to the colors of the costumes. It was important that these and those of the scenery should harmonize. This matter having been adjusted the model was handed over to the scene-painters to be transferred to canvas, at the ratio of a foot to each half inch.

"Fixing-up" Talepulka.

As the production of an opera usually involves the making of costumes for some three hundred people, the costume department of an opera-house is a dress-making and tailoring establishment on a grand scale. If several past generations of knights and ladies, burghers or peasants, of many countries were to suddenly come to life again they could there be clothed according to the fashion of their day. The costumer's numerous assistants are always busily engaged making costumes for new operas or refitting and mending old costumes. A hanging closet and a drawer are usually assigned to each opera in the repertoire, the closet for the garments of the chorus, the drawer for those of the principals. An exception is made in the case of the devils — *Mephistopheles*, *Bertramo*, etc.—who have a drawer all to themselves, presumably in order that between performances their baneful influences may not be exerted on any others than themselves. Before four o'clock of an afternoon preceding a performance the costumes for the evening are sent downstairs and hung in the chorus and ballet dressing-rooms, where hooks are assigned to each person, or placed in the artists' dressing-rooms. At night, after the performance, they are sent upstairs again. The following morning each costume is carefully inspected. If the previous night's wear has loosened a stitch it is promptly taken in; if there is a tear it is mended; if there is a button missing it is replaced before the garment is laid away.

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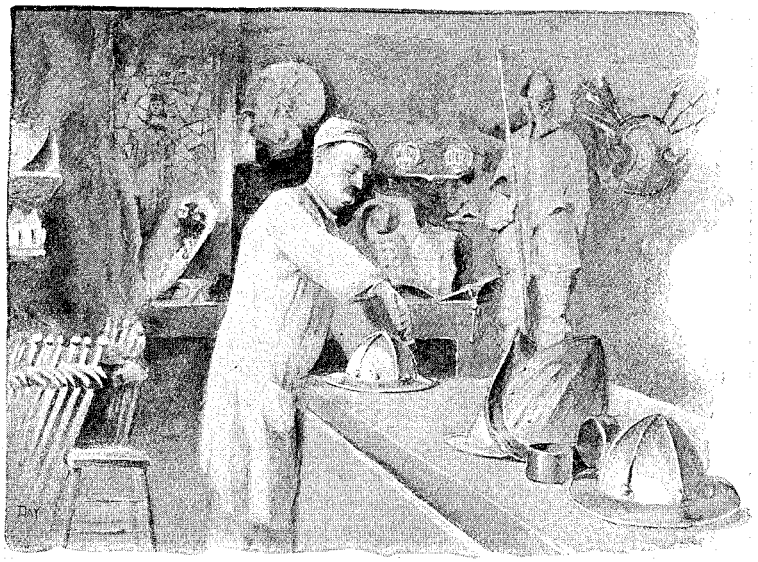
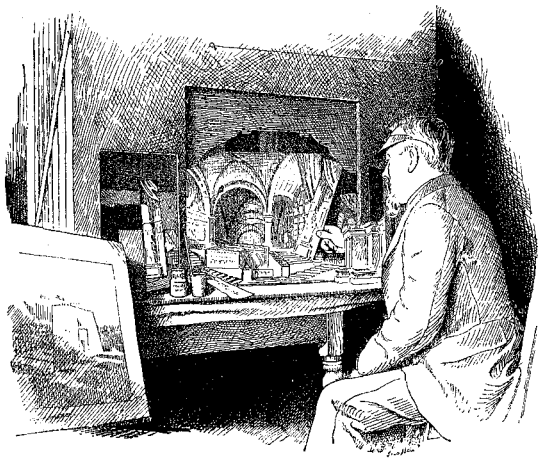
We have now finished with the preparations for what may be called the material element in the production. While these have been progressing, the artists, the musical conductor, and the stage-manager have been solving the more subtile elements of musical and dramatic expression, to which, after all, as in the instance of the change made in the model of the temple scene, the material element must be adjusted. It is perhaps well to lay some stress upon this point. We are apt to think that any opera can be made spectacular by a lavish expenditure of money on its mounting. Yet a purely spectacular success—a success due entirely to the gorgeousness of the material elements in the performance—is an impossibility in opera. The spectacular features must be inherent in the story, nay more, even in the score. Entire harmony between the material and intangible elements of the production is a condition precedent to success. Several instances can be cited in support of this position. Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," one of the most successful of modern operas, is always mounted for spectacular effect. But these effects harmonize with the libretto and score. Only the most luxurious scenic surroundings would seem in keeping with the oriental splendor suggested by the story and the *music*. On the other hand, "Merlin," by the same composer, did not achieve a success. The libretto suggested fine scenic effects and several very dramatic, quick changes of scene—but these effects were confined to the libretto and the stage setting, for the composer had not risen to the possibilities of the story. As a result there was a great dramatic void between the scenery and the music. I also have in mind a series of operatic performances in which the scenic setting was most beautiful but the singing and acting mediocre.



Property Workshop.



Modelling a Scene.

The beauty of the scenery, instead of

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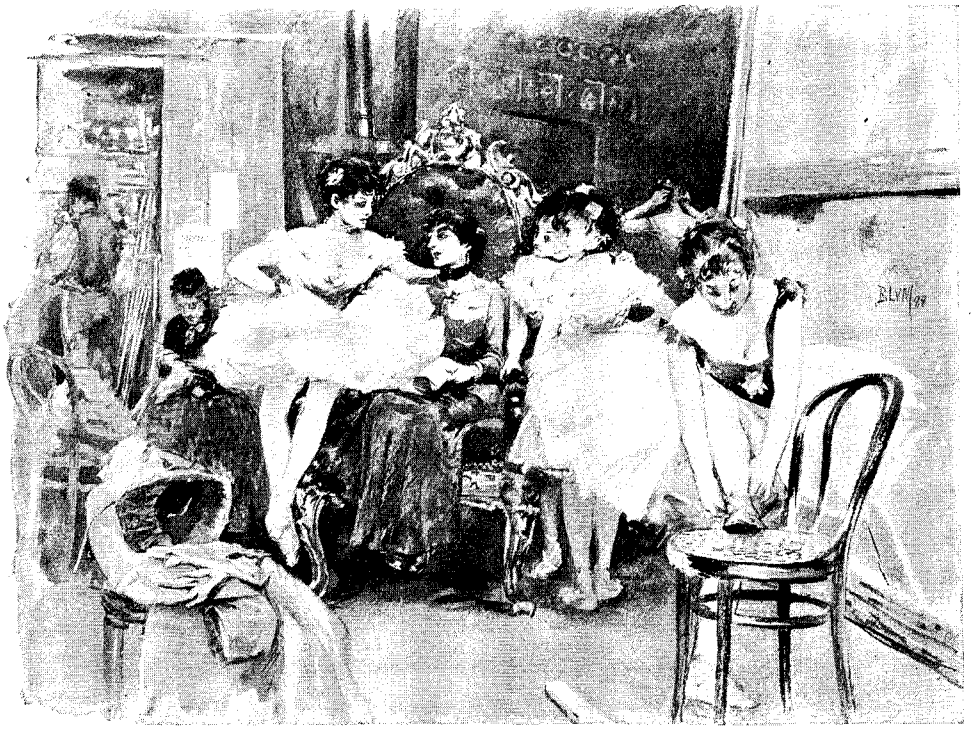

Ballet Resting During Rehearsal.

atoning for the mediocrity in the singing and acting, made it the more painfully apparent; and it is a fact that had the mounting of the operas been less elaborate the performances as a whole would have seemed more meritorious. These instances prove the necessity of harmonizing all the elements in an operatic production; and the more special necessity of adapting the material to the subtiler elements in the representation. This is the province of the stage-manager, who shapes the material and histrionic features of a performance. He, so to speak, edits the stage. The changes which at his suggestion the scenic artist made in the size of the steps in the scene in "Ferdinand Cortez" are an example of his editing, and of the adaptation of the material element of scenic setting to the subtiler histrionic element. The stage-manager is responsible for what is called the "business" of the piece, which is pretty much everything outside the purely musical features of the performance, yet relates chiefly to the action—the grouping of the chorus and supers, the bringing on of the processions, the positions of the principals, though these last named are allowed great latitude. These matters are studied out long before the rehearsals begin. Indeed, many weeks before the chorus see a note of their music the stage-manager determines from what part of the stage each phrase is to be sung. Almost immediately upon receiving information that a new work is to be produced, he interfoliates the piano score with blank leaves, upon which he notes what is to occur simultaneously with the playing of certain bars of music on the page opposite—it may be a change of scene, a light effect, the entrance of a procession, the exit of a character, a change in the position of the chorus, the beginning of the ballet. The bar of music is the stage-manager's cue, and he in turn has signals for those whom it calls into action.

The first feature of an operatic production to have the benefit of a rehearsal is the scenery. As soon as the scenic artist and the scene-painters have finished

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their work the stage-manager orders a scenic rehearsal. This might be called a performance of an opera without music. The scenes are set up and changed, light effects tried, and mechanical properties like Talepulka, the "Lohengrin" swan, and the "Siegfried" dragon "worked" and tested until all goes as smoothly as it should at a performance. This is a rehearsal for the men who set and change the scenes—the master-machinist and his subordinates—and for those who manage the light effects—the gas-engineer and the "gas-boys"—and for the property-master and his men. Before the scene can be set it is necessary to "run the stage," that is, to get everything in the line of properties, such as stands of arms, chairs, and tables, and scenery, ready to be put in place. If there is a "runway," which is an elevation like the rocky ascent in the second act of "Die Walküre," or the rise of ground toward the Wartburg in "Tannhäuser," it is "built" by the stage-carpenters; and for this purpose the stage

Waiting to Go On.

is divided into "bridges"—sections of the stage-floor that can be raised on slots. Meanwhile the "grips," as the scene-shifters are called, have hold of the side scenes ready to shove them on, and the "fly-men" who work the drops and borders are at the ropes in the first fly-gallery. The scene set, it is carefully inspected by the scenic artist and stage-manager, who determine whether any features require alteration. A tower may hide a good perspective bit in the drop; it may be found that a set-tree at the prompt-centre second entrance will fill up a perplexing gap—but changes are rarely needed after the scene has been

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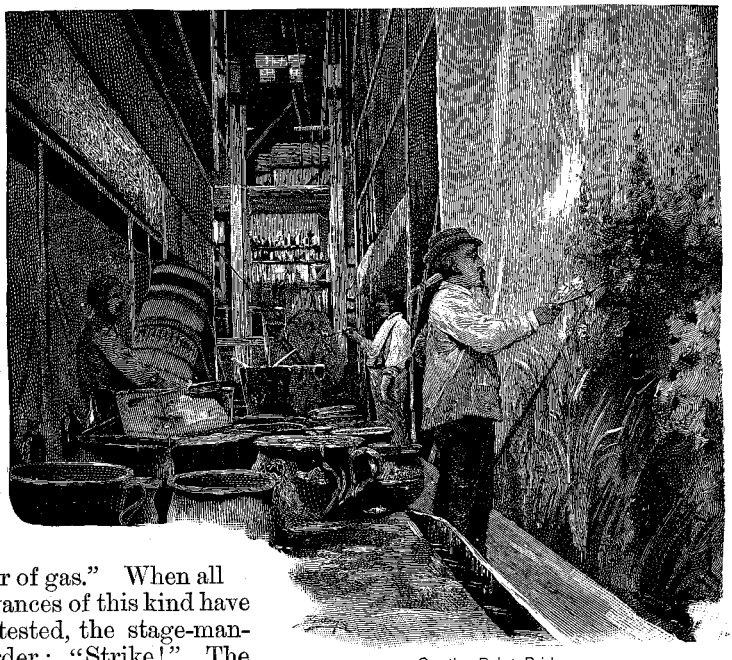
painted, because a very good idea of it was formed from the model. The length of a scenic rehearsal depends upon the number of the light-effects and mechanical properties. For instance, in the first act of "Siegfried" the light-effects are so numerous and complicated that it is a current saying in opera-houses that the success of this act is "all a matter of gas." When all effects and contrivances of this kind have been thoroughly tested, the stage-manager gives the order: "Strike!" The "grips" shove off the side-scenes, the fly-men raise the drops, the "clearers" run off the properties and set-pieces, and the stage-carpenters lower the bridges. The scene of the second act is immediately set, and the time required for the change of scene noted. If the change is not so quickly accomplished as it should be, it is repeated until the weak spot in the work is discovered.



On the Paint Bridge.

The environments of the action being now ready, other details of the production can be rehearsed upon the stage. Under the supervision of the musical conductor, principals, chorus, and orchestra have become, as the Germans say, *fest*—our "solid"—in their parts. The artists have been rehearsing for many weeks with the "solo répétiteur," a musician who plays the piano accompaniments for them. The time occupied by an artist in learning a part like the title rôle in "Siegfried" depends largely on the singer's aptitude and conscientiousness. Herr Alvary, for instance, though he had learned the part with a view of appearing in it in January, 1887, spent the entire following summer in adding to his knowledge of it, and even had a forge built in his room.

The chorus are supposed to know their parts by heart before the time set for the first chorus rehearsal. These rehearsals, some twenty in number, are held under the direction of the chorus-master. Then there are the ballet and some two hundred supers to drill. The ballet is regarded as having such inherent inconsistency, and as being such an unnatural excrescence upon the action, that any effort to make it historically or locally correct is regarded as useless. It is supposed to exist merely for the sake of forming a pretty adjunct to a scene. Therefore the dances and the costumes must be pretty whether they be truthful or not. For instance, when the production of "Ferdinand Cortez" was under discussion no one for a moment entertained the idea that the faces of the dancers should be stained. Of course some discrimination is had with regard to the colors of the costumes, and there are tambourines for Spanish dances, palm-leaves for those of the Orient, and bows and quivers, lances, clubs, and tomahawks, for those of savage nations.

When all know their parts, the stage is at last given up to features of the productions other than the scenery. The work is performed with scenery, light-effects, properties, chorus, ballet, and supers, but without the principals and or-

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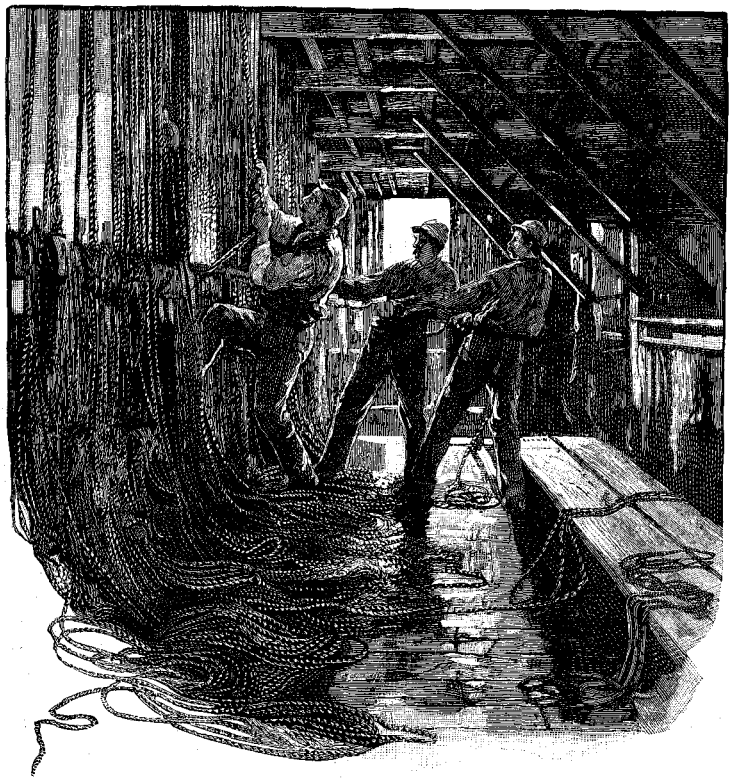
chestra, the solo répétiteur being at the piano. There are two or three such "arrangement" rehearsals for drilling the chorus and supers in the stage "business." These rehearsals are followed by two in which the artists take part; the final test being the general rehearsal with orchestra. Then at last the work is ready for production.



Working Drops and Borders from the First Fly Gallery.

Such is a résumé of the labor involved in preparing a musico-dramatic work for the stage. In three hours and a half or four hours the public sees the result of months of activity behind the scenes. Of course only the spectacular works in the repertoire of the chief opera-houses of the day require elaborate scenic outfits. As an offset, however, the musical and histrionic features of other productions involve more careful study and rehearsal. For instance, the material features of "Tristan and Isolde" are extremely simple and its stage-management mere child's-play compared with that of the "Queen of Sheba" or "Merlin." But the work requires such profound study musically and dramatically that probably even more time would be devoted to preparing it for production than to the spectacular operas named. "The Queen of Sheba," by the way, apparently converts an opera-house into a theological seminary, for the Bible and biblical commentaries must be in everybody's hands while this work is being prepared for production. For, as the Bible is the leading authority for the material outfit of this opera, all the costumes, weapons, and other properties must be prepared from biblical descriptions elucidated by biblical commentaries. Then, too, as the Freemasons date their rites from the building of Solomon's Temple, a number of works on Freemasonry should be consulted.

I said that spectacular works ("scene-painter's and property-master's pieces") called for a far greater quantity of material features than "Tristan and Isolde." It can be stated of Wagner's works in general that the properties required for their production are less numerous and that as a rule the scenery is less gorgeous than that required for spectacular opera. Yet it is more difficult to mount a Wagner opera or music-drama than it is to mount the "Queen of Sheba," "Merlin," "Aïda," "L'Africaine," or "Ferdinand Cortez." The reason is that Wagner's works call for quality instead of quantity. In many of the older operas

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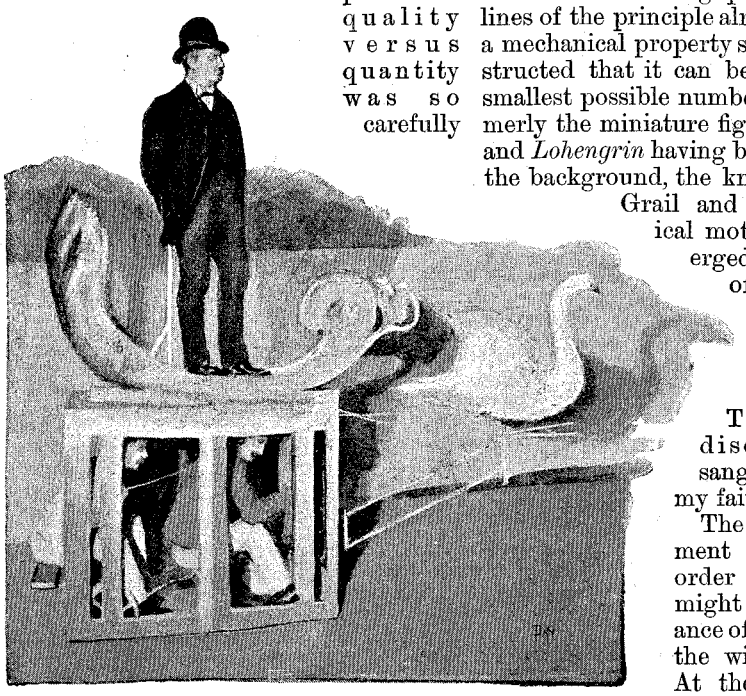
the scenic painter often reproduced mechanically actual buildings or copied parts of them into his scene. Spanish churches and palaces and bits of Italian architecture were frequently utilized. But in painting scenery for a Wagner work the artist must exercise his imagination as well as his hands. The only basis for the scenery of the "Ring des Nibelungen" is the libretto. The interior of *Hunding's* dwelling in the first act of "Die Walküre" must be as dramatically significant as the gestures of the artists. Such a scene, with its stern outlines and sombre coloring, is a far greater triumph of scenic art than the glittering magnificence of Solomon's Temple in the "Queen of Sheba." This point of quality versus quantity was so carefully



Lohengrin's Swan.

and successfully elaborated in Mr. Apthorp's article on "Wagner and Scenic Art" (Scribner's Magazine, November, 1887) that, as far as scenery is concerned, I need not follow the subject any further. But it is as true of the property-master's work as of the scenic artist's. For the former is confronted with problems of great intricacy, the solution of which requires mechanical genius as distinguished from the mere manual dexterity called for in the manufacture of swords, shields, and numerous other properties. Indeed, the mechanical properties used in Wagner's works are constant objects of study, attempts to improve them by simplifying the apparatus for working them being made from time to time. The "Lohengrin" swan is an excellent example of this feature of Wagnerian production. Though many years have passed since "Lohengrin" was performed for the first time, the latest device for bringing on the swan in a life-like manner was introduced only three years ago. The apparatus as at present constructed is the result of the survival of the fittest, its evolution having proceeded on the lines of the principle already stated, that a mechanical property should be so constructed that it can be worked by the smallest possible number of men. Formerly the miniature figures of the swan and *Lohengrin* having been drawn across the background, the knight of the Holy Grail and his ornithological motor suddenly emerged from behind one of the wings directly back of the river's bank and moved half-way across the stage. There *Lohengrin* disembarked and sang his "Farewell, my faithful Swan!"

The latest improvement was devised in order that the swan might have the appearance of swimming down the winding stream. At the same time the apparatus was so constructed that it could be worked by only two men. The shell-like craft in which *Lohengrin* stands was built upon a three-wheeled truck (as shown in the illustration), the top of which was just concealed by the set-piece representing the bank of the Scheldt. Under this truck sat two men in positions which enabled them to place their feet on the floor and thus shove the truck along, the man over the front wheel

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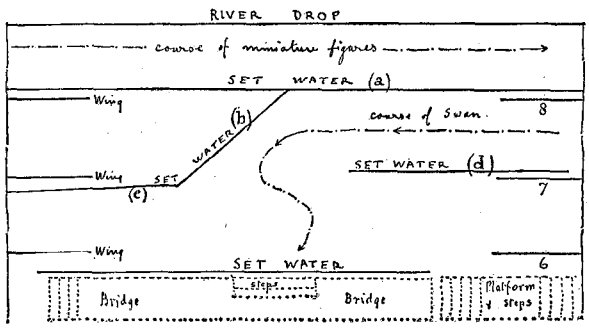
steering by means of a rod connected with this wheel. The swan is supported by two rods running out from the front of the truck. The use of this apparatus necessitates an arrangement of the set-pieces of water different from that formerly in vogue. It is now as shown in the diagram, the drop giving a view of the distant town and the Scheldt winding through the meadow and broadening out toward the foreground.

The neck of the swan is "built" around a steel spring; the body and wings are feathers and swan's-down upon wire-work. It will be remembered that while *Lohengrin* sings his farewell the swan gracefully inclines its head and gently spreads its wings. The former motion is produced by a thin fishing-line which is attached to the swan's beak and pulled by one of the men under the truck. The wings work by a clock-movement. In the last act of "Lohengrin" the swan sinks from view—it is transformed into *Elsa's* brother—and a dove flutters in front of the boat as it bears the knight homeward. This change is effected very simply. The rods upon which the swan rests work on hinges and are held in position by two lines drawn taut by one of the men under the truck, who at the proper moment slackens the line, causing the rods to drop by the weight of the swan, which sinks out of sight. The man sitting near the front wheel then shoves out a rod to the end of which a mechanical dove is attached, it and the curved end of the rod having been concealed behind the prow of *Lohengrin's* shell-like little craft. When "Lohengrin" was first given at Her Majesty's, London, an attempt was made to introduce this apparatus. It was duly rehearsed, but at the performance set-water strips *b* and *c* were placed too near the bank, so cramping the truck's steering room that it crashed into the bank. Campanini, who was the *Lohengrin*, dropped sword and shield, and facing the audience shouted: "There's stage-management for you!"

"Siegfried" Bear Off Duty.

It is noteworthy in connection with this circumstance that the apparatus was devised by an Englishman and that Wagner employed an English property-master to design and make the dragon for the "Siegfried" performances at Baireuth. The English pantomime productions, which involve the manufacture of numerous mechanical and trick properties, have sharpened the ingenuity of English property-masters until they have come to be acknowledged at the head of their profession. "Siegfried" never having been given in England by any but a German company whose scenery and properties were brought from Germany, the



Scene Plot of Back Part of Stage; "Lohengrin," 1st Act, and 2d Scene 3d Act.

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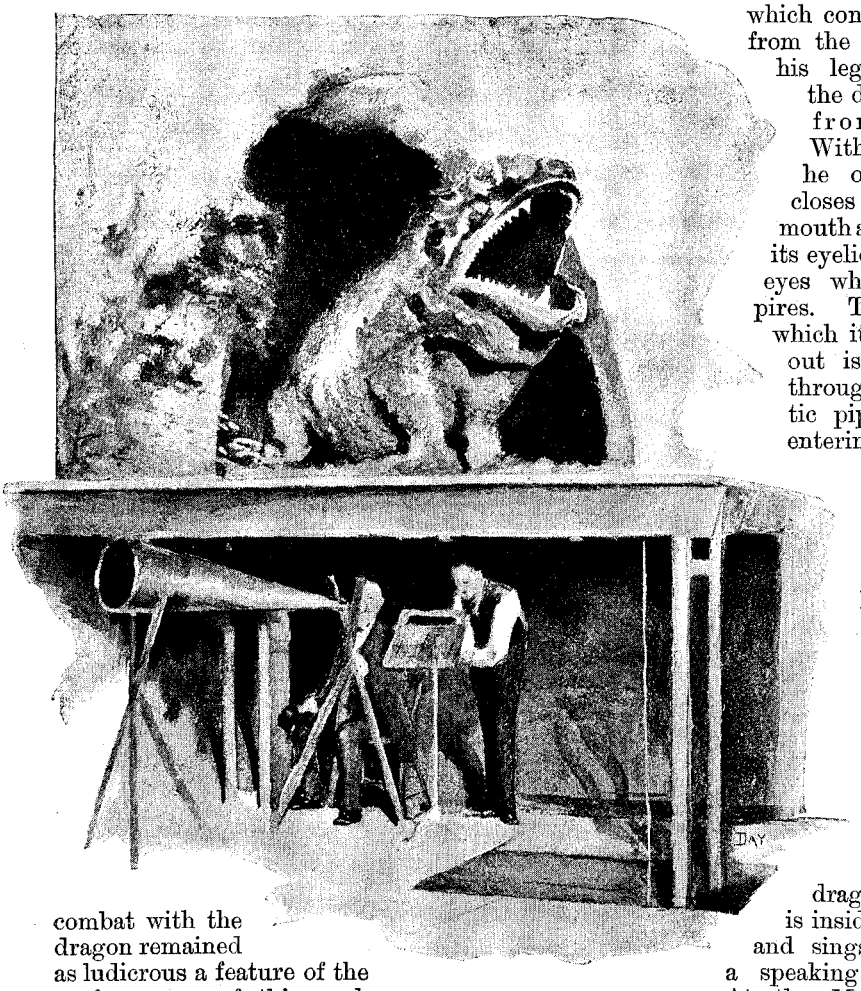

The Dragon Singing.

combat with the dragon remained as ludicrous a feature of the performances of this work as it was conceded to have been at Baireuth, until the production of "Siegfried" at the Metropolitan Opera-House. For this a dragon was designed and manufactured which the German artists declare to be the most practical and impressive monster they have seen. The head of this dragon is of papier-maché. The body, thirty feet long, is of thin wire covered with curled leather scales, which are bronzed and painted. This monster, in spite of its size, is worked by a boy who is the dragon's front legs. He is dressed in a suit of canvas painted the color of the dragon's hide and having curled leather scales on the trousers below the knees, his shoes being the huge clawed feet. He gets into the dragon behind its head, which conceals him from the waist up, his legs being the dragon's front legs. With his hands he opens and closes its huge mouth and shoves its eyelids over its eyes when it expires. The steam which it breathes out is supplied through an elastic pipe which, entering at the tail, runs through to the throat. The scene lasts about forty minutes and is very exhausting to the front legs. In Germany the artist who sings the dragon's part is inside the hide and sings through a speaking trumpet. At the Metropolitan Opera-House the artist sits under the raised bridge upon which the dragon is placed and sings through a speaking trumpet. His music is on a stand, a stage-hand throws the light of a lamp upon it, and the solo répétiteur gives him his cues from the wings. The voice sounds as though it issued from the dragon's throat. The advantage of this arrangement is that it places in the monster a person whose attention is concentrated upon working this mechanical property in the best possible manner. The dragon when not in commission is stabled in mid-air under the paint-bridge. The day of the performance it is lowered by ropes, thoroughly groomed, and then allowed to stretch itself out upon the floor against the rear wall and

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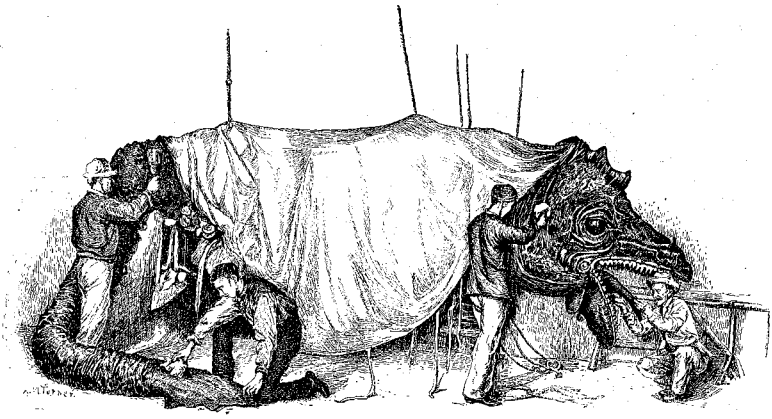
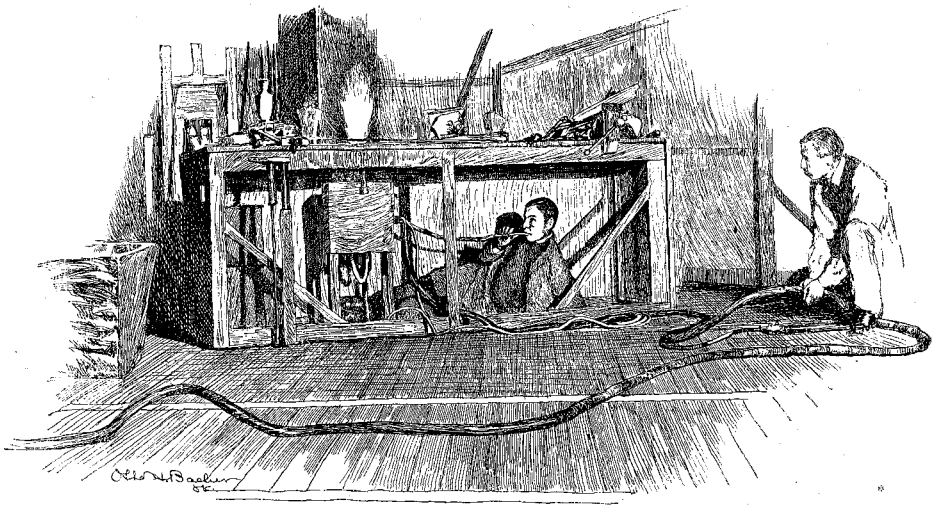
lie there until the end of the first act. These two illustrations of Wagnerian mechanical properties suffice to show the high order of skill required for their production.



Grooming the Dragon.

Many properties are the joint products of the property-master and the gas-engineer, the latter executing the most delicate portions of the work. Few people have an idea of the complicated character of this functionary's duties. It is usually thought that his work is limited to lighting the chandelier in the auditorium and to turning the foot-lights and border-lights up and down. In point of fact several of the most beautiful scenes in modern musico-dramatic works depend largely for their effect upon the efficiency of the gas-engineer. The simplest among his many duties areperformed at an apparatus which to the uninitiated seems very complex. This is the "gas-table." It consists of a table and an upright slab near the proscenium on the prompt-side. With its seventy-two valves the gas-engineer controls every gas-fixture in the house. It is frequently mistaken by visitors behind the scenes for a soda-water fountain for the refreshment of the singers—not unnaturally, as it somewhat resembles that apparatus. But it is the gas-engineer's responsibility for the light-effects introduced in the course of a performance which taxes his ingenuity; and, as was the case with the scenic



Rear View of Siegfried's Forge.

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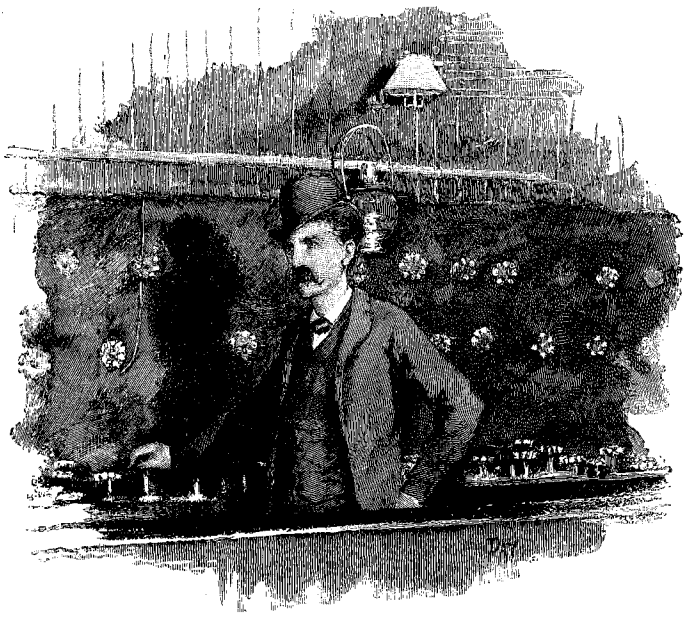
artist's and property-master's departments, the most delicate light-problems arise in the preparations for producing Wagner's works.

In speaking of the scenic rehearsal I referred to the importance of the light-effects in the first act of "Siegfried." It depends for its picturesqueness more on the successful management of these than on any other element in the performance. To "gas" this act is an exceedingly difficult problem, for in its course a great variety of light-effects are introduced, a number of them simultaneously. For instance, no less than three different kinds of lighting come into play together every time *Siegfried* in the forging scene fans the fire with the bellows. In theatrical parlance the bellows "has to be practically gassed;" which means that the flaring up of the fire and its fitful gleaming upon the surrounding objects must be imitated. The manner in which these effects were produced is shown in the illustration of the rear view of the forge. This forge is a frame-work, the front, sides, and top being covered. Sunk into the top is a space for a gas-jet, a piece of split gas-pipe and a tube leading into a box immediately underneath, which is filled with lycopodium powder. A person lying under the forge takes a rubber tube, which leads from this box, into his mouth. The gas-jet and the split gas-pipe are worked and used in the same manner as were the jet and burners in the idol in "Ferdinand Cortez"—indeed, the device had been invented for "Siegfried" before the production of Spontini's opera had been decided upon. On the forge is a box painted to resemble a stone. In it are six incandescent electric lights behind a piece of red gelatine. The wire for these runs from a "pocket" in the wing. Near this is also the gas-pocket from which the tube for supplying the gas-jet and split pipe issues and runs along the stage to the hearth. The gas-jet is lighted before the curtain rises. In the wings a man with a mirror stands near an electric light. What occurs when *Siegfried* pulls the handle of the bellows is as follows:



The Gas Table.

A man in the wings turns a cock admitting the gas to the tube which feeds the split pipe. The gas when it reaches the split is ignited by the burning jet. At the same time the man under the forge blows through the tube which leads into the box of lycopodium powder. A quantity of this volatile powder is thus blown up out of the box. Coming in contact with the jet and the flames from the split pipe, it blazes up, the ignited particles at the same time floating over the hearth and thus producing the effect of gaseous flames flickering over a bed of coal or embers and running in lambent undulations from the point at which the current from the bellows fanned the fire. The man who turns on

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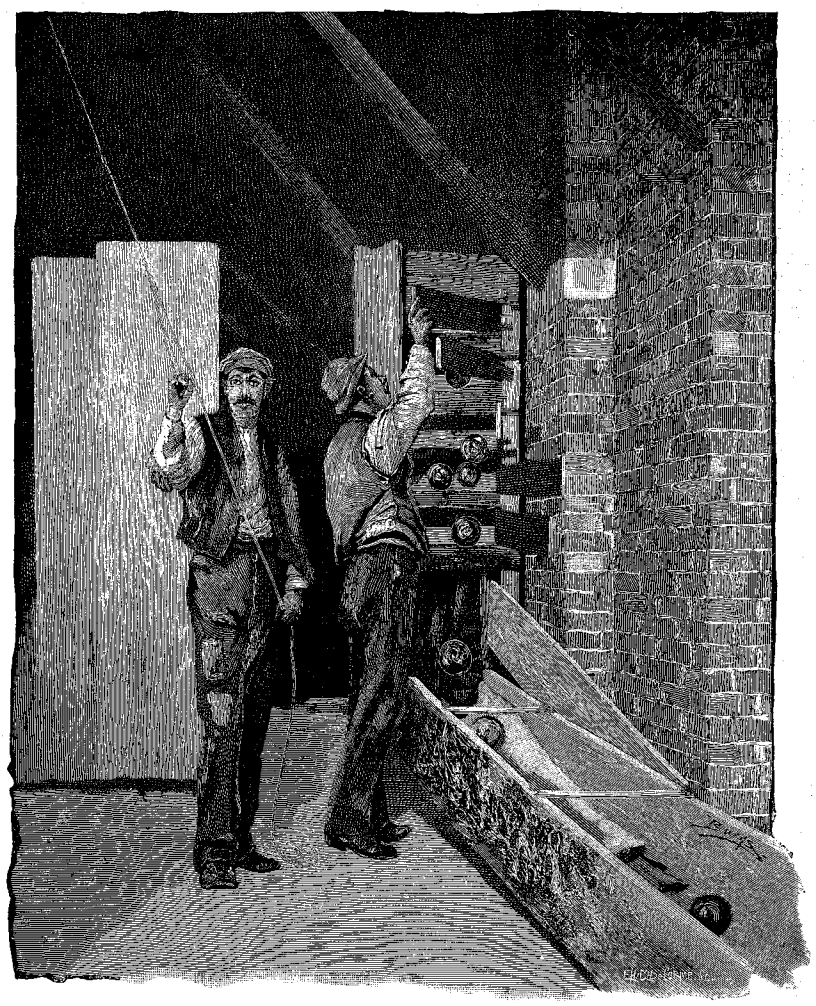

The "Rabbit Hutch" (thunder machine).

the gas makes at the same time electrical connection with the box of incandescent lights, and these shining through the red gelatine throw a red glare upon *Siegfried*. At the same time the man with the mirror so manipulates it that the reflection of the electric light runs up and down the wing behind *Siegfried*. In addition to the lights in the scene of the Forging of the Sword there are several independent light-effects in this act. Among these are the glints of sunshine which play through the foliage of the forest back of Mime's dwelling, and which inspire his terrorized mind with so much dread after the *Wanderer's* direful prophecy. To produce this effect here and in the *Waldweben* scene of the next act, two panels of hammered white glass glazed with lead in irregular shapes (one of them arranged on a pin so that it can be slid sidewise over the other and back again), are held in front of an electric light, the sliding panel being moved rapidly to and fro. Then there are the lights thrown on *Wotan*, the sunlight in the forest, and the white light thrown on *Siegfried* just before the curtain goes down. The reader will not wonder, in view of the problems presented to the gas-engineer and the number of men employed to carry out their solution, that this functionary prepares for every act a diagram, technically known as a

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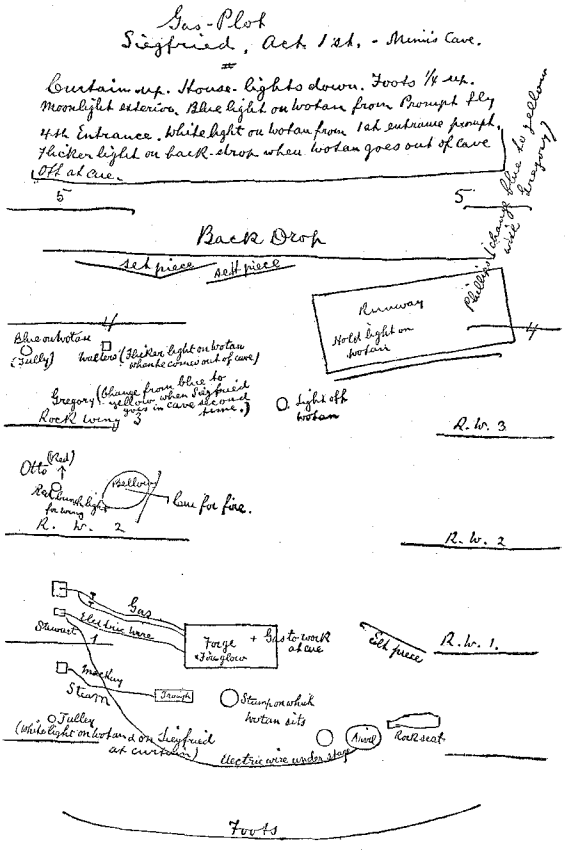
"gas-plot," [fac-simile below] upon which is a plan of the scene, the positions of all pockets and lights, the names of the men stationed at them, an outline of their duties, and their cues.

Two light-properties in "Faust"—the fire-cup and the spark-emitting sword of *Mephistopheles*—are worth describing. The fire-cup is a goblet in the bottom of which are chlorate of potash, red fire, and sugar. Above these is suspended a thimble three-quarters filled with sulphuric acid and so delicately balanced that a slight movement causes the acid to drip on the powders and to ignite them, the fumes of the sugar leaving an agreeable taste upon the lips of the singer. The method of causing the sparks to fly from the sword is as follows: Two wire-gauze plates connected with electric wires are placed upon the stage at the points where *Mephistopheles* and *Valentine* are to stand. A metal socket is sunk into the heel of the right buskin of each of the singers, and a wire of the same color as their costumes is attached to each socket, wound around the leg and passed through the belt. Standing upon the gauze plates they, as they draw their swords, slip the ends of the wires into the hilts and, when the swords touch electrical connection is made. The flash of *Wotan's* spear when *Siegfried* cuts it through with one stroke of his sword is produced by an explosion of gun-cotton in the spear and ignited by electricity, the electric wire passing through the weapon. The red glow of the hilt of the sword in the first act of "Die Walküre" is effected with a red incandescent light in a tin box, painted to represent a knot on the tree and hung on a hook just below the hilt. In the apotheosis in "Faust" the angels are seated on saddles fastened to irons which in turn are attached to slots that are raised and lowered by machinery. Behind them is a sky-blue drop, so that they appear to be floating through the air. The palm-tree in the "Queen of Sheba," which bends like a reed in the sirocco, is made of steel springs and is caused to sway by being pulled by an invisible line from behind the wings. The mirage of the *Queen* and her suite is produced by the stereopticon.

The stereopticon plays an important part in modern operatic productions, and many realistic effects are due to its introduction. This is notably the case



with lightning, clouds, and the rainbow. Before the use of this apparatus lightning was produced by simply flashing magnesium powder in a pan. The powder is still flashed, but the image of the lightning is thrown upon the back drop or other portions of the scenery with the stereopticon. For this purpose a circular wooden frame is used, through which, near the outside edge, a circular hole about three inches in diameter has

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been cut. This circular hole is placed opposite the lens of the stereopticon. Upon a glass disc which turns in the wooden frame various figures of lightning are painted, so that when the disc is turned the figures are focussed through the circular hole and flashed, vastly enlarged, upon the scenery. The effect is heightened by having various portions of the scenery painted on some transparent substance and flashing a light behind them, so that as the forked lightning plays over the scenery these portions seem luridly illumined by it. Cloud effects are produced in the same manner, the image being usually thrown upon gauze drops. And the sand-storm in the "Queen of Sheba" is also a stereoscopic effect. The rainbow apparatus consists of a small five-eighths of an inch broad span, composed of blue glass, steel, and a watch-spring, and two adjustable glass prisms. The stereopticon lens magnifies the span to a length of sixty feet, the image being colored by the prisms.

Lightning implies thunder. The old theatrical device for imitating the artillery of the storm was to shake a sheet of iron. This is now almost obsolete in theatrical establishments of the first rank. The so-called "rabbit-hutch" has been substituted for it. This contrivance while far more complicated is also far more effective than the sheet of iron. Its construction and the method of working it are shown in the illustration [p. 452]. With one side against the wall of the third fly-gallery, prompt-side, stands a cabinet with six slanting shelves closed by doors which open sideways toward the wall. On each of these shelves are half a dozen cannon-balls, prevented from rolling out only by the closed doors. From under the cabinet runs a broad zinc-lined trough, which, at a distance of eighteen feet from the cabinet, is led through the flooring and then in two long slants to the floor below. At short intervals in the trough are little inequalities of surface. A rope places one of the two men who work the apparatus in communication with the stage. Suppose there are to be two long, loud rolls of thunder. The stage-manager pulls the rope, the man at its end on the second fly-gallery gives the word to the man at the cabinet. He throws open the doors of the lower three shelves. Eighteen cannon-balls roll thundering down the trough and through the floor to the end of the trough on the floor below. When the second signal is given the balls in the upper three shelves are freed with the same effect. If only one or two balls are used, the sound resembles the rumbling of distant thunder, while a short, terrific peal can be produced by freeing the thirty-six balls simultaneously and checking them before they pass through the floor.

The cave of the theatrical Æolus is on the first fly-gallery, prompt-side. The apparatus for producing stage-wind is about the only one of the old time devices still in use. It consists of a paddle-wheel, the paddles scraping against a piece of ribbed silk tightly drawn over the upper part of the wheel. The imitation of wind thus produced is very natural, the sound increasing in volume as the wheel is turned around more rapidly.

From the gallery on which the wind machine stands, one can look down upon the stage and over the footlights and orchestra into the auditorium. There sits the audience, gazing upon a scene which to them has all the seriousness of reality. And this appearance of reality is produced by the numerous artificial devices of which we who have been behind the footlights have knowledge. Yet the next time we sit in the audience we shall be as much absorbed in the action as though we knew nothing of the means employed to dupe us. For scenery, properties, costumes, and lights have been devised with the grand theatrical principle in view—the simulation of nature.

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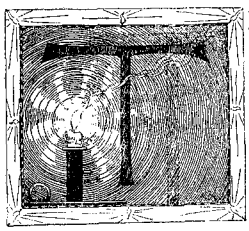
FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DUVAL BALL, CONCLUDED.



HE carriage had been in waiting some half an hour; the coachman, who could not leave his horses, was swearing upon the box, while the footmen sought the shelter of the area door; the deep snow which had begun the afternoon still lay heaped in chance places, while the rain, descending in straight lines, made scattered pools of slush and water, visible when they happened to reflect the wet shining of the corner lamp-post, at other times a perilous pit for horses' steps and men's.

But Flossie sat still in the rose light of her own and inmost room; her husband was away, and her quilted *sortie de bal*, lay ready on the lounge beside her. Not softer it than her white shoulders; and even in the face their owner looked marvellously young for her age.

She rose and drew the satin cloak around her; it was of the very faintest, palest, wood-bud green, making strange harmony with her ashen hair; and she walked to the window and looked out into the inhospitable night. Then—and without the final glance at the mirror that all women are said to give—she rang the bell, and followed by her maid went down the stairs alone. The indoor servants, with huge umbrellas, helped her to the carriage—so silly was it, as Flossie had always told her husband, for the house to have no *porte-cochère*—and the carriage lurched off, through the heaps of yet white snow, careening and sinking in the pools of rain.

But Mrs. Gower's company is dull to-night; we may leave the ball with her, but we will not go. Her eyes are jaded with such sights; let us escort some brighter ones, and gayer spirits, and hearts more fresh to all impression. Such an one was Mamie's; and prettily encased it was, in her glove-like waist that seemed without a wrinkle and made of whitest kid, over which her shoulders peeped more snowy, and from which streamed a frothy train of rippling—illusion, do they call it? Gracie had been down some time, with the old people, when she rippled like the spring-time, down the stairs, with her arch eyes dancing and her cheeks encarnadine. Gracie's beauty, to be sure, was greater still; only somehow, you did not look at it at first; it was but part of her, like the sky of some fair country.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone looked down on Mamie, though, with the happy pride of being parents to such a poem; they were much too old to go to balls, and so some married cousin had been found to matronize them. Miss Brevier alone noted Mamie's heightened color and evident excitement; but thought it due to her first ball alone; and the old people kissed her and complimented her, and gave her obsolete advice, and sent her off so proudly—to the choice, as some might say, of two adventurers.

Gracie and Mamie came down and took their first timid look at the ball from a sort of ante-room, that was one of the ball-rooms and was yet so near the dressing-room as to grant a hesitating woman *locus pœnitentiæ*, and not commit her finally to the floor. That first glance at the ball-room; tell me whom you see in it, and whom you don't see, and I can tell you, gipsy-like, much of those bodies whose orbits bode entanglement to yours. Thus it chanced that Gracie saw Haviland and Arthur; and both saw Mrs. Gower; and Mamie noted that she did not see either Charlie Townley or Mr. Derwent. I fancy that none of our three heroines will tell us much about the party, to-night—at

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least, we shall learn rather what people said than how they looked and what they wore—but I may tell the reader confidentially that were it not for this, we had not come. For may he not read, in to-morrow's papers, all about the flowers, and the servants, and the music, and the wines—aye, and the people who came, and how they looked, and all that may be known about the women's dresses?

Both fell to indifferent cavaliers, at first; that is, Mamie to John Haviland, with whom she had no sympathy, and Gracie to Mr. Kill Van Kull, who, being a gentleman, though a wicked one, had the grace most reverently to like her.

John stood with Mamie in the first or outer room, wishing to be with her, yet knowing not exactly what to say. He could not feed this young butterfly on thought; and yet she was too bright for commonplaces; and then, he knew her yet so slightly! And indeed she had not fluttered through a season yet; and butterflies take knowing best in autumn. So Mamie thought him dull; and, all the time, that was in his mind had made her start to hear. John's interest was but vicarious, yet, through Gracie's— But we old fellows of a dozen winters, who talk to girls at their first ball—what chance have our stale cynicisms with the pretty ear by our side, when its pretty eyes companions are looking for that young fellow with the incipient moustache, who means shortly to tell her (when our Heaviness has only left her)—that she is the only person in all his long life long that he has really ever loved. Throwing over at once his nurse and his governess, as we may, with our caustic wit, remark; and we go to Mrs. Gower; she will not repulse us; she will understand us, and make our seasoned hearts beat fast again.

So, after John has danced once with Mamie, she happens to feel tired before a certain dark corner; and there Lionel Derwent is standing alone, torturing his tawny moustache. He has to speak to her; and then it happens that these two drop aside from the whirling circle—and Haviland is left alone upon its brink. He watches it for a minute, as Dante did Francesca's. It is a smaller circle; it is not "mute of any light," nor does Minos stand there "*orribilmente*," and grin—unless fat old Tony Duval may do duty for the same, with his unctuous swarthy face, like some head-waiter on the boulevard; but how much "*più dolor*"—or less *dolor*—it girdles than the outer world, is John then wondering. And there he saw "*Semiramìs, di cui si legge—*" many things, no doubt, and triumphant young Mrs. De Witt, anadyomene; and Lady X., and the countess of Z., and "*Cleopatràs lussuriosa*," and Mrs. Flossie Gower; "*Elena vidi—e 'l grande Achille—Paris, Tristano, e più di mille —*" and borne before, most light in all the waltz, Miss Farnum with Van Kull. She caught his eye one moment, as she floated by, and his own fell.

But Derwent gave Miss Livingstone his arm, and went—or suffered himself to be led by her—to a place of fragrant flowers and broad shadowy leaves. It was quite what Mamie had imagined; and yet she blushed to feel how pale she was, and then felt all the color leave again as her heart beat; and then blushed again to feel it beat so near his strong arm. The poets have told you how a maiden's color comes and goes—now you understand the process, quite in the modern manner.

She had no idea the feeling she would have would be like this, and almost felt the inclination to tears again; but the inspiring strains of a waltz that came through the heavy curtains helped her out just then, as does a fiddle to a tragedy-scene in a New York theatre. So she gave him his dismissal with much courage; and was relieved to find that Derwent neither fumed nor fainted.

Meantime John Haviland, growing tired of the "*schiera piena*" in the ball-room, had left his place and wandered from the room, before Miss Farnum in her turn came round again. Was it lack of tact that made him enter the conservatory—where so short a time before Miss Livingstone and Lionel had gone? Derwent looked up at once and saw him; but Mamie gave a little start that showed her freshness at this sort of thing. "I hope I don't interrupt an important conversation," said Haviland.

"Not at all; we were talking of trifles," answered Derwent, placidly. "Let's go

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down to supper." Now for a man who has just had his heart broken to evince a desire for supper, was a thing so new to all Mamie's novel-reading experience that she answered with some angry humor that she was not hungry. "Mr. Haviland can get me an ice, if he likes," she added. Just then, Gracie Holyoke came in; and it was poor John's heart's turn to beat. "I will sit here with Grac—with Miss Holyoke," added Mamie; and John must needs go get the ice, while Lionel Derwent stayed behind. He talked to Gracie, though; while Mamie was wild to tell her she had so well fulfilled her promise. So she passed the time by looking about the adjacent ball-room for Charlie Townley. Strange to say, she had not yet seen him anywhere. Well, there was time enough; she rather liked to have the whole ball gone through with, first. Perhaps she was foolish to get engaged, at her very first ball. She would give him his dismissal, too; that would make two in one evening! It was outrageous in him to leave her to herself all through the evening, even at supper-time, that most favored time of all! Nay, I fear me, master Charles would have had but an easy victory, had he made assault just then.

But Charlie she did not see in any of the rooms; and some male individual in a white waistcoat and catseye stud, who took her through the rooms and down to supper, even told her that he had not come.

Impossible! Had he not sent her those most particular and private flowers that she wore, with meaning glances when he asked her of her dress and time? Had he not as good as told her, once before, when she had—Poor Mamie blushed with shame, while her heart pulsed quick with fear, and her eyes glistened with anger.—Come, Charlie, come quick; and garner in your lovely conquest, ere it be too late!—But no Charlie comes through all that ball; and Mamie dances feverishly with anybody, and flirts aimlessly with Howland Starbuck, and is clever, witty, bright-eyed, radiant, irresistible—and then goes to Mrs. F——, the chaperone, with stories of a headache, and asking when she is going home.

When John comes back to the little room with the ice, Mamie who sent him for it has gone, and Gracie Holyoke and Derwent too. So he sate him down, disconsolate, amid the bed of orchids, screened by quite a jungle of banana palms; so poor, so clumsy a pretence of happiness did all this seem to him! The strains of the shallow music came to him from the distant ball-room; it was the waltz-tune that was the rage that winter,—

"Oh, lo-ove for a week—(*tum, tum; rum, tim, tum!*)
"A year, a day, (*tum tum; rum, tum, tum!*)
"But alas for the lo-ove that bi-i-deth alway! (*tum, tum; rum, tim, tum!*)

John tried to deafen his ears to the music, which went on despite him, like the pettiness of life. He had had but one full look at Gracie Holyoke that night; and that had told him nothing.

A stifling hot-house scent was in the little room, and John had started up to leave it when there was a rustling in the door-way and Kitty Farnum stood before him alone.

She had been selected to take part in the spectacle of the evening, the much-envied fancy-dress minuet, after supper, that was to open the cotillon; and she wore the rich red brocades of a Louis Quinze court-dress, her dense hair powdered white, and from this mass of blazing color rose haughtily the regal neck and head, and the proud shoulders, and beneath the white masses of her hair her eyes burned deeply, like two violet stars. A sort of hush of admiration had attended her wherever she went that evening; and Haviland had heard men call her the beauty of the ball.

Miss Farnum stood silent for a moment, playing with a scarlet orchid that was most conspicuous of all among them; a noble figure, the very picture of a duchess; and Haviland, who had risen at her entrance, facing her more humbly, and yet like a gentleman, too.

"Mr. Haviland—my life must be settled to-night, one way or another: *I* am weary of it. You once were kind enough to take some interest in me—am I right in supposing that I had a friend in you?"

"Yes," said John. There was an infinite respect and pity in his tone; he

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fancied that he knew what had happened.

"Lord Birmingham has just asked me to become his wife. Am I right in thinking that you—do not wish to be my husband?"

"Yes," said John, again. "But oh, Miss Farnum—when we talked of this upon the coaching-party, you did not——"

Miss Farnum shook her head slightly, as if to wave aside her own case from the question.

"That you do care for Miss Holyoke?"

"Yes," said he, without hesitating; but more softly still.

"You have chosen nobly, Mr. Haviland." She said it simply and a little sadly; and then turned to go.

John grasped her hand and detained it for but one second in his own. "I shall never win her," said he. "And oh, Miss Farnum——"

"No word more," said the other; and then, gayly, "I have better hopes. Look at me—and see—and see how easy it is to win a woman!" And with a ripple of light laughter, she was gone.

John sank back to his seat, his head, already a little gray, resting on his hand. Kitty Farnum's was the nature he had admired most of almost any he had ever seen: her soul was individual, cast in that heroic mould that almost seems forgotten in these days of good nature, of average adaptability. And yet not one single air of inspiration, nor one ray of sympathy nor sunlight that came from higher than the city's dust, had fallen on the lot of this rich flower. Of all humanity, from her vulgar mother to the silly partners of her dances, he alone had said one word of truth to her; and in reward she had given him her heart! She, capable of being any heroine of all the full world's history; and not one red-cross knight was there to see and save her, nor any man with soul of strength enough to mate with hers; but only this titled barbarian, who saw the outside of her person and was pleased.

But the waltz-music still came through the fragrant fall of flowers that screened this eremite from the loud-laughing world; and the night was getting on. He felt now as if under pledge to lay his heart that night at Gracie's feet; and went in search of her.

He found her, sitting with Mamie Livingstone, who was out of humor and who would not dance; she was silent, with flushed face and dewy eyes, looking like some pouting, pretty maid of Greuze. They spoke together for some minutes; and then Lionel Derwent came up and took Miss Mamie off.

John led Gracie to the deep embrasure of a window; below them, on the polished floor, the famous minuet was forming; and all the world looked on expectant. John looked grimly on; he never thought to have said such words in a ball-room. His very hopelessness gave him courage to speak his deepest heart; and it was without a change of manner when he spoke—at last.

She had been speaking sorrowfully of Mamie; you know the strange confidence that was between these two. "I fear that she is disappointed that Mr. Townley has not come. Tell me frankly, Mr. Haviland—do you think there is anything really wrong about him? Do you think that he could make Mamie happy? She will be so alone in the world, I am afraid, before very long."

What could John say? There is a law that even the meanest men abide, to speak no harm of each other to the other sex. He hesitated. "I think you need have no fear of Mr. Townley, now," he said, at last.

Gracie turned her dear eyes full on his; and then the barriers of his heart broke down. "But I must speak selfishly, Miss Holyoke, I love you with all my heart—for all my life."

The words had come so naturally, that they had passed among the spoken words of memory, and ceased—before Gracie started and the color left her cheeks. She had not dreamed of this; she had not kept, herself, the lesson she had given Mamie; and then she blamed herself for having been too much wrapped up in her own heart history. "O Mr. Haviland," she said; "forgive me; I never thought of this."

She was crying; John's voice was husky, and he did not trust himself to speak, but looked across the brilliant room. The minuet was being danced; and just in front was Kitty Farnum, looking as if radiant with the triumph of the night. She was walking the

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minuet with Arthur Holyoke ; who was brilliant in a velvet court-dress, with a sparkling sword; and opposite was Birmingham, dancing with Mrs. De Witt, but with eyes for her alone. The other figures in the dance were Mrs. Malgam, Mrs. Levison-Gower, Killian Van Kull and Caryl Wemyss.

John turned his eyes to hers again. "You care for Arthur?"

Many women would have thought he had no right to ask the question; but Gracie's was too true a life for this.

"Yes," she said, clearly.

"Forgive me," answered John, humbly. And Gracie knew that he was still her friend ; and Arthur's too.

And so, no more was said between them; and when the minuet was finished, Gracie and poor Mamie went home together and Lionel Derwent went away with John. Mamie tore the flower from her breast, and threw herself upon her bed in a burst of tears ; and Gracie sat with her till the streaks of dawn appeared.

. . . . . .

But Flossie and Kitty Farnum still danced on, untired ; and all men were divided which of these had been the queen of the famous ball. Already had the business of the work-day world begun when Flossie took her leave, and went back to the dressing-room, and put on her satin cloak, and came down the grand staircase, looking strangely brilliant, younger than ever, people said, with her blazing diamonds and not one ribbon out of place about her perfect dress. She went down the carpeted pavilion, Caryl Wemyss putting the ermine *sortie de bal* with careful touch about her shoulders.

No one but a policeman and a little crowd of street boys saw them go, as she got quickly into Caryl Wemyss's carriage and drove off.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SORTIE DU BAL.

The rain, that had come after the snow, had ceased in its turn, blown clear, like some light curtain, by a blast of northwest wind. Mr. Wemyss, as he entered the carriage, had ventured to lift her hand once to his lips ; and then they both sat silent, Flossie looking thoughtfully out of the carriage window, her companion on the front seat looking at her.

It was already freezing ; for the horses dragged them heavily through the crackling snow ; and Flossie could see that the pools of water in the street were already needle-pointed with the forming ice. As they passed the cross-streets, she noticed a ruddy reflection on the face of these. "Can that be dawn already?" She let down the window ; and, looking out, saw all the East a lowering, lurid red.

"I do not think so," said Mr. Wemyss. "'Tis hardly six o'clock. It must be some great fire at Brooklyn, or at Williamsburgh."

They stopped at Mrs. Gower's house ; and requesting, or rather, ordering, Mr. Wemyss to stay in the carriage, she ran lightly up the steps and let herself in. All the servants had gone to bed, by Mrs. Gower's orders ; save Justine, her maid, who was sitting waiting, with one candle, in the hall.

"Is everything ready, Justine?"

"Oui, madame," said the maid ; who had been told that her mistress was about to make a sudden trip to Boston, and had discreetly asked no unnecessary questions : her perquisites had been very handsome lately.

Flossie went up to her room, the maid attending her ; and laid aside her ball-dress and her diamonds. Then she had a woman's humor ; and notwithstanding that Mr. Wemyss was waiting cold outside, she threw the satin cloak once more over her bare shoulders and wandered, with a lighted candle, all through the house. She went into the great ball-room which seemed gaunt and bare ; then into the dark dining-room with its carved oak wood and its array of armor and of silver plate ; then into the parlors where she had held her first reception—how well she remembered it, and her triumph over the great ladies Van Kull and the fine ladies Brevier!—and last to the little suite of rooms which she had occupied when first she came back from her wedding-journey. Poor Lucie! She wondered if he would really mind much.

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When she got back to the great apartment she occupied now, the gray dawn was stealing in through the huge windows and the cold of the change of weather was already in the house. She shivered; and hastened to get dressed. Justine was all ready with a quiet travelling-dress, into which she quickly slipped her girlish figure. She had a moment's scruple whether she should take away the diamonds—a *rivière* that Lucie Gower had given her when they were married. But Flossie Gower had far too logical a mind to strain at gnats when she was swallowing a camel; she hastily thrust them in her bosom, and giving the solitary candle to Justine, bid her lead the way down the stairs. This time she wasted no parting looks; after all, the house was hers, though she would leave it to Lucie for a while, for form's sake.

It was already quite light in the street, and Mr. Wemyss was huddled in one corner of the carriage and chattering with cold. He made no reproach, however; and this time he got in beside her and Justine took the front seat.

"Where are we going?" said Mrs. Gower to him.

"I thought perhaps you would come—I have a little breakfast ready in my rooms—the train does not go till nine." He spoke, for the first time we have heard him, with some shadow of embarrassment. "I thought it would be less public," he explained.

"As you like," said Flossie, indifferently. What did it matter? Her bonnet must yet be thrown over higher wind-mills than was this.

They drove across the town in silence. Flossie, at least, had done many things in her life and not known the sickly shadow of repentance yet; what Mr. Wemyss's thoughts were I cannot say. Justine alone, indeed, was repenting—that she had not known of this before she left the house, and acted on that knowledge. "*Que de choses j'aurais pu prendre avec!*" she thought.

"When do we sail?" asked Flossie languidly.

"To-morrow noon," answered Mr. Wemyss. "The Boston steamer is much the best for us; particularly at this season of the year. They go almost empty, and are not crowded with commercial travellers."

Mrs. Gower's lip curled slightly; whether at Mr. Wemyss's refined exclusiveness or for some other reason, we dare not say. And the carriage stopped before his lodgings.

Mr. Wemyss got out, and helped his Europa to alight. "You may come up, Justine," said Flossie to the maid, who had retained her seat demurely.

Mr. Wemyss led the way to his rooms; and Flossie looked about her curiously. The apartment was full of old china, books, and rare bronzes that showed its owner's cultivated tastes; a sort of studio led off from the dining-room, and in it were many samples of Mr. Wemyss's art; most prominent among them a large portrait of Flossie Gower herself, painted from memory, and not over good as a likeness. Flossie remarked upon it; and Mr. Wemyss made some speech about not needing the shrine now that the divinity was there. And as he said it, Justine not having gone into the studio with them, he made bold to clasp her in his arms. Flossie repelled him; and with some muttered words about getting a cup of coffee for her, he left the room; not quite so gracefully as usual.

Flossie walked to the window and looked out. The room was very high; and the whole cityful of brick roofs and spires and factory chimneys lay brooding in their own foul breath of smoke.—Flossie had a momentary feeling that the climax of her life had fallen beneath her expectation, like the rest.—Far off, on either side, a clearer stratum of air marked the course of the two rivers; and to the eastward were some saffron streaks of winter morning. These faded, to the left, in an ominous brown cloud of smoke, beneath which still, in the distance, licked some silent tongues of fire.

"It must have been a terrible fire," said Wemyss's voice behind her carelessly. "But the breakfast is ready, such as it is; will you not come, dearest?"

Flossie went back with him, and found a table spread with coffee, cold partridges, and grapes. Justine remained there, for propriety's sake. In a

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few minutes they were ready ; and going down, she found another carriage waiting. Wemyss gave his orders, and they drove to the railroad station. It looked curiously common-place and familiar ; it might have been the most respectable of quiet journeys ! Flossie abhorred respectability.

Mr. Wemyss had a compartment ready in the car, with all imaginable ordinary luxuries of travel ; he even got a bundle of the morning papers, which Flossie did not read. She was tired of the sight of an American newspaper and never wished to look at one again.

Wemyss looked a little furtively about the platforms and then walked through the train ; and came back and told her there was no one that they knew on board. Flossie would not have cared much if there had been.

A boy came through, crying the last new novels. Flossie shook her head. What were such insipid stories to the drama of her life? Mr. Wemyss carefully closed the door, and began to make himself agreeable, much as he might have done at a party, except that he talked more tenderly. Would the train never start? She yawned a little. For a moment, she half wished it had been Kill Van Kull.

At last a bell sounded, and the train rumbled slowly out of the station.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE NIGHT AT THE WORKS.

When Jem Starbuck, that evening, had been thrust out by his friends, and the door he heard slammed and bolted behind him, he found himself upon Sixth Avenue, at midnight of a night so inclement that even that thoroughfare was almost deserted. The trains of the elevated railway went thundering over his head, but the floor of the street was checkered with the drifts of wet snow and the pools of water, in which the mirrored gaslights glimmered a warning to the unwary step.

The rain had at this time stopped ; it was the hour's lull before the downrush of the clearing northwester ; and the flooded gutters still ran riotously and poured into the sewer-gates with a roaring that was audible a block or more away.

Starbuck walked some streets without conscious object. His heart beat violently with the struggle still, and he felt sick and faint with the passion of his anger. Remorse he had none ; but he was ashamed at having gone so far ; at having held himself in no better control. Yet why had Simpson dared to talk to him? "Damn the fool, I wish I'd killed him," thought James.

He spoke the words aloud ; and, as he did so, came to a street corner ; the crossing was exceptionally deep with melted snow, and on the other corner stood a policeman. Starbuck became conscious that he still held the bloody knife ; there was a sewer-opening below him, and he threw it in. The rush of water was so great that it was gulped down without a sound, disappearing instantly in the turbid vortex. James looked after it a moment, moodily ; he had little fear that he was in any danger for his deed of that night ; beyond doubt, the fellow was not mortally wounded ; and he would not dare to complain on his own account, and none of their friends would ever peach.

He hesitated some moments ; then, with the decisive step of a man who has made up his mind, he turned and crossed Sixth Avenue. There was a bar-room over the way, brilliant with a red electric light ; he entered it, and called for a twenty-five cent cigar and a glass of whiskey. He was unused to drinking spirits ; and the sharp liquor made him shudder as he swallowed it ; but not with cold or fear. The intellectual predominated over the physical in his nature : such organisms are cowardly before immediate physical pain or contest, but shrink at nothing else. But one of his affectations had been to smoke cigars instead of pipes ; his was a nature nervous as any scholar's ; and he lit the black havana and went out again, taking his way along Thirty-second Street.

Fifth Avenue was less deserted than Sixth ; it was full of carriages going to and from the ball. It was about the hour when Flossie broke off her reverie in her boudoir and, ringing for her car-

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riage, walked to her window and looked out. James Starbuck may have seen the rose light that streamed from her window; in fact, he did, and marked the brilliancy of this and all the great houses on the Avenue, with an imprecation on them for it; but he did not know Flossie Gower's house, nor much of her, save that she almost owned the oil works over at Williamsburgh. But he stopped a moment, and looked up and down the fine street; it was going to be colder, and he foresaw that the weather would be terrible before dawn, though the ladies, well cottoned in their carriages, would give no thought to it. But the business he was on was not so safe for him at any other time; and he buttoned his overcoat about him and walked rapidly down the side street, just as Mrs. Gower's carriage drove up at her front door.

He soon got beyond the respectable streets, the level even rows of brownstone houses standing shoulder to shoulder like well-drilled servants in a livery; the shops began, and the iron-balconied tenements, and the noise and sense of much humanity. The many sins of the pavement were charitably hidden in the snow; but even then there was a smell about the neighborhood that would have nauseated Mrs. Gower; and even in the middle of the night there was noise of living, and an undertone of working steam, throbbing still, among the sleeping places of its human fellow-laborers. Nor were they all asleep; here and there a lighted window, and what we needs must term a sound of revelry, showed that some of these, too, like their Fifth Avenue superiors, were wakeful to the pleasures of the night.

But the elevated trains had ceased running, as Starbuck crossed Third Avenue: the toiling places of the human workmen, at least, were stilled, and these trains were not needed to take them to and from their benches in the social galley. Mankind—except indeed the policemen or other watchers who had to see that mankind did no mischief while it rested—was not at work.

Starbuck threaded his way through the streets along the river. The forges, to be sure, were glowing brightly; for Iron gives his servants no rest; Vulcan is a lord who knows no sabbath; he compels, unlike kindly Ceres, from eve till dewy morn, from seed to harvest. Starbuck came to the wharves, heaped up with coal mountains, built over with iron prisons for the gas; he looked about him, cautiously, for he was physically a coward and afraid of footpads, of the lawless gangs of roughs that infest the wharves. He had struck across the city, too, directly, instead of walking up Fifth Avenue, as he should have done, where he felt safe. He started once or twice in alarm, and his heart took to palpitating again, as he saw a dark figure among the wharves; but it would be only a policeman or a watchman, and he breathed more freely; and at last he reached the ferry in safety.

He took a seat in one corner of the ladies' cabin, pulling his coat-collar up over his face. The boat was not full; but there were a number of people still out, returning from supper after the theatres. The warm weather they had had was breaking up the ice in the Sound; and the paddles of the steamer went crashing and grinding through the broken floes. Several times the wheels stopped, as if the pilot saw a field of ice too large to be crushed through. At last, the clanking of the chains told Starbuck they had reached the dock upon the Brooklyn side.

He waited until all the other passengers had gone ashore. The night had grown much colder; and the freezing snow and water crackled beneath his feet. On this side the river, however, the streets were darker, and quite deserted; and not one lighted window broke the high brick housewalls that closed about him on either side.

The effect of the unaccustomed dram of spirit had quite left him by this time; he threw open his coat for a moment, to light another cigar; and then buttoned it tight about him, cursing the cold. He had walked some half a mile or so, without meeting a living being, and had got beyond the region of the tenements, and in the manufacturing district of the city. Already he noticed the strong smell of oil, borne backward through the city by the northwest wind. His way led downward to the wharves; and he stopped before the familiar iron gate.

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He peered through it; he knew it to be the watchman's station, or rather that of one watchman: there were two more down by the river side, whence the greatest danger was always apprehended. But he only saw the acres of tanks and stagings and pyramids of empty barrels, and beyond them, just visible, the high forest of masts tapering into the black sky, where, in the west, a few stars were already struggling out.

It was evident that the watchman, fearing, on such a night, no enemy but winter and rough weather, had sought some shelter; but Starbuck did not deem it wise to venture openly through the gate. He skirted the high fence around toward the river, where he knew there was a sort of swinging hatchway in the wooden wall; it was kept fastened only by an ordinary dropping latch inside, and this, by inserting a length of wire in the crack, he easily lifted.

When he was fairly inside the yard, he sat down for a moment, smoking, and looked about him. The nearest lights were across the river or on the shipping in the stream; but the ground was white with snow, and the huge storage-tanks rose up about him, visible by their very blackness, like rocks at night in foaming water.

He got up, still smoking, but screening the cigar-light in the hollow of his hand, and went toward the water. A double bank of the petroleum ships lay along the pier; but all was silent on board of them, the watch, if watch was kept while they were moored, having evidently followed the example of the watchman at the outer gate. Thus he made his way, slowly, to the end of the pier, losing his footing now and then in a snowdrift, or slipping suddenly into one of the great pits full of freezing water that had collected in the hollows of the ground. No vessels lay across the end of the pier, such mooring being forbidden; and it was unencumbered except by the great iron letters that stretched across it —— THE SILAS STARBUCK OIL COMPANY. Starbuck leaned across the rod that supported the first letter S, and reflected. It was a curious fact that the identity of the name had never struck him particularly before; he knew nothing of old Silas Starbuck, nor who he was, nor whence he had come, nor even that Mrs. Levison-Gower had been his daughter. Carefully he walked around the end of the wharves; thousands of men were at work there by day; but at night a more lonely place it would be hard to find, and he met no one.

At last, it seemed as if the object of this unusual journey were satisfied; and he began to retrace his steps toward the town. As he passed the first piles of barrels, he stopped and looked at them again; then picking up a stick, he struck one or two of them a smart blow. They were empty, and it rang hollow. He pushed the stick among them and between them to the ground; the snow that had fallen upon them had melted, and the lowest tier were half submerged in a pool of water. Then he left them and went on to the receiving-house.

Opposite him, and a few hundred yards to the right, were the stills; lofty iron towers, under which a dull glow showed that the furnaces were still doing their work. When he had left Steam City, the strike was complete; but the oil still ran through the pipe-lines, and stokers had still been found to feed these refining fires. He turned sharp to the left; and the dull light was soon hidden behind the storage-tanks.

There was sure to be a watcher in the "tail-house," if the stills were at work, to mark the runs of oil; and Starbuck walked more slowly. But his steps were muffled in the drifts of snow; moreover, he was close by the blower, and the rapid whirring of the iron fans would drown all other noise. When he got to the steps that led to the door of the tail-house, there were fresh foot-prints in the snow; and he ascended cautiously until his head was at the level of the window and then looked in. The light inside came from a small tubular stove of ridged iron, white-hot; and by its comfortable warmth a man sat in an old armchair, his head upon his breast, asleep. Starbuck studied his features for a few seconds and then opened the door and entered.

"Who is it?" cried the man, starting up.

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"It's only I, Ned," answered Starbuck. "Don't be so nervous."

"Oh, is that all," returned the other. "I was afraid it might be some feller come to do a mischief," he added, with a grin.

"I wanted to make sure it was your watch," said James. "You don't keep a good one—if anything happens to-night, I shall have to report you."

"The h—l you will," laughed the other.

"I'm pretty sure I heard a boat land, down by the end of the pier."

"No?" said the other.

"I did indeed," added Starbuck. "I wish you'd go down and see. I got rumors of a plot in town, and came over to warn you."

"No?" said the other, again. "Did ye, though? And suppose I'm kilt—I'm to come back and tell yer, I suppose? Why don't you come along yourself?"

"I want to take a turn by the spraying-house first," answered James. "I'll join you there in a minute—on the wharf, I mean." And as he spoke, Starbuck left the little cabin and went down the steps.

"It 'ud be awk'ard if any feller were to happen in here while we're both gone, wouldn't it?" he called out; but Starbuck was already out of hearing, threading his way through the darkness to the spraying-house; the fountain not playing now, at night, when there was no sun to brighten it, and the great well of oil lying still and sleeping, warmed by the steam-pipes that were coiled, like warm-blooded serpents, in its depths.

The man called Ned watched him go, the grin that had accompanied his last remark quickly fading on his face; then, wrapping his overcoats around him, he, too, went out and walked away with rapid steps through the dark yard.

He left the door of the tail-house open behind him; and when, in a few minutes, James Starbuck returned, he found the place already cold. He shut the door to and sat down; the cigar in his mouth had gone out and he opened the door of the stove with an old iron rod to stir the fire and get a bit of live coal for a light. But he had no tongs; and indeed the live coal seemed unnecessary, as he pulled out quite a bundle of matches from his pocket. He let the glowing coals lie unheeded on the floor, and looked at his watch by the light of the open stove-door. It was three o'clock. And he cowered back in the chair, shivering.

It seemed so small a thing to do, after all! His lip curled with scorn as he thought of his simple-minded associates and how great a thing they made of it. It would fill perhaps a column in the morrow's paper—about as much space, perhaps, as might be allotted to the Duval's ball. Yet such things scared the stupid public; and they encouraged his party, much as a boy is made proud by the loud report of his first toy-cannon. His own ideas went so far beyond, that he regarded it as little more than the bow-chaser some red rover fires across the bow of a fat merchantman, by way of preliminary parley. He was tired, too; and the earlier events of the night had been exciting.

However, he made an effort, and shook himself together. Time was going. He got up and went to the runs. There were the two glass-covered channels, side by side; and both were running oil. Outside the little shed they entered two long wooden boxes or troughs, supported on trestle-work, and running several hundred feet in a downward inclination to the receiving-tanks, whence they were in turn conducted to the spraying-house, a quarter of a mile away.

James Starbuck lifted up the iron rod he had used to poke the fire, and brought it down with a crushing blow over the glass-topped runnels. Then he struck a match across the stove, and standing in the doorway, leaned over and touched the blue flame to the edge of the running oil.

For some reason, it did not catch; and he tried another match. This he fairly dropped into the oil; but with no better success, as the feeble flame was put out instantly. "Damn the thing," said he to himself; and lighting another match, he waited until the flame was fairly burning, and looked at the oil.

The little runnel he had touched, partly choked with broken bits of glass, was full of a thick dark liquid, yellowish in color, but blue with numerous big globules of water. It was almost

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the last run, too crude or too impure to take fire at a spark. He looked at the other; and in it he recognized the shining stream, the strange metallic lustre of the naphtha's flow.

He took a small shovelful of red-hot coals from the little stove, and got well out the doorway with it, standing down as many steps as he could. For this was the light surface oil, taking fire at a spark, more quick and dangerous than the cruder average. And with a careful aim, he sent a handful of the burning coals into the now open trough.

Even with the care that he had used, the first blast of flame was greater than he had thought possible; and he was hurled by the outward rush of air, half-blinded, down the remaining steps of the ladder, and fell into the deep snow. He ran back a few steps and looked up. Already the shed was on fire, and the burning oil, running from it in the trough, was spurting into jets of flame upon the trestle-work. Though wet with rain, this structure, so long soaked with oil, was taking fire rapidly. But there had been little noise as yet, and no signs of an alarm. He ran back some distance, and took refuge beside a brick storehouse, behind a pile of empty barrels.

He looked at his watch; it was a quarter past the hour; and for once, whether from his running or some other reason, his heart beat quickly. He paid no attention to the flaming trestle, but looked in the direction of the spraying-house that he had left upon the stroke of three.

For, as he stood there, watch in hand, the whole earth shook beneath him; and with a noise that was more terrible than loud the silence of the city's night was broken; and the iron roof of the spraying-house was hurled to heaven on a pillar of yellow fire. And Starbuck crouched behind his solid wall and screamed aloud.

It seemed many minutes before he heard the crash and rattle of the falling plates of iron. Then a flood of blazing oil poured forth, and ran in all directions, mixing with the pools of melted snow. Already the trestle was a roaring mass of flame; the woodwork about the receiving tanks caught one after the other; and Starbuck ran wildly to his distant gate in the fence and cowered there, behind a pile of wornout iron. He heard far off the shrieks of the sleeping watchmen, and then hoarse shouting from the city. Then, like some titanic minute-guns, the great tanks exploded, one after one, in majestic sequence; and the stars of the sky were veiled in fires of the nether world.

Then came the clang of bells in distant towers, and the shriller rattle of the fire-engines, and shouts of frightened men. In brief time he heard them crying at the outer gate, and saw them pouring into the yard, swarming over the high fence, thousand upon thousand of them; but the pouring oil now flowed steadily, in flaming streams, and cut them off as with a sword of fire from the enclosure; he could see them standing silent on the hither side, in motionless throngs, gazing with pallid faces at the world of fire.

He heard, too, the shouts of the Norwegian sailors in their ships along the wharves; the yellow flood flowed steadily toward them, its burning stream melting the snow and riding faster on the water's surface in great blazing pools. One fire-river had already reached the end of the wharf, and fell over it, in a cascade of flame, through the iron colossal letters to the icy river. The tide took it rapidly down among the ships; the first was now flaming, from the bowsprit up the foremast, licking the tar and oakum from the iron rod. He heard the groups of sailors, in a panic, rush behind him where he sat; others stayed at their posts and worked like demons, with capstans and cables, to warp their vessels beyond the reach of danger. The city fire-boat had come; and the burning oil-ship was cut adrift and dropped down the river, the fire-engines of the steamer playing on it vainly; in a few seconds, with a loud explosion, it was shattered to the water's edge. The very river was blazing like a crater's mouth with patches of the burning oil; and now, last of all, the huge storage-tanks, each holding its hundreds of tons, were scattered into seas of burning gas. No nook or cranny of the great yard but was lit with yellow light, intenser, vivider than the sun's;

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the sky above was like a molten plate of copper, touched with swarms of scarlet sparks; and only beyond the river, above the red-walled houses, were the cold pale streaks of dawn.

James went boldly out, mingling among the maddened crowd. His breath had returned; and a faint smile was on his lips as he took his way slowly back through the now thronged streets to the river. His quickened blood poured sluggishly again; and his mind was busy with thought. Do serpents pant in the heat of conflict; or does their blood turn warm when they have withdrawn the sting? He had, perhaps, a faint sense of gratified power; but the mere destruction of one piece of property was after all so small a thing!

While he was crossing the ferry, he looked up the river at the flaming world that he had made; it was a fine spectacle; and he watched it as calmly, as dispassionately, as Flossie Gower had done, when, not knowing that it was her fortune that had gone, she saw it burn from Mr. Wemyss's window.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FAILURE.

Charlie Townley had had no rest on New Year's day. His sleep had been troubled, that night after Tamms's dinner; and he was kept awake, by the danger that he saw, ignorant of the greater one unseen that he had escaped. The day was a holiday; "the Street" was as deserted, almost, as on Sunday; though the policeman on his rounds and the children, playing at snow-balling in the centre of the empty street, could see, above the half-drawn window-shades, troubled faces of men inside and clerks bending industriously over the great ledgers.

Townley was there all day, closeted with Mr. Tamms. He scarcely gave himself time for a bit of bread, at noon, when the chimes of Trinity at the head of the street were ringing again joyously. Thus he kept his holy day, counting his money in his counting-house, making up the balance of their year's labors, as is our modern way of keeping holy-days. And as the day wore on, it became evident, even to him, that the money, or rather those slips of paper printed or engraved which might bring in money, were distressingly scanty; while, on the other hand, the footing of notes payable grew most portentously. He might, indeed, have thanked his holy-day for one thing—that many of their loans fell due upon the morrow, in consequence of it.

Charlie had never quite thoroughly known the business. Mr. Tamms and Mr. Townley both had their private iron boxes in the vault; and he had no means of knowing what might be in these. And Mr. Townley Senior had another iron box marked "Trusts." On the other hand there was also no means of his knowing how much they had borrowed on their private accounts.

Tamms had been very silent through the day; and his calmness gave Charlie some encouragement. Nevertheless, the total of liabilities was appalling: counting their own loans, and loans of the railroad, and of Starbuck Oil, it was over thirteen millions of dollars. True, to meet this, they had two-thirds the entire stock of Allegheny Central—all, in fact, that was not held by private investors or in permanent trusts, for they had not dared to sell a thousand shares since the past summer—and all the bonds and nearly half the stock of Starbuck Oil. But every share of both was pledged for their large debts; to sell even so little as a thousand shares would break the price and bring a call for further "margin." And they had no further margin to put up. Charlie was appalled. "Couldn't we get Remington's brokers to sell some for us?" he hazarded, at last.

"What's the use? We'd have to buy it ourselves," answered Tamms. "It's been the old deacon, right through—damn him," he added. Charlie had never heard him swear before; and it struck him, all at once, that Tamms was growing careless with his mask.

"Never mind," said Tamms, as if he had read his thoughts, "let's go to dinner—then we'll feel more like tackling the assets. You'll have to go in and buy the whole market in the morning, anyhow."

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This bold speech restored a little of Townley's courage; and they went and had a somewhat grim banquet, with plenty of champagne, however, at the Astor House. Then they went back to Wall Street in the evening; and worked together until midnight. And Mr. Tamms showed Townley a list of securities that almost gave him strength to face the morrow. "These," said he, showing the paper, "are my own; and these other," showing a still longer list, "are Mr. Townley's."

"Had I better see him?"

"What's the use of bothering the old man? He won't be down to-morrow." Now Charlie had never heard Tamms call Mr. Townley "the old man" before.

"How much shall I buy?"

"Buy Allegheny and Starbuck Oil until you're black in the face. I can get two millions on this stuff easy. And those young fellows who were at my dinner will be buying too, I guess. I'll catch old Remington, by God, and this time I'll bleed him white." And Tamms's bleared eyes glared, and his beard bristled, and his straight red moustache shut down over his thin lips like a wire trap. He was not a pleasant sight, as he said these words. "If you get frightened, send around for me," he concluded, more quietly; and they locked the offices and separated on the corner of the street.

That night Charlie did not sleep at all. He lay broad awake, thinking now of the business, now of Mamie Livingstone, his lady-love. He angrily wished that he had put his courtship to its climax sooner. A pretty mood he was now to woo in—at the ball to-morrow night! Sleep was impossible; and he got up and smoked cigars and paced the room impatiently.

In the morning, however, his hopes were higher. After all, they might probably weather this squall, if only for a few weeks; and on that evening, by all that was holy, he would win the hand of pretty little Mamie—and her millions. Then Tamms might split his wicked head for all he cared. Mr. Tamms had not got to the office when Charlie arrived; but he went off to the board, and began his bidding boldly.

But that last night had come the news of the great Allegheny Central strike, no longer to be suppressed by the telegraph or the company, and of that riotous meeting which our friend Derwent had so vainly tried to check. The stock had dropped a fraction actually before his own first bid was heard; and he knew that the message had flashed all over the country, "opening weak." There was a very maelstrom about the Allegheny Central sign—he found it easy to keep in the centre of the whirl, however, and bought it manfully. But soon he found the reason of this; he was the only broker that was buying. Some of the young men that had been at Tamms's dinner he saw, upon the outskirts of the crowd, and tried to wink at them encouragingly; but evidently the news of the strike, or some other warning, had frightened them, for they held aloof. He could hardly pretend to keep account of the stock that he was buying, though he jotted as rapidly as he could on his bit of paper. A telegram was thrust into his hand; he read it hurriedly; it was from Tamms—"Keep it up—strikers reported starving."—"Confound 'em, they can't starve before to-morrow, though," thought he; but he went on taking all stock they offered; and it seemed as if all the world was offering stock.

It was a terrible hour. He looked furtively at the clock, the while he kept on bidding. Some minutes of the "call" still remained. A messenger forced his way through the crowd, with a note from the office. It was from their banking-clerk—"Money ten per cent. Fechheimer has called for margin." Curse the rate of money; what cared he what it cost if they had only got it? Why in heaven didn't Lauer tell him that? And he wiped the sweat from his brow and went on bidding.

And now there was a sudden eddy in the crowd, and it opened inward and he saw Deacon Remington himself. Townley's face fell, despite him; he was not yet old enough to be quite a perfect gambler; and there was a sort of awe-struck hush, as the ranks of the Greeks might have hushed before Troy when Achilles took the field.

"Five thousand at seventy-five," said old Remington, turning a wad of tobacco in his cheek.

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"Take it," said Charlie, coolly. Now seventy-five was nearly two whole points below the last quoted sale; which had been a little lot of two hundred shares sold by—alas, shall we say it? Of such, however, is the friendship of Wall Street—his old friend Arthur Holyoke. He was reckless now, and had nailed his colors to the mast; a pretty sure sign, by the way, that a man is beaten.

But the artful Tamms had still one more trick in his bag. In the momentary hush that followed this first discharge of heavy guns, Charlie got another telegram. It was dated Brooklyn, like the first. "Allegheny Central—special stockholders meeting for dividend—books close to-morrow." Tamms would have compressed the gospel of eternal life into ten words.

Then a clever idea struck young Townley. If they had no money, neither had Remington and his crowd any stock. "Post this telegram," he said to his clerk who had brought it. And then:

"I want ten thousand more of Allegheny Central—*cash*."

Now "cash" meant that the stock must be delivered that day, as the books closed on the morrow.

There was another pause. He could hear the younger brokers among his adversaries anxiously inquiring the loaning rate on Allegheny Central. Now Charlie knew very well there was none to loan.

"I'll give seventy-six for ten thousand, cash." And this time there was a sort of wolf-like howl; but no other response.

"Seventy-seven?—Seventy-eight?"—EIGHTY?"

The baffled deacon turned his quid again. "Seventy—at the opening," said he at last. But Charlie laughed scornfully.

"I want it now, please, deacon." And here some of those rich young men who had been at the dinner, seeing a turn in the tide of battle, ranged themselves on Townley's side. The price was run up with astounding rapidity. "Eighty—one—two—three—five—" the deacon looked on impotently. Not for one moment did he believe—nor, perhaps, many others there—that the house of Townley & Tamms could meet this contract. But the rules of trade forbade inquiring into that, so long as they had met their obligations.

"NINETY," said Charlie, in ill-concealed triumph. And the hammer fell, and the morning board was over; and there was a sort of cheer from the money-seeking multitude. Throughout the length and breadth of the greatest trading nation in the world it would be known in a few minutes that Allegheny had closed at ninety, bid. All danger of further calls for margin on that day at least was removed; and Charlie went back in triumph to the office.

And even yet, though it is three years since—and three years is a generation on Wall Street—this great battle is remembered; and the audacity of young Charlie Townley and how he stood up before the great bear leader is told, as Romans told how Horatio held the bridge; told by brokers about their firesides, if they have firesides, to their children, when they have any. And Charlie's memory was kept bright; and his deeds of prowess not forgotten. For it was many a long month before he appeared upon the floor again.

He went back flushed with victory, like a warrior to his camp. Now he could look forward with due pleasure to the ball that evening. Once more he had leisure for thoughts of ladies fair and love. And as Paris, weary of the battle, might have looked forward to his Helen, so he looked forward to his tender interview with Mamie Livingstone that night. If Tamms had only got the money for their notes falling due that day, they might go on with safety for some months at least.

Now that he had time to think, it struck him as curious that both his telegrams had been dated Brooklyn. He quickened his step; and arriving at the office, his first inquiries were for his active partner. "Mr. Tamms has not been in to-day," said Mr. Lauer.

This was very strange. He telegraphed at once for Tamms at Brooklyn, telling him of the glorious victory they had won; and took his needed lunch while waiting for the answer. Then he went and ordered his flowers to be sent to Mamie. But when he got back, there was no answer yet.

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He began to grow nervous. It was nearly two o'clock; and he must be going back to the board. Leaving word at the office that he was to be sent for immediately when Mr. Tamms came back, he took the keys to their boxes and went to the vaults himself.

He found one certificate only in the box—for one thousand shares of Starbuck Oil. Well, this was better than nothing. But where was all the list of bonds and stocks that Tamms had shown him on the night before? In the elder partners' private boxes, he supposed. And these he could not get till Tamms's return. Could he be ill, by any chance? It was not like Tamms to be ill at such a time. His mind was greater than his body, too, and held the laws of nature in control.

In despair, he tried the lock of Tamms's private box. To his astonishment it opened at the touch. With an intense relief, he saw it was full of papers. Far-sighted Tamms had foreseen this, too.

But the relief was short-lived. The papers were nothing but insurance policies, contracts of no money value, leases of real estate, and a deed of a pew in Tamms's church. Could Tamms have taken the other papers with him to raise the money on himself? In his despair he tried old Mr. Townley's box. This also was not locked. But, to his horror, he found that it was quite empty. Empty? His head swam, and the open box seemed to yawn before his eyes like some black pit. He even dragged down Mr. Townley's box marked Trusts. That was empty too.

Charlie ran back to the office, streaming with a cold sweat of terror. His last hope—that Tamms would be there—proved equally vain. That ingenious person had not been heard from since the morning.

At two o'clock, the doors of Townley & Tamms, successors to Charles Townley & Son, which had not been closed in a business day before since sixty-eight years, were shut. And a notice, posted on the outer iron rail of the office, in Mr. Adolph Lauer's neat writing, informed their creditors that the old firm were "temporarily unable to meet their obligations."

But the "ticker" went on relentlessly through the afternoon; and the scared clerks, reading it, abandoning all other business, brought Charlie news from time to time, of the great panic that was in the board; how Allegheny Central went to fifty; how even Starbuck Oil could find no purchasers. And while many a quiet home throughout the land was as yet undisturbed, little recking that the great railroad on which they had lived so long was at last insolvent, Charlie Townley sate doggedly in his barred office, hoping vainly for Mr. Tamms, or puzzling, equally vainly, how to meet the million that they owed that day, with his thousand shares of Starbuck Oil.

From time to time, he would lay down the hopeless task to think of the ball, that evening. Now he could not dare to go. Even he could not venture to ask a woman's hand on the day that all the world knew he was ruined. Ruined—aye, and fraudulently. Where were Mr. Townley's trusts that he so long had kept so well? In Tamms's pocket, perhaps, flying with these, too, to Canada. There was a swarm of reporters pressing at the door; vociferating for a member of the firm. The noise at last attracted his attention; and he went out and told them, with as calm a face as he could wear, that Mr. Tamms was absent; but on the morrow when he returned, all would be made good. But Charlie knew well that Phineas Tamms would never return to the house of Townley & Tamms. He sent a despatch for Mr. Townley, however, and waited; and worked over the weary figures, once more, till after midnight.

And this was how he spent the evening, while poor Mamie was watching for him, vainly, at the ball.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE OLDEST MEMBER.

The following day, early in the afternoon, Lionel Derwent walked into the Columbian Club. It was a place that he did not usually frequent, though he had a stranger's membership; but we have already learned that Derwent was most usually to be found in most unusual

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places. No one was in the morning-room but old Mr. Livingstone; he was sitting in his accustomed armchair by the window, a chair in which he had a right of property between the hours of three and five in the afternoon that all the club respected. Mr. Livingstone did not notice Derwent when he entered; perhaps because he was growing very old and his sight and hearing were defective. His eyes were fixed upon an empty chair in front of him and he seemed to be lost in thought. Derwent took up a newspaper and sat down in another corner of the room.

We are fond of saying in New York that life there moves so rapidly that the morning paper is already stale at three. Hence, have we no Homers; who sing some ten years action and take a lifetime for it. But to Derwent, the newspapers' deeds were stale even in the doing: humanity at three o'clock was like humanity at nine. Two young men entered, fresh and rosy, with camelias in their coats; they were of those who toil not, neither spin.

"Do you know, they say that Townley & Tamms have failed?"

"So I hear. Great ball, last night."

"Ugh—I'm sleepy yet."

Derwent looked back to his paper. Mr. Livingstone did not appear to have heard this colloquy, but was sitting idly as if dozing. In the financial column Derwent found, at last, a simple paragraph:

"Owing to the illness of Mr. Phineas Tamms and the temporary absence of the senior partner, the house of Townley & Tamms are reported as temporarily unable to meet their obligations. The rumor created much excitement at the close, and several thousand shares of Allegheny Central were sold for them under the rule. This is believed to account for the sudden weakness in that stock, which was particularly strong at the morning board. We are assured that the difficulty is but temporary; as the house is one of the strongest, as it is the oldest, on the street."

De Witt came in, and nodded a word to Mr. Livingstone, but the old man did not hear him; and Derwent turned over his newspaper to the account of the great fire. This he read with some interest. "There is a rumor that the fire was incendiary," it concluded; "the head watchman reports that he received a warning that some mischief was to be attempted; and shortly after midnight, getting word that a suspicious boat seemed to be attempting a landing at the river front, he left his post temporarily on a tour of observation; and it was during his absence that the fire broke out. Other than this there appears little ground for ascribing to the fire an incendiary origin; and no possible motive for such a crime can be suggested. The bulk of the property belongs to Mrs. W. Levison-Gower, well known as a leader of fashion in our most exclusive circles."

O sapient newspaper! Derwent turned to the first page, the bulk of which was filled by the great ball, where he read of the diamonds and the dresses, how Mrs. Wilton Hay wore a sleeveless satin and a rope of pearls; how Mrs. Jacob Einstein had her corsage cut *en cœur*, and how well looked Mrs. Gower in a simple gown, cut *directoire*, and how well the footmen's calves in white silk stockings. But just then some young men entered from down town; and quite a group drew close about them.

"Is it all true about Townley?"

"Perfect smash, I hear——"

"No one knows where Tamms is——"

"Canada, they say——"

"Charlie Townley was there at the opening, but the fire finished him. A little Starbuck Oil was positively all they had." The last speaker was Arthur Holyoke.

"They say that even he left the State to-night. Poor Charlie, I'm sorry for him," said Killian Van Kull.

"There's a warrant out for Tamms already," said another. "Old Fechheimer got it."

"He pledged a lot of Fechheimer's bonds that he held in a syndicate, I was told," said Jack Malgam.

"Here are the evening papers," cried another, as a servant entered bearing a bundle of newspapers, which were quickly seized and devoured. For some minutes all was silence, save for an occasional ejaculation of surprise. Derwent continued to watch the club-room

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silently. Old Mr. Livingstone still sat in his chair, looking at the empty one over against him, which no one had taken.

"By Jove, it is worse than I thought," cried Malgam, with that certain pleasure bad news gives one when it is impressive and not personal. "Look here—the liabilities are said to amount to ten millions; the assets at present prices would not bring half that sum. The family of Mr. Phineas Tamms profess entire ignorance as to his whereabouts; but telegrams from reliable sources report his arrival at Montreal this morning."

"No other houses believed to be as yet involved in the failure." This latter news was read by De Witt with an air of some relief.

"I don't know about that," added another. "They held property for a great many people, to my certain knowledge."

"Tamms was to have been arrested to-night," Malgam read. "It is believed that a warrant has also been sworn out for Mr. Townley Junior.—I wonder where he is?"

It was noticeable that no one of them had yet mentioned old Mr. Townley's name. The company broke up into little groups, each discussing the great failure; which were added to from time to time as new men came in with their quota of news. Even the Duval ball had ceased to be talked about; so soon is one man's glory eclipsed by another man's disgrace. But Lionel Derwent marked that not one kindly word was said for Tamms.

There was a slight sensation at the door of the room, as young Beverly White entered; for White was Remington's partner, and had made much money in these last few days. Remington himself was not a member of the club; gossip had said that he could not get in, even though White had proposed him.

"Well, White, what news?" and the young men crowded round him.

"The news is that old Tamms has gone to smash, as I always said he would," said White; and he sank into an easy chair and called for some soda-water with an air of languid indifference.

"Pshaw! we knew that before——"

"Why did you ask me, then?" said White. "If people will speculate with other people's money——"

"Other people's money?"

"Yes—other people's money," drawled out the young man, sneeringly. "Old Townley got his boxes full, and then used it."

"Hush," said several, pointing to Mr. Livingstone in the window. "I guess it'll be some time before White gets his precious partner in here, after that remark," said another.

Mr. Livingstone, too, had taken a paper, and been poring over it; but something in this last speech seemed to reach his ear, and he looked up.

"Let's ask the old boy," said Malgam, in an undertone. "He must know more than all of us."

"Have you heard this news, sir?" said Killian Van Kull. Mr. Livingstone nodded silently. "And is it as bad as they say?"

"Worse," said the old gentleman, his voice quavering.

"But you cannot suppose that Mr. Townley knew anything of it?"

"It makes little difference whether he knew of it or not," answered the old man. There was a printed list of the club's members on the wall opposite him, and he was looking at it. Perhaps he was looking at the name of Charles Townley, whom he had played with as a boy.

"I knew that Tamms was a bad egg," said De Witt; "but that Mr. Townley——"

"Charles Townley, sir, is no better than a scoundrel," said Mr. Livingstone slowly. "He had all my wife's money, and nearly all of mine—but DAMME, sir, do you suppose I care for the money? If Charles Townley were sitting here with me again—I would give him— If Charlie Townley were sitting here, I—" The old man's voice grew weak, and he broke off in a sob.

The young men shifted about uneasily; and Derwent, in his corner, put up his newspaper before his face and tried to read.

Lucie Gower came in. He had just got home from a shooting trip down South. "Is Mr. Townley here?" said he. "I stopped at Wall Street on my

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way up town; and they tell me that the officers have gone to arrest him."

"No," said someone. Then there was a long silence. Mr. Livingstone spoke again. "Charles Townley was the oldest member of this club. And I am the next; and was his oldest friend. And Charles Townley is a scoundrel." The old man rose; and the younger men thought he was going out, and made way for him at the door. But he walked over to the printed list of members that was opposite him upon the wall. "Charles Townley—1839," he muttered, as he found the place; and taking a pen that lay on the table beneath, he filled it with ink, and drew it, with a trembling hand, heavily across the name. Then he turned, and went to the door; while the younger men sat silent. There he stopped a moment. "We are gentlemen in this club. That is all." And they heard his uncertain step across the hall.

All the men sat and looked at one another; but no one cared to speak. After some minutes a group gathered around Gower, and conversed in undertones. "It was the only thing to do," said one. "He will never come here to see."

"We could not have expelled the poor old gentleman," said Van Kull.

"But is it really as bad as he says?"

"I have no doubt of it. Tamms has made a clean sweep. And the old gentleman must have given him access to his own trusts."

"Poor old fellow! But what will Charlie do?"

"Oh, Charlie will fall on his legs. Wasn't it plucky, the way he faced the market yesterday?"

"Damn Remington!"

"You forget he is my partner," said Beverly White.

"Then damn you, too," said Van Kull cavalierly. "But poor old Townley! I'm sorry——"

The speaker stopped, conscious of a sudden chill. For there was an opening in the crowd, and there stood Mr. Townley close behind him.

"Well, boys—bad times in the street, eh?" The old man's voice piped a shrill treble, and there was something almost childish in his laugh. "Ah, the house of Charles Townley & Son has seen worse times than this. I remember when my father—in thirty-nine——"

There was dead silence in the room. Gower went up and tried to lead the old man away from the group of strangers.

"Ah, Gower, glad to see you— I've found a picture I think you'd like—you must come around to my house this evening—that is, if you've nothing else to do better than smoking with an old fellow like me. Eh! you young dogs! you young dogs! But why are you all so glum, my boys? Ah, you young fellows take things too earnest, nowadays."

"There's been a bad day in the stock-market," said Beverly White. "I hope, sir, the reports of Mr. Tamms's doings have been exaggerated?"

("Shut up, confound you," whispered Van Kull; but the other answered him with an ugly leer.)

"Mr. Tamms? ah, yes—clever fellow, Tamms. I like to help a young fellow along; he was in a tight place and I pulled him out. If you'd like a few hundred thousand I could let you have it—but they say Townley & Son have failed, you know. And Charlie told me something about my trusts—but that can't be, can it? I never lost a dollar on my trusts. All gone—everything gone! Where's Livingstone, my old friend Livingstone? His seat empty—why, he isn't ill? Tell me, my boy, where's Dick Livingstone?"

"He's gone, sir," said Gower.

"Gone? why gone? he always waits for me—there's nothing wrong with Livingstone, I hope? Why, he's a better man than I by most a year."

"He's lost much money, sir, they say—he said he couldn't wait."

"Lost? lost money? Oh, yes—all gone, gone— No, no—wait till my son Charlie gets down town—he's a bright boy; he'll carry on the old house, and show you boys a wrinkle, eh?"

No man there ventured to speak; for his son Charlie had died, some time back in the fifties.

Suddenly Mr. Townley began to laugh. "Aha, Dick Livingstone, we'll show the boys a turn or two—but where is he? Tamms—I know—my God—he's a rascal—it's gone, all gone."

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The old man tottered toward his seat in the window. It was just before the list of members; and all were silent in suspense. But suddenly a firm hand was laid on the old man's elbow. "Come home with me, sir. I've got a carriage waiting." It was Lionel Derwent.

"Ah, Mr. Derwent—glad to see you." His wan face lighted up with pleasure; and he seemed to think he was talking again with Derwent in the office. "Yes, it's a good stock—always was a good stock since Townley & Son managed it. Come home, you say? Yes, I think—I'm not quite well. Good-by, my boys."

Derwent led his tottering steps to the door. He smiled vacantly, but leaning heavily on Derwent's arm. No longer prey for Tamms, nor fitting object for a sheriff's care, or other troubles of this world. They passed the silent group about the centre-table, which made way respectfully.

"Don't forget the picture, Gower," said he, as Derwent led him from the door.

(To be concluded in the November number.)

THE RAILROAD IN ITS BUSINESS RELATIONS.

By Arthur T. Hadley.

THE railroads of the world are to-day worth from twenty-five to thirty thousand million dollars. This probably represents one-tenth of the total wealth of civilized nations, and one-quarter, if not one-third, of their invested capital. It is doubtful whether the aggregate plant used in all manufacturing industries can equal it in value. The capital engaged in banking is but a trifle beside it. The world's whole stock of money of every kind—gold, silver, and paper—would purchase only a third of its railroads.

Yet these facts by no means measure the whole importance of the railroad in the modern industrial system. The business methods of to-day are in one sense the direct result of improved means of transportation. The railroad enables the large establishment to reach the markets of the world with its products; it enables the large city to receive its food supplies, if necessary, from a distance of hundreds or thousands of miles. And while it thus favors the concentration of capital, it is in itself an extreme type of this concentration. Almost every distinctive feature of modern business, whether good or bad, finds in railroad history at once its chief cause and its fullest development.

As befits a nineteenth century institution, the railroad dates from 1801. In that year Benjamin Outram built in the suburbs of London a short line of horse railroad—or tramroad, as it was named in honor of the inventor. Other

George Stephenson.

works of the same kind followed in almost every succeeding year. They were recognized as a decided convenience but nothing more. It was hard to imagine that a revolution in the world's trans-

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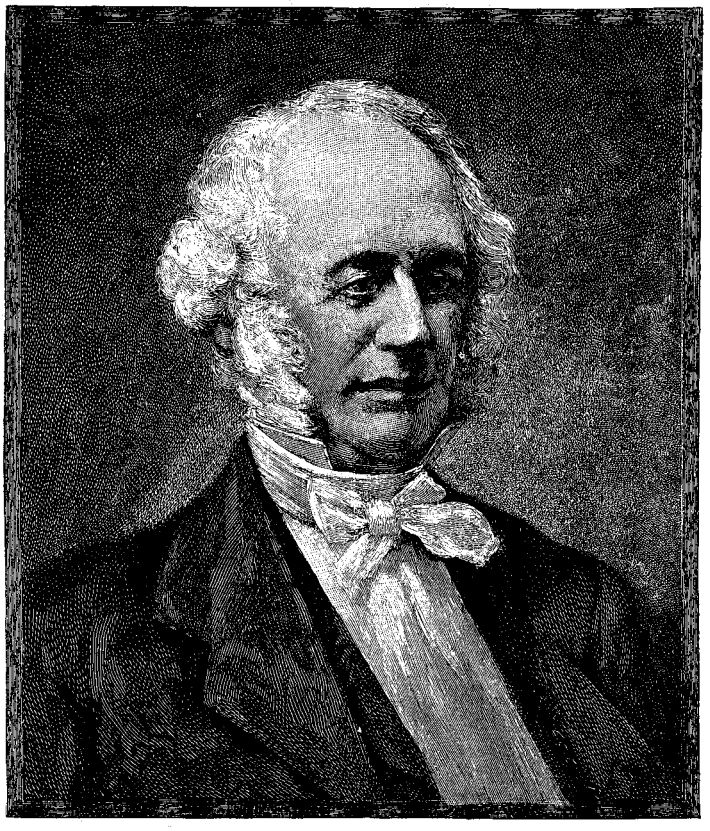
portation methods could grow out of this beginning. Least of all could such a result be foreseen in England, whose admirable canal system seemed likely to defy competition for centuries to come. And yet, curiously enough, it was a man wholly identified with canal business who first foresaw the future importance of the railroad. The Duke of Bridgewater had built canals when they were regarded as a hazardous speculation; but they proved a success, and in the early years of the century he was reaping a rich reward for his foresight. One of his fellow-shareholders took occasion to congratulate the Duke on the fact that their property was now the surest monopoly in the land, and was startled by the reply, "I see mischief in these——tramroads." The prophecy is all the more striking as coming from an enemy. Like Balaam, the Duke of Bridgewater had a pecuniary interest in cursing, but was so good a prophet that he had to tell the truth in spite of himself, even though his curse was thereby turned into a blessing.



Cornelius Vanderbilt.

It is hardly necessary to tell in detail how this prediction was realized. Thanks to the skill and perseverance of George Stephenson, the difficulties in the use of steam as a mode of propulsion were rapidly overcome. What was a doubtful experiment as late as 1815 had become an accomplished fact in 1830. The successful working of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway gave an impulse to similar enterprises all over the world. In 1835 there were 1,600 miles of railroad in operation—more than half of it in the United States. In 1845 the length of the world's railroads had increased to more than 10,000 miles; in 1855 it was 41,000 miles; in 1865, 90,000; in 1875, 185,000; in 1885, over 300,000.

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There were perhaps a few men who foresaw this growth; there were almost none who foresaw the changes in organization and business methods with which it was attended. People at first thought of the railroad as merely an improved highway, which should charge tolls like a turnpike or canal, and on which the public should run cars of its own, independent of the railroad company itself. In many cases, especially in England, long sheets of tolls were published, based on the model of canal charters, and naming rates under which the use of the road-bed should be free to all. This plan soon proved impracticable. If independent owners tried to run trains over the same line, it involved a danger of collision and a loss of economy. The former evil could perhaps be avoided; the latter could not. The advantages of unity of management were so great that a road running its own trains could do a much larger business at lower rates than if ownership and carriage were kept separate. The old plan was as impracticable as it would be for a manufacturing company to own the buildings and engines, while each workman owned the particular piece of machinery which he handled. Almost all the technical advantages of the new methods would be lost for lack of system. The railroad company, to serve the public well, could not remain in the position of a turnpike or canal company, but must itself do the work of carriage.

Thomas A. Scott.

This was not all. The same economy which resulted from the union of road and rolling-stock under one management was still further subserved by the consolidation of connecting lines. This change did not come about so suddenly as the other. Half a century had elapsed before it was fully carried out. At first there was no need of it. The early railroads were chiefly built for local traffic, and especially for the carriage of local passengers. They were

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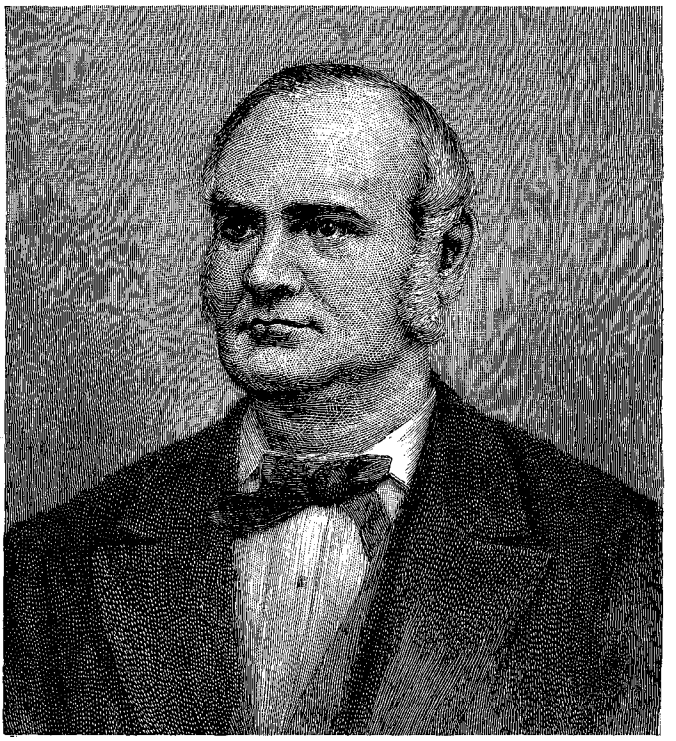
like the horse railroads of the present day in the simplicity of their organization and the shortness of their lines. England in 1847 had chartered 700 companies, with an average authorized length of hardly fifteen miles each. The line from Albany to Buffalo and Niagara Falls was in the hands of a dozen independent concerns. These were but types of what existed all over the world. As through traffic and especially through freight traffic grew in importance, this state of things became intolerable. Frequent transshipment was at once an expense to the railroad and a burden to the public. Even when this could be avoided, there was a multiplication of offices and a loss of responsibility. The system of ownership and management had to adapt itself to the technical necessities of the business. The change was not the result of legislation; nor was it, except in a limited sense, the work of men like Vanderbilt or Scott. It occurred in all parts of the world at about the same time. It was the result of business necessity, strong enough to shape legislation, and to find administrative leaders who could meet its demands.

From the very first there were some men who felt the importance of the railroads as national lines of communication. The idea was present in the minds of the projectors of the Baltimore and Ohio, of the Erie, and of the Boston and Albany. But it was not until 1850 that it became a controlling one; nor was it universally accepted even then. As late as 1858 we find that there was a violent popular agitation in the State of New York to prohibit the New York Central from carrying freight in competition with the Erie Canal. It was gravely urged that the railroad had no business to compete with the canal; that the latter had a natural right to the through traffic from the West, with which the railroads must not interfere. It is less than thirty years since a convention at Syracuse, representing no small part of the public sentiment of



John W. Garrett.

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New York, formally recommended "the passage of a law by the next Legislature which shall confine the railroads of this State to the business for which they were originally created."

But matters had gone too far for effective action of this kind. Besides the New York Central, the Erie and the Pennsylvania were in condition to handle the through traffic which western connections were furnishing. These connections themselves were rapidly growing in importance. Prior to 1850 there were very few railroads west of the Alleghanies. In 1857 there were thousands of miles. The policy of land grants acted as an artificial stimulus to the building of such roads; and a land-grant road, when once built, was almost necessarily dependent on through traffic for its support. It could not be operated locally; it was forced into close traffic arrangements which paved the way for actual consolidation.

The war brought this development to a standstill for the time being; but it was afterward resumed with renewed vigor. It is probable that the final effect of the war was to hasten rather than to retard the growth of large systems. In the first place, it familiarized men's minds with national ideas instead of those limited to their own State. It is hard for us to realize that our business ideas were ever thus confined by artificial boundaries; but if we wish proof, we have only to look at the original location of the Erie Railway from Piermont to Dunkirk. Both were unnatural and undesirable terminal points; but people were willing to submit to inconvenience and to actual loss in order that the railroad might run as far as the New York State limits would allow, and not one whit farther. Similar instances can be found in other States. Hard as it is to understand, there seems to have been a positive jealousy of interstate traffic. The war did much to remove this by making the different sections of the country feel their common interest and their mutual dependence. It also had more direct effects. It produced special legislation for the Pacific Railroads as a measure of military necessity; and this was but the beginning of a renewal of the land-grant policy, no longer through the medium of the States, but in the Territories and by the direct action of Congress. All the results in the way of extension or consolidation which had been noted in the first land-grant period were more intensely felt in the second. Never was there a time when business foresight and administrative power were more needed or more richly rewarded than in railroad management during the third quarter of the century.

In 1847, J. Edgar Thomson, an engineer of experience, entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which he afterward became president. Three years later, a young man without experience in railroad business applied to him for a position as clerk in the station at Duncansville, and was, with some hesitation, accepted. Not long after—so runs the story—an influential shipper entered the station, and demanded that some transfers should be made in a manner contrary to the rules of the company. This the clerk refused to do; and when the influential shipper tried to attend to the matter himself, he was forcibly ejected from the premises. Indignant at this, he complained to the authorities, demanding that the obnoxious employee be removed from his position. He was—and was promoted to a much higher one. This is said to have been the beginning of the railroad career of Thomas Alexander Scott. Edgar Thomson was a sufficiently able man to appreciate Scott's talent at its full worth, and took every opportunity to make it useful in the service of the company. Both before and after the war the system was extended in every direction; and the man who in 1850 had need of all his nerve to defy a single influential shipper was a quarter of a century later at the head of 7,000 miles of the most valuable railroad in the country.

As an enterprising and active railroad organizer, Scott was probably unrivalled—especially when aided by the soberer judgment of Thomson; nor has the operating department of any other railroad in the country reached the standard established on the Pennsylvania by Scott and Thomson and the men trained up under their eyes. But in business

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sagacity and those qualities which pertain to the financial management of property, Scott was surpassed by Vanderbilt. The work of the two men was so totally different in character that it is hard to compare them. Vanderbilt was not so distinctively a railroad man as Scott. He had already made his mark as a shipowner before he went into railroads. But he was a man who was bound to take the lead in the business world; and he saw that the day for doing it with steamships was passing away, and that the day of railroads was come. He therefore presented his best steamship to the United States government in a time when it was sorely needed, disposed of the others in whatever way he could, and turned his undivided attention to railroads.

In 1863 Vanderbilt began purchasing Harlem stock on a large scale. The road was unprofitable, but he at once improved its management and made it pay. Speculators on the other side of the market had not foreseen the possibility of this course of action, and were badly deceived in their calculations. Vanderbilt had begun buying at as low a figure as 3; within little more than a year he had forced some of his opponents to buy it of him at 285. He soon extended his operations to Hudson River, and somewhat later to New York Central. Defeated in an attempt to gain control of Erie, he turned his attention farther west; and was soon in virtual possession of a system which, in his hands at any rate, was fully a match for all competitors.

These systems did not long remain without rivals. The Baltimore and Ohio, whose development had been interrupted by the war, soon resumed, under the leadership of John W. Garrett, its old commanding position in the railroad world. Farther west, in the years succeeding, systems were developed and consolidated which surpassed their eastern connections in aggregate mileage. The combined Wabash and Missouri Pacific system in its best days included about 10,000 miles of line under what was virtually a single management. The Southern Pacific, the Atchison, the Northwestern, and the St. Paul systems control each of them in one way or another decidedly over 5,000 miles; and a half dozen others might be named, scarcely inferior either in magnitude or in commercial power.

The result of all this was to place an enormous and almost irresponsible power in the hands of a few men. The directors of such a system stand between thousands of investors, tens of thousands of employees, and hundreds of thousands of shippers. They have the interests of all these parties in their hands for good or ill. If they are fit men for their places, they will work for the advantage of all. A man like Vanderbilt gave higher profits, larger employment, and lower rate as the result of his railroad work. But if the head of such a system is unfit for his trust intellectually or morally, the harm which he can do is almost boundless.

Of intellectual unfitness the chance is perhaps not great. The intense competition of the modern business world makes sure that any man, to maintain his position, must have at least some of the qualities of mind which it exacts. But of moral unfitness the danger is all the greater, because some of the present conditions of business competition directly tend to foster it. A German economist has said that the so-called survival of the fittest in modern industry is really a double survival, side by side, of the most talented on the one hand and the most unscrupulous on the other. The truth of this is already apparent in railroad business. A Vanderbilt on the Central meets a Fisk on the Erie. In spite of his superior power and resources he is virtually beaten in the contest—beaten, as was said at the time, because he could not afford to go so close to the door of State's prison as his rival.

The manager of a large railroad system has under his control a great deal of property besides his own—the property of railroad investors which has been placed in his charge. Two lines of action are open to him. He may make money *for* the investors, and thereby secure the respect of the community; or he may make money *out of* the investors, and thereby get rich enough to defy public opinion. The former course has the advantage of honesty, the latter of rapidity. It is a disgrace to the com-

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munity that the latter way is made so easy, and so readily condoned. A man has only to give to charitable objects a little of the money obtained by violations of trust, and a large part of the world will extol him as a public benefactor. Nay, more: it seems as if some of our financial operators really mistook the *vox populi* for the *vox Dei*, and believed that a hundred thousand dollars given to a theological seminary meant absolution for the past and plenary indulgence for the future. It is charged that one financier, when he undertook any large transaction which was more than usually questionable, made a covenant that if the Lord prospered him in his undertaking, he would divide the proceeds on favorable terms. But—as Wamba said of the outlaws and "the fashion of their trade with Heaven"—"when they have struck an even balance, Heaven help them with whom they next open the account!"

A word or two as to the methods by which such operations are carried on and the system which makes them possible. From the very first, railroads have been built and operated by corporations. A number of investors, too large to attend personally to the management of the enterprise, took shares of stock and elected officers to represent them. These officers had almost absolute power; but while matters were in this simple stage, there was no great opportunity for its abuse. The losses of investors were due to *bona fide* errors of judgment rather than to misuse of power. But soon the corporations found it convenient to borrow money by mortgaging their property. We then had two classes of investors—stockholders and bondholders, the former taking the risks and having the full control of the property, the latter receiving a relatively sure though perhaps smaller return, but having no control over the management as long as their interest was regularly paid.

Of course there is always some danger when the men who furnish the money do not have much control of the enterprise; but as long as the relations of stock and bonds were in practice what they pretended to be in theory, the resulting evils were not very great. Matters soon reached another stage. The amount of money furnished by the bondholders increased out of all proportion to that furnished by the stockholders. Sometimes the nominal amount of stock was unduly small; more commonly only a very small part of the nominal value was ever paid in.* The stock was nearly all water, simply issued by the directors as a means of keeping control of the property. After the crisis of 1857, people had become shy of buying railroad stock; but they bought railroad bonds because they thought they were safe. This was the case only when there was an actual investment of stockholders behind them; without this assurance, bonds were more unsafe than stock had been, because the bondholders had still less immediate control over the directors and officials. If there was money to be made at the time, the directors made it; if there was loss in the end, it fell upon the bondholders.

Let us take a specific case. An inside ring issues stock certificates to the value of a million dollars, on which perhaps a hundred thousand is paid in. They then publish their prospectus and place on the market two million of bonds with which the road is to be built. They sell the bonds at 80, reimburse themselves for the $100,000 advanced by charging the moderate commission of 5 per cent. for services in placing the loan, and have at their disposal $1,500,000 cash. These same directors now appear as a construction company, and award themselves a contract to pay $1,500,000 for work which is worth $1,200,000 only. The road is finished and probably does not pay interest on its bonds. It passes into the hands of a receiver. Possibly

* In 1886 the capital stock and the indebtedness of the railroads of the United States amounted to about four thousand million dollars each. Most of the debt represents money actually paid in; but a very large fraction of the stock is a merely nominal liability on which no payments have been made. Some was issued as here described merely as a means of keeping control of the property; some, as the easiest method of balancing unequal values in reorganization; some, to represent increased value of the property, so as to be able to divide all the current earnings without calling public attention too prominently to the very profitable character of the business. On the other hand, some stock on which money was actually paid has been wiped out of existence; and something has been paid out of earnings for capital account without corresponding issue of securities. The net amount of "water," or excess of nominal liabilities over actual investments, in the capital account of the railroads of the country can only be made the subject of guesswork. Estimates of responsible authorities vary all the way from 0 to $4,000,000,000.

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the old management may have an influence in his appointment. At the worst, they have got back all the money they put in, *plus* the profits of the construction company; in the case supposed, 300 per cent. The bondholders, on the other hand, have paid $1,600,000 for a $1,200,000 road.

But the troubles of the bondholders and the advantages of the old directors by no means end here. When the receiver takes possession he discovers that valuable terminals, necessary for the successful working of the road, are not the property of the company, but of the old directors. He finds that the road owns a very inadequate supply of rolling-stock, and that the deficiency has been made up by a car trust—also under the control of the old directors. Each of these things, and perhaps others, must be made the subject of a fight or of a compromise. The latter is often the only practicable alternative, and almost always the cheaper one; by its terms the ring perhaps secures hundreds of thousands more, at the expense of the actual investors.

These are but a few of the many ways in which a few years control of property may be made profitable to the officials at the expense of legitimate interests. In a case like this, all depends upon the possibility of selling the bonds. It is usually impossible to place the whole loan before construction; and if the market price falls below the cost of the work undertaken, as was the case with the West Shore, the loss falls upon the construction company. Such accidents were for a long time rare. It took the public nearly twenty years to learn the true character of imperfectly secured railroad bonds. Within the past five years it seems to have become a trifle wiser. The crisis of 1873 was insufficient to teach the lesson; but that of 1885 has been at least partially successful in this respect.

In cases like the one just described the bondholders are largely to blame for their own folly. But sometimes the loss falls on those who are in no way responsible for it. A railroad may be built as a blackmailing job. If a company is sound and prosperous, speculators may be tempted to build a parallel road, not with the idea of making it pay, but because they can so damage the business of the old road as to force it to buy them out. They build the road to sell.

It is but fair to say that operations as bad as those just described are the exception rather than the rule. But the fact that they can exist at all is by no means creditable to our financial methods. The whole system by which directors can use their positions of trust to make contracts in which they are personally interested puts a premium on dishonesty. Such contracts are forbidden in England. It may be true, as is urged by many railroad officials of undoubted honesty, that it would be inconvenient to apply the same law here; but on the whole the gain would far outweigh the loss.

At the very best, a railroad president is subject to temptations to misuse his financial powers, all the more dangerous because it is impossible to draw the line between right and wrong. He knows the probable value of his railroad and of the property affected by its action a great deal better than any outsider possibly can. The published figures of earnings of the road are the result of estimates by himself and his subordinates. Out of the current earnings he pays current expenses, and probably charges permanent expenditures to capital account. But what expenditures are current and what are permanent? This division is itself the result of an estimate, and a very doubtful one at that. There are some well-established general principles, but none which will apply themselves automatically. With the best will in the world he cannot make his annual reports give a thoroughly clear idea of what has been done. Is he to be forbidden to buy stock when it seems too low, or sell it when it is high? Shall we refuse him the right to invest in other property which he sees will advance in value? Apparently not; and yet, if we allow this, we open the door for some of the worst abuses of power which have occurred in railroad history. The line between good faith and bad faith in these matters is a narrow one, and the average conscience cannot be trusted to locate it with accuracy.

But the relations to the investors

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cover but a small part either of the work or of the responsibility of the railroad authorities. They are managing not merely a piece of property, but a vast and complicated organization of men, and an instrument of public service. In all these capacities their cares are equally great. The operating and the traffic departments are not less important than the financial department. The relations of the railroad to its employees and to the business community at large, are even more perplexing than its relations to the investors.

Of the questions arising between the railroad and its employees we are just beginning to realize the full importance. They are not matters to be settled by private agreement or private war. If they involve a serious interruption of the business of the community they concern public interests most vitally. The community cannot afford to have its business interrupted by railroad strikes. On the other hand, it cannot allow the men to make this public duty of the railroads a means of enforcing their own will on every occasion, to the detriment of all discipline and responsibility, or in disregard of investors' rights. How to compromise between these two conflicting requirements is one of the most serious problems of the immediate future. Little progress in this direction has as yet been made, or even systematically attempted.

The questions arising from the relations of the railroads to those who use them are wider and older. From the very outset attempts were made to regulate railroad charges by law in various ways. The fear at that time was that they might be made unreasonably high. This fear proved groundless. From the outset the rates were rather lower than had been expected, and much lower than by many of the means of transportation which railroads superseded. These low rates caused a great development in business; and this, in turn, gave a chance for such economy in handling it, that rates went still lower. Each new invention rendered it easier to do a large business at cheap rates. The substitution of steel rails for iron, which began shortly after the close of the war, had an enormous influence in this respect. This was not merely due to the direct saving in repairs, which, though appreciable, was moderate in amount. It was due still more to improvements in transportation which followed. It was found that steel rails would bear heavier rolling-stock. Instead of building ten-ton cars to carry ten tons of cargo, they built twelve-ton cars to carry twenty tons of cargo, or fourteen-ton cars to carry thirty tons; and they made the locomotives heavy enough to handle correspondingly larger trains. A given amount of fuel was made to haul more weight; and of the weight thus hauled, the freight formed a constantly increasing proportion as compared with the rolling-stock itself. The system of rates was adopted to meet the new requirements. Charges were made incredibly low in order to fill cars that would otherwise go empty, or to use the road as nearly as possible to its full capacity. In the twenty years following the introduction of steel rails, the traffic of the New York Central Railroad increased from less than 400,000,000 ton-miles to decidedly over 2,000,000,000; while the average rates fell from 3.09 cents per ton per mile in 1866 to 0.76 cent in 1886. This is but a single instance of a process which has gone on all over the country. The average freight charge on all railroads of the country to-day is little over a cent a ton a mile: less than half what would have been deemed possible on any railroad a few years ago.

The progress of railroad consolidation contributed greatly to this economy. It saved multiplication of offices; it saved rehandling of freight; it enabled long-distance business to be done systematically. So great were its advantages that co-operation between connecting lines was carried far beyond the limits of actual consolidation. Through traffic was handled without transshipment, sometimes by regularly incorporated express companies or freight companies on the same plan, but more commonly by what are known as fast freight lines. These are little more than combinations for keeping account of through business; they are by no means ideal in their working, but they have the advantage of having few ex-

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penses and no income, so that the temptation to steal, which is the bane of such organizations, is here reduced to a minimum.

But all these things, while they increased the efficiency of the service, also increased the power of the railroad authorities and rendered the shipper more helpless. The very cheapness of rates only made a recourse to other means of transportation more difficult. If *A* was charged 30 cents while his competitor *B* was paying only 20 cents for the same service, he was worse off than when they were both paying a dollar; and the fact that no other means of conveyance could be found to do the work for less than a dollar simply put *A* all the more completely at the mercy of the railroad freight-agent. In other words, the fact that rates were so low made any inequality in rates all the more dangerous. The lower the rate and the wider the monopoly, the less was the chance of relief.

Such inequalities existed on a large scale: and they were all the more difficult to deal with because there was a certain reason for some of them, existing in the nature of railroad business. The expenses of a railroad are of two kinds. Some, like train and station service, locomotive fuel, or repairs of rolling-stock, are pretty directly chargeable to the different parts of the business. It costs a certain amount in wages and in materials to run a particular train; if that train is taken off, that part of the expense is saved. But there is another class of items, known as fixed charges, that do not vary with the amount of business done. Interest on bonds must be paid, whether the volume of business be large or small. The services of track-watchmen must be paid for, whether there be a hundred trains daily or only a dozen. In short, most of the expenses for interest and maintenance of way are chargeable to the business as a whole, but not to particular pieces of work done. The practical inference from this is obvious. In order that the railroad as a whole may be profitable, the fixed charges must be paid somehow. The railroad manager will try to get them as he can from different parts of his traffic. But if, for any reason, a particular piece of business cannot or will not pay its share of the fixed charges, it is better to secure it at any price above the bare expense of loading and hauling, without regard to the fixed charges. For if the business is lost, these charges will run on just the same, without any added means of meeting them.

The consequence is that there is no natural standard of rates; or rather, that there are two standards, so far apart that the difference between the two is quite sufficient to build up one establishment or one locality and ruin another, in case of an arbitrary exercise of power on the part of the freight-agent. In the use of such a power it was inevitable that there should be a great many mistakes, and some things which were worse than mistakes. Colbert once cynically defined taxation as "the art of so plucking the goose as to secure the largest amount of feathers with the least amount of squealing." Some of our freight-agents have taken Colbert's tax theories as a standard, and have applied them only too literally. It is this short-sighted policy which has made the system of charging "what the traffic will bear" a synonym for extortion. Interpreted rightly this phrase represents a sound principle of railroad policy—putting the burden of the fixed charges on the lines that can afford to pay them. But practically — in the popular mind at least—it has come to mean almost exactly the opposite.

The points which got the benefit of the lowest rates were the large trade centres, which had the benefit of competing lines of railroad, and often of water competition also. The threat to ship goods by a rival route was the surest way of making a freight-agent give low rates. The result was that the growth of such places was specially stimulated. In addition to their natural advantages they had an artificial one due to the policy of competing lines of railroad. It may well be the case, as is argued by railroad men, that sound railroad economy demands that goods in large masses should be carried much more cheaply than those which are furnished in smaller quantities. But it is certain the practice went far beyond the limits

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of any such justification. There was a time when cattle were carried from Chicago to New York at a dollar a car-load; and many other instances, scarcely less marked, could be cited from the history of trunk-line competition. The fact was that in an active railroad war freight-agents would generally accede to a demand for reduced rates at a competing point, whether well founded or not, and would almost always turn a deaf ear to similar demands from local shippers, however strongly supported by considerations of far-sighted business policy.

But this was not the worst. Inequalities between different places might after some hardship correct themselves; differences of treatment between individuals could not be thus adjusted. And the system of making rates by special bargain almost always led to differences between individuals, where favors were too often given to those who needed or deserved them least. The fluctuation of rates was first taken advantage of by the unscrupulous speculator. Often, if he controlled large sources of shipment, he might receive the benefit of a secret agreement by which he could obtain lower rates than his rivals under all circumstances. A more effective means for destroying straightforwardness in business dealings than the old system of special rates was never devised. Sometimes, where one competitor was overwhelmingly strong, the pretence of secrecy was thrown aside, and the railroad companies so far forgot their public duties as almost openly to assist one concern in crushing its rivals. The state of things in this respect twelve or fifteen years ago was so bad that it is painful to dwell upon; but the reformation today is not so complete that we can wash our hands of past sins.

Less was said or felt of similar evils in passenger traffic, because the passenger business of the country generally is of much less importance than its freight business, either to the railroad investors or to the producers themselves. But there was the same fluctuation in passenger rates; and there was an outrageous form of discrimination in the development of the free-pass system; a practice which would have fully deserved the name of systematic bribery, had it not become so universal that most men hardly recognized any personal obligation connected with the acceptance of a pass. Officials and other citizens of influence had come to regard it as a right; it was not so much bribery on the part of the companies as blackmail levied against them.

The remedies proposed for all these evils have been various. From the very beginning until now there have been some who held that such abuses could be avoided only by state railroad ownership. Such experiments in the United States have not gone far enough to furnish conclusive evidence either way; but the experience of other countries indicates that state railroads as such do not avoid these evils. Where they have been worked in competition with other lines, they have been as deeply involved in these abuses as their private competitors—perhaps more so. Where the government has obtained control of all the railroads of the country, and made such arrangements with the water-routes as to render competition impossible, the abuses have vanished, because there was no longer any conceivable motive to continue them. But this was the result of the monopoly, not of the state ownership; and the advantage was purchased by a sacrifice of all the stimulus of competition toward the development of new facilities.

It is a mistake to assume, as so many people do, that, because the Government represents the nation as a whole, therefore government officials will not be under the same temptations to act unjustly which are felt by the representatives of a private corporation. It is not as representatives of the investor that railroad agents do much injustice; this motive has practically nothing to with it. Most of the abuses complained of are positively injurious to the investor in the long run. When officials really represent the interests of the property with wise foresight, they as a rule give the public no ground to complain. The question reduces itself to this: Will the state choose better representatives and agents than a private corporation? Will it secure a higher grade of officials, more

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competent, more honest, and more enterprising? The difference between state and private railroads is not so much on matters of policy as on methods of administration. The success of government administration varies with different countries. In Prussia, where it is seen at its best, the results are in some respects remarkably good; yet even here the roads are not managed on anything like the American standard of efficiency, either in amount of train service, in speed, or in rapidity of development. And what is barely successful in Prussia, with its trained civil service on the one hand and its less intense industrial demands on the other, can hardly be considered possible or desirable in America. No one who has watched the workings of a government contract can desire to have the whole trade of the country put to the expense of supporting such methods in its transportation business.

A more easy method of trying to regulate railroad charges has been by forced reductions in rates. This was tried on the largest scale in the Granger movement fifteen years ago. A fall in the price of wheat had rendered it difficult for the farmers to make money. The Patrons of Husbandry, in investigating the causes, saw that the larger trade centres, where there was competition, were getting lower rates than the local producer. They reasoned that if all the farmers could get such low rates, they could make money; and that, if the roads could afford to make these low rates for any points, they could afford to do it for all. The railroad agents, instead of foreseeing the storm and trying to prevent it, assumed a defiant attitude. The result was that legislatures of the States in the upper Mississippi Valley passed laws of more or less rigidity, scaling down all rates to the general level of competitive ones. After a period of some doubt, the right of the States to do this was admitted by the courts. But before the legal possibility had been decided, the practical impossibility of such a course had been shown. If all rates were reduced to the level of competitives ones, it left nothing to pay fixed charges. On such terms, foreign capital would not come into the State; nor could it be enticed by such a clumsy effort as that of one of the States, which provided "that no road *hereafter constructed* shall be subject to the provisions of this act." The goose which laid the golden eggs was not such a goose as to be deceived by this. The untimely death of several of her species meant more than any promises of immunity to those who should follow in her footsteps. In those States which had passed the most severe laws capital would not invest; railroads could not pay interest, their development stopped, and the growth of the community was seriously checked thereby. The most obnoxious laws were either repealed or allowed to remain in abeyance. Where the movement was strongest in 1873 it had practically spent its force in 1876. There have been many similar attempts in all parts of the country since that time; just now they are peculiarly active; but nothing which approaches in recklessness some of the legislation of 1873 and 1874. The lesson was at least partly learned.

We had hardly passed the crisis of the effort to level down, when some of the more intelligent railroad men made an effort to level up. Recognizing that discriminations and fluctuating rates were an evil, they sought to avoid it by common action with regard to the business at competing points. A mere agreement as to rates to be charged was not enough to secure this end. Such an agreement was sure to be violated. Even if the leading authorities meant to observe it, their agents could always evade its requirements to some extent. Such evasion was favored by loose arrangements between connecting roads, and by the somewhat irresponsible system of fast freight lines. Wherever it existed, it gave rise to mutual suspicion. *A* believed that his road did it because he could not help it, but that *B* and *C* were allowing their roads to do it maliciously; while *B* and *C* had the same consciousness of individual rectitude and the same unkind suspicions with regard to *A*. It was at best a rather hollow truce, which did not really accomplish its purpose, and which might change to open war on very slight provocation.

To avoid this difficulty a pool, or division of traffic, was arranged. It is a fact that, whatever wars of rates there

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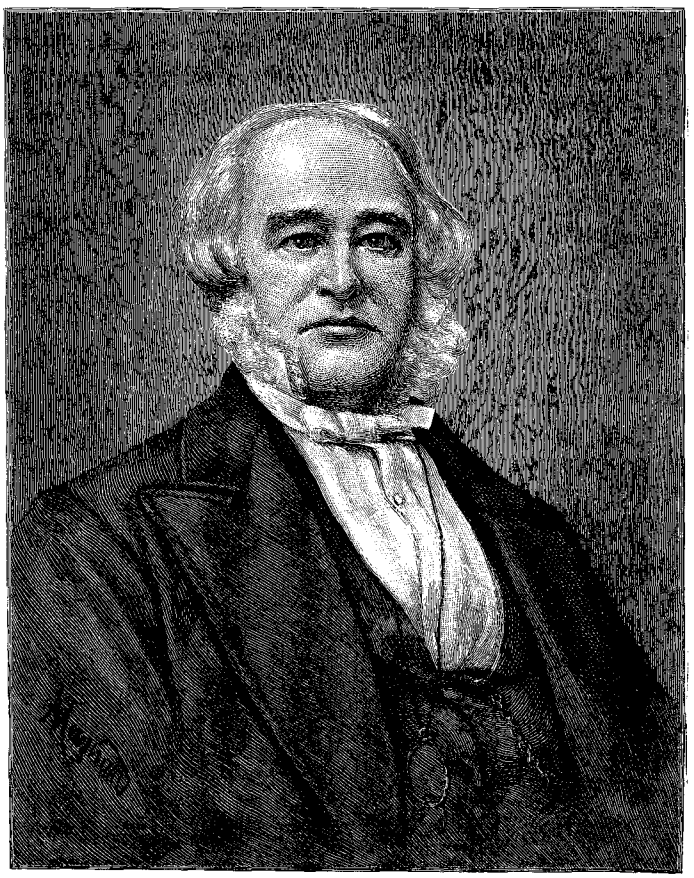
may be, the percentage of traffic carried by the different lines varies but little. If an arbitrator can examine the books and decide what these percentages have been in the past, he can make an award for the future, under which the competitive traffic of the different roads may be fairly divided. The arrangements for doing this are various. Sometimes the roads carry such traffic as may happen to be offered, and settle the differences with one another by money balances; sometimes they actually divert traffic from one line to another. But the advantage of either of these arrangements over a mere agreement to maintain rates is that they cannot be violated without direct action on the part of the leading authorities of the roads concerned—either in open withdrawal, or in actual bad faith. The ordinary irregularities of agents do not, under a pooling system, give rise to much suspicion, because they do not benefit the road in whose behalf they are undertaken. Its percentage being fixed there is no motive for rate-cutting. So great is this advantage that pooling is accepted in almost all other countries as a natural means of maintaining equality of rates; the state railroads of Central Europe entering into such contracts with competing private lines and even with water-routes. In America itself, pools have had a longer and wider history than is generally supposed. In New England they arose and continued to exist on a moderate scale without attracting much attention. In the Mississippi Valley, the Chicago-Omaha pool began as early as 1870, and formed the model for a whole system of such arrangements extending



J. Edgar Thomson.

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as far as the Pacific Coast. But, as involving wider questions of public policy, the activity of the Southern and the Trunk Line Associations has attracted chief attention.

The man whose name is most prominently identified with both these systems is Albert Fink. A German by birth and education, his long experience as a practical railroad engineer did not deprive him of a taste for studying traffic problems on their theoretical side. As Vice-President of the Louisville and Nashville, he had given special attention to the economic conditions affecting the southern roads; and when, in the years 1873–75, a traffic association was formed by a number of these roads to secure harmony of action on matters of common interest, he became the recognized leader. His success in arrangements for through traffic was so conspicuous that when, in 1877, the trunk lines were exhausted with an unusually destructive war of rates, they looked to him as the only man who could deliver them from their trouble. In some lines, division of traffic had already been resorted to; but it was in the hands of outside parties, like the Standard Oil Company or the cattle eveners, and was made a means of oppression against shippers not in the combination itself.

Albert Fink.

The conditions were not favorable; the result of Fink's efforts to bring order out of chaos was slow and by no means uninterrupted. Yet on the whole, as was admitted even by opponents of the pooling system, it contributed to steadiness and equality of rates. The arrangement of these agreements was hampered by their want of legal status. While the law did not at that time actually prohibit them, it refused to enforce them. Existing thus on sufferance, they depended on the good will of the contracting parties. None but a man of Fink's unimpeached integrity and high intellectual power could have kept matters running at all; and even he could not prevent the adoption of a policy of making hay while the sun shines, more or less regardless of the future. The results of the trunk-line pool were unsatisfactory—most of all to those who believed in pools as a system; but it is fair to attribute a large part of this failure to the absence of legal recognition, which in a manner compelled the agreements to be arranged to meet the demands of the day rather than of the future.

Meantime an equally important contribution to the solution of the railroad question was being worked out in another quarter. In the year 1869 the Massachusetts Railroad Commission was established. Its powers were so slight that it was not regarded as likely to be an influential public agency. Fortunately it numbered among its members Charles Francis Adams, Jr.; a man whose efficiency more than made up for any want of nominal powers. In his hands the mere power to report became the most effective of all weapons. Repre-

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senting at once enlightened public judgment and far-sighted railroad policy, he did much to bring the two into harmony and protect the legitimate interests on both sides from short-sighted misuse for the benefit of either party. The detail of his work is matter of past history; perhaps its most prominent result was to introduce to State legislation the idea of a railroad commission as an administrative body. Those States which had no stringent laws appointed commissions to take their place; those which had over-stringent ones appointed commissions to use discretion in applying them. In either case, the existence of a body of men representing the State, but possessing the technical knowledge to see what the exigencies of railroad business demanded, was a protection to all parties concerned.

But matters were rapidly passing beyond the sphere of State legislation. Each new consolidation of systems, each additional development of through traffic, made it more impossible to control railroad policy by the action of individual States. It could only be done by a development of the law in the United States courts or by Congressional legislation. The former result was necessarily slow; each year showed an increased demand for special action on the part of Congress. But such action was hindered by divergence of opinion in that body itself. One set of men wished a moderate law, prohibiting the most serious abuses of railroad power, and enforced under the discretionary care of a commission. These men were for the most part not unwilling to see pools legalized if their members could thereby be held to a fuller measure of responsibility. On the other hand, the extremists wished to prescribe a system of equal mileage rates; they would hear of no such thing as a commission, and hated pools as an invention of the adversary. Between the two lay a large body of members who had no convictions on the matter, but were desirous to please everybody and offend nobody—a hard task in this particular case. It was nearly nine years from the time Mr. Reagan introduced his first bill when a compromise was finally effected—largely by the influence of Senator Cullom. As compromises go, it was a tolerably fair one. The extremists sacrificed their opposition to a commission, but secured the prohibition of pools; the disputed points with regard to rates were left in such a shape that no man knew what the law meant, and each was, for the time being, able to interpret it to suit the wishes of his Congressional district.

The immediate effects of the law were extremely good. There were certain sections of it, like those which secured publicity of rates and equal treatment for different persons in the same circumstances, whose wisdom was universally admitted. Indeed it was rather a disgrace, both to the railroad agents and to the courts, that we had to wait for an act of Congress to secure these ends; and most of the railroads made up for past remissness in this respect by quite a spasm of virtue. In some instances

Charles Francis Adams.

it was even thought that they "stood up so straight as to lean over backward." But this was not the only part of the law which proved efficient. The very vagueness of the clause concerning the relative rates for through and local traffic, which under other circumstances might have proved fatal, put a most salutary power into the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commis-

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sion, and one which they were not slow to use.

The President was fortunate in his selection of commissioners; above all

Thomas M. Cooley.

in the chairman, Judge T. M. Cooley, of Michigan, a man whose character, knowledge of public law, and technical familiarity with railroad business made him singularly well fitted for the place. The work of the Interstate Commission, like that of its Massachusetts prototype, shows how much more important is personal power than mere technical authority. It was supposed at first that the commission would be a purely administrative body, with discretion to suspend the law. Instead of this, they have enforced and interpreted it; and in the process of interpretation have virtually created a body of additional law, which is read and quoted as authority. With but little ground for expecting it from the letter of the act, they have become a judicial body of the highest importance. Their existence seems to furnish a possibility for an elastic development of transportation law, neither so weak as to be ineffective nor so strong as to break by its own rigidity.

But the final test of their success is yet to come. They have laid down a few principles as to the cases when competition justifies through rates lower than those at intermediate points. But the application of these principles is as yet far from settled; and it is rendered doubly hard by the clause against pools, which does much to hamper the roads in any attempt to secure common action on the matter of through rates. Each ill-judged piece of State legislation, and each reckless attempt to attack railroad profits, increases the difficulty. There was a time when the powers of railroad managers were developed without corresponding responsibility. In many parts of the country we are now going to the other extreme—increasing the responsibility of railroad authorities toward shipper and employees, State law and national commission, and at the same time striving to restrict their powers to the utmost. Such a policy cannot be continued indefinitely without a disastrous effect upon railroad service, and, indirectly, upon the business of the country as a whole.

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ROMANCE.

By L. Frank Tooker.

Again my king would sail away,
Because the land was tame,
And foes there met were wisps of hay
Unto his heart of flame.

All day from his high lattices
He watched the tumbling sea:
The maidens of the sculleries
Went down the lanes in glee;

The young brown reapers lolled afield;
The cattle stood in stall;
The watchman slept beneath his shield,
Upon the sunlit wall.

The princess and a page between
The ranks where lilies flower,
Leaning below the lilies' screen,
With kisses marked the hour.

Yet heedless from his lattices
The King still looked without:
The north wind blowing in the trees
Was like a battle-shout;

Betimes he thought the leafy lane
Broke white before the blast;
Betimes a gull's wing in the rain
Seemed like a slanting mast.

He rose and passed the seneschal,
Who followed in a dream
And let the unseen beakers fall
And let the wine-butts stream.

He led his comrades to the sand.
Eager and old as he,
They launched their bark and left the land
In sweet discovery.

Seaward they drove: the roaring main
Leaped up to meet the rail;
Loud shrilled the blast, loud rang the rain
Upon the windy sail.

And seething waves joined in the race;
Like horses wild with pain,
They set the ship a madman's pace
And shook each whitened mane.

Where broke the tall wave-crests of green
They saw their old gods go;
To them the hidden was the seen,
And one were weal and woe.

The vaporous coasts they ever fled,
The purple isles they passed;
Dearer to them the way that led
Into the stinging blast.

And dear the black flaws on the lee,
And dear the sleeted rain;
For them the wide, mysterious sea
Was still their best domain.

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extraordinarily expressive eyes; and the abruptness and solemn intensity of their glance frightened the girl. She gave a start so violent that she dropped the casters into her soup-plate, whence they fell with a crash upon the floor. The unhappy creature, seeing the havoc she had wrought, rose precipitately and ran out of the room. There was a chorus of startled exclamations from the lady boarders; the landlady apologized for the awkwardness of the girl, and declared that she would tolerate her no more in her house. But when the first excitement had subsided, Brooks found the attention of the whole table concentrated upon him. What had he done to Charity to make her behave so shockingly? There was no one who uttered this query, but it was written upon all the curious, amused, or indignant faces that were turned toward the gentleman from New York.

"Those New York men," an elderly Boston spinster was heard to remark, *sotto voce*, "they are shockingly—well, I won't say what I mean."

She had no idea that the New York man in question rather enjoyed the sensation he was making. He made himself as broad as he could, looked up from his plate now and then with his contemptuous smile, and ate on with a kind of insolent appetite and imperturbable defiance. Before the meal was at an end, he had managed, somehow, without opening his mouth, to make all the ladies at the table his enemies.

II.

It was not the first time in the life of Mortimer Brooks that he made an unfavorable impression. He was a tall, well-grown man with a handsome face, and yet the majority of people disliked him. From his earliest childhood he had met with antagonism and hostility, and he was utterly at a loss to explain why. He had somehow entered the world with the wrong foot foremost. There had been some difficulty between his father and mother which had clouded his earliest years; and he had a vague impression that the latter was more to blame. She had during his boyhood dragged him about from Rome to Wiesbaden and from Wiesbaden to Paris and then back again to Rome, interrupting his schooling whenever it suited her whim. An unquenchable thirst for excitement impelled her to change continually her place of residence; but like the man who moved from house to house to get rid of the Brownie, she always carried her Brownie with her. Her Brownie was named Discontent. She had been born with poor blood; and was *blasé* from the very cradle. Toward her son she was by turns plaintive and irritable—perhaps because she felt herself in the wrong before him and suspected in him a silent accuser. She had subordinated his life to hers, persuading herself always that whatever she liked to do was the best for him.

After fifteen years of this migratory existence, during which no permanent relations had been formed and no ties, either local or personal, Mortimer found himself impelled to explore the land of his birth. His father was then dead; and the uncle to whom he was referred for funds and counsel gave him such a cool reception that he felt disinclined to make advances. He was dimly aware that his alienism, which he deplored but could not help, was mistaken by his kinsman for affectation; and he was too proud to disabuse him. At Harvard, where he sojourned for two years, his reserve and foreign appearance gained him much admiration but no friends. And it was friends he yearned for—close human relations, freedom from restraint, and communion of souls. It was in pure self-defence that he appeared haughty; because, being driven by his temperament to extremes, he was too strong to be humble. He could not sue for confidence and good-will; even though he ardently desired them; and the only alternative was to appear to despise them. The gift to unlock hearts had somehow been denied him; and he would gladly have given all advantages he possessed in exchange for this one gift. He remembered having once envied a Roman *gamin* whose mother slapped him in the street and afterwards hugged him with repentant tears to her bosom. The impulsive naturalness of both acts lay so far beyond the sphere in which his lot

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was cast, that, by contrast, they appeared admirable. He hungered at times for censure almost as much as he hungered for praise; but both were refused him. He moved about in a shadow world, where all seemed unreal, except his own acute sense of his unsatisfied desires. People loved, wooed, and mourned round about him; and only he seemed to be cut off from all these sweet experiences of common, every-day mortality. He was scarcely himself aware that, as he brooded over the exceptional character of his lot, there grew a certain vague satisfaction within him which tempered his regret, a subtile pride in the very fact that he was exceptional. But this was a bitter-sweet feeling, after all, and far removed from contentment.

After having gotten into collision with the college authorities about a question of discipline, Mortimer left the academic halls, and drifted about for some years, in search of a vocation. He was conscious of great powers, that seemed available for almost anything; but the particular task which presented itself was always more or less distasteful. He had money enough to support existence in a modest way, without working, but could imagine nothing more contemptible than such impotent resignation. He would have taken to literature if he had not felt confident that the first note he struck would be a strident discord. He had written some things, to be sure; but had received them back from the magazines with the consoling assurance that "non-acceptance did not necessarily imply lack of merit." His private conviction was that in his case it implied too much merit; but, of course, it was useless to argue the thing, and he was too clever not to see that the magazine point of view was commercially right. In the meanwhile, feeling the need of doing something to put the editors in the wrong, he retired to the remote island of Poltucket, where the conditions for such an enterprise were said to be favorable. He engaged comfortable lodgings at Mrs. Morgan's boarding-house on the Bluff, and had just prepared himself to establish amicable relations with all the spinsters on the back piazza, when the incident with the book-keeper spoiled all his beautiful plans. During the long eventless afternoons, this scandalous occurrence was vehemently debated on all the piazzas in the town, and a Brooks and an anti-Brooks party were soon distinguishable among Mrs. Morgan's boarders. The former consisted chiefly of Miss Anastasia Herkomer, a rather plain young lady from Vassar, who declared that she could see no reason why a man should not look at a girl as much as he liked, and step on her foot, too, if it amused him, provided he granted her the privilege to step on his in return. She took it into her head to admire Brooks prodigiously (also by way of diversion), and felt flattered and exhilarated by the teasing comments and railleries which were aimed at her by her fellow-boarders. She got up quite a "Hamlet," not only in the absence of the Prince, but without his knowledge.

As for the girl who had been the innocent cause of all this disturbance, she had been in some manner spirited away. Mrs. Morgan professed to be ignorant of her whereabouts, and declined to entertain the proposition to take her back. A great deal of hysterical philanthropy which was stirred up in her behalf ran absolutely to waste. Even a purse that was made up by the lady boarders who resented her dismissal failed to reach her through the Post Office, and it was on that occasion that Miss Anastasia scandalized the company on the piazza by recommending that it be intrusted to Mr. Brooks, who probably had a better knowledge of the topography of the island than the Postmaster. The Rev. Mr. Nichols, who kindly acted as agent-in-chief for the ladies' indignation committee, had, in the meanwhile, become possessed of some scraps of the girl's history, which he communicated with slight dramatic embellishments to the committee. Her name, as they already knew, was Charity Howland. She was the daughter of a once prosperous lawyer, long since deceased; her mother was a Miss Tuthill and was said to have had some of the best blood in New England in her veins. The daughter had lived, since her mother's death, in the houses of various remote relatives, and had been badly treated by some of them. She had been an omnivorous reader and had acquired a sort of fragmentary education.

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She was as shy as a plover, and when you chanced to look at her, started like a bird about to take flight. The fact was, although she was born and bred on the island, nobody seemed to know much about her, one way or the other, except that she was a "poor orphaned critter," that, as an old sea-captain remarked, she was "sorter shet-up-tight, like a quore-hog," and "that it warn't no easy job to get a shot at her." Mr. Nichols was about to inquire why anybody should want to shoot at her; but caught himself in time to discover that the remark was metaphorical.

III.

The great scenic feature of Poltucket is a jagged mole or jetty, made of enormous stones, running three quarters of a mile out into the water. It has sagged a little in places and is there overrun at high tide; but when the tide is below the flood-mark, it is dotted all over with bright-colored sun-umbrellas, under each of which will be found, on investigation, a young lady, a novel, and occasionally also a young man. In the latter case, it sometimes happens that the novel floats in to the town with the rising tide. Mortimer Brooks found this jetty attractive, not so much on account of the vacancies under the sun-umbrellas, as on account of the facilities it offered for fishing. Here was an opportunity for catching lobster, scup, and even plaice-fish, without resorting to oars.

It was on a blustery afternoon in July, about two weeks after the disappearance of Charity Howland, that Brooks, in fashionable sportsman's attire, was seen looming up against the horizon, with a fishing-spear and a rod on his shoulder. He passed successfully the various pitfalls, marked by blue and scarlet parasols, and after a stiff climb over the rough stones reached the part of the jetty where eel and plaice-fish were said to abound. He stood there for fully three hours, and had fair luck, though the exasperating little wharf-fish amused themselves stealing his bait and, by their superior agility, snatching the hook before the very noses of their larger and more desirable neighbors. The tide had, in the meanwhile, changed, and was running out at a high speed. The sun had set, and the wind was blowing a gale from the north. The spray beat over the stones every moment, and flew in hissing showers through the air. It was getting decidedly unpleasant, and Brooks determined to tempt fortune no longer, but betake himself back to the security of the solid earth and Mrs. Morgan's hostile piazza. He had just wound his line on the rod, and was about to turn his back on Boreas, when he discovered the figure of a solitary woman in a dory, some twenty feet beyond the end of the jetty. She was making great exertions to pull up her anchor, but apparently did not succeed. Brooks watched her for a minute or two, then shouted to her, but received no reply. The wind drowned his voice. He could not make up his mind whether she was in danger or not; and therefore feared to appear importunate with his offer of help. The tide, in the meanwhile, which at that very point ran with the greatest vehemence, was tossing the dory up and down and drenching its occupant with spurts of flying spray. Sudden squalls swept, with smoke and blackening water in their track, across the harbor; and a few belated catboats which had been out blue-fishing came scudding along with double-reefed sails, careening heavily, and burying their noses with a great splash in the white-crested waves. The young girl in the dory was casting anxious glances toward the dark-blue horizon, in the pauses between her futile struggles with the anchor-chain. Brooks had by this time made up his mind that he would rather risk offending her than see her perish before his eyes. Having fastened his rod between the stones, he started forward, with the spear, leaping from rock to rock, and in ten or fifteen minutes reached the end of the jetty. The girl was then seated with averted face in an attitude of resignation, watching the motions of the gulls that circled screaming over her head. Two fishing-lines were hanging over the gunwale; but she did not heed them. "Do you need help?" shouted Brooks.

She started at the sound of his voice as if she had been shot; glanced shyly toward him, and then looked again at the horizon.

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"Do you need help?" he repeated, bellowing with all his might against the wind. She writhed for a moment with bashful self-consciousness; then rose and seemed to struggle with a desire to leap into the water. At last, when she had no alternative but to face him, she turned slowly about, and he saw that she was none other than Charity Howland, the vanished book-keeper. It was rather an unexpected denouement, and to him, with his European notions, rather an absurd one. He appeared to himself in anything but a heroic light. However, when fate plays a prank upon you, there is no use in rebelling. Brooks promptly smothered the snobbish feeling that threatened to assert itself; and determined to play knight-errant to the book-keeper with amiability and good grace.

"Can't you pull your anchor up?" he cried.

"No, it is caught between two stones," she answered, with a look of imploring timidity that went straight to his heart.

"Try another pull; jerk sideways!"

"It is no use. I've tried every way."

A spirit of enterprise and adventure invaded the young man's soul. Steadying himself with the lobster-spear, he stalked calmly out over the submerged part of the jetty, planting his feet firmly on the slippery, kelp-covered stones. The tide whirled and eddied about his knees—six or eight steps more and he stood waist-deep in the surging water. It was hard work to keep his footing there; and he knew he could not do it long. He could now barely reach the dory with the spear; and he managed to fasten its hook in the prow and to pull it slowly toward him. The girl was crouching in the bottom of the boat, with shy glances and little timid movements, as if she were wishing to apologize for having the hardihood to exist at all.

"Come here," he commanded, as he laid hold of the boat with his hands. She stared at him in helpless bewilderment, but did not stir.

"Come, I say, quick," he repeated, with a touch of impatience.

The girl arose, trembling with confusion, and looked as if she were again contemplating a plunge into the water.

"If you don't come," he broke forth, "I shall be carried out to sea with the tide. I can't keep my footing much longer."

That appeal she could not withstand; but she looked the picture of misery, as with flaming cheeks and a wildly palpitating heart she obeyed his summons. He put his arms about her in a prompt and business-like fashion, which ought to have been reassuring. But, for all that, she could not control an inclination to shiver.

"Lean to the left; put your arms about my neck," he said in the tone of a drill sergeant who commands: "Forward, march."

The girl obeyed bashfully because she did not dare to disobey. But suddenly a thrill of joy, of exultation, of ineffable well-being tingled through her. The blood gushed in warm streams from her heart and danced through her veins. Her humility, her bashfulness, her trembling confusion dropped from her like a garment. She sat enthroned upon his arm, with the wide horizon about her, proud and happy as a queen. She felt that he was wholly preoccupied with her rescue, oblivious of herself. But she had suddenly become quite unconcerned about herself, and absorbed in him. She was not afraid that he would stumble, though she saw him strain every nerve to keep his footing, and anxiously fumble his way with his feet over the slippery rock-weed that streamed like green hair over the stones. The brilliant star-fishes clung to the rocks and stared up at her, and somehow they had never before seemed so bright and beautiful. The gulls grew clamorous about her, and with shrill bad-weather screams swept past her, so close that she felt the wind of their wings on her cheeks. But her heart sung within her, and made light of their ominous voices. The gale tossed her hair wildly about her head; and she felt as if a new soul had been abruptly awakened within her—a soul sympathetic with all that was beautiful and bold and free. There were showers pouring in black-blue slanting lines from sky to sea, on the Western horizon, and they came sweeping eastward with splendid uproar and lashed waters and

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shifting play of color. All that she had never seen before; and it was wondrously beautiful.

It is said that the happiest moments in our lives appear the shortest. It is not always so. To Charity it seemed as if she had lived a life in the five or ten minutes before he put her down on the stones of the jetty. But what could she say to him now? It seemed unendurable to have to speak and thank him, and tune her exaltation down to commonplaces. She had no language in which fittingly to address him; and when her feet touched the granite blocks, an irresistible impulse set them in motion, and she flew away, leaping from stone to stone, like some shy and agile animal that hears the hounds behind it. Brooks looked after her in astonishment; but was, on the whole, not ill-pleased. He saw her slim figure outlined now against the brown land, now against the blue water: the wind strained and fluttered her garments about her form and emphasized its comeliness. The young man, dripping wet as he was, stood leaning upon the lobster-spear, regarding her leisurely. The longer he looked, the more pleased he was.

"She sat enthroned upon his arm, with the wide horizon about her, proud and happy as a queen."

"She is original, to say the least," he muttered; "she has delicacy of feeling. Charming face, too," he added musing, "and a good figure, though a trifle too slight."

It occurred to him, at that moment, that his escapade had taken place in full view of Mrs. Morgan's piazza, and that he probably had disported himself in the focus of the three or four field-glasses which, from that social observatory, were always sweeping the horizon. That reflection drove the blood to his cheeks, and robbed him of all joy in his adventure.

IV.

The Rev. Albion Nichols felt called upon to make himself the spokesman of the universal indignation. He was a man in whom ladies naturally confided, and he could not but agree with them that Brooks's conduct was scandalous. For, of course, that Quixotic rescue from a boat, lying calmly at the end of the jetty, was, on his part at least, a mere piece of bravado, prompted by his delight in outraging the proprieties. Mr. Nichols felt justified in taking him to task for such conduct, first, because he was a clergyman, and, secondly, because he had been a classmate of Brooks at college. He was prepared, of course, to have the delinquent resent the reprimand (for he was terribly touchy, where censure was implied); but he was far

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from expecting such cool irony and supercilious condescension. Brooks had such an irritatingly lofty style of behavior when he chose to assume it, that scarcely a conclave of bishops would have sufficed to put him down. I fear there was a little straining of the facts in the account Mr. Nichols gave of the interview to the ladies' indignation committee, although he candidly admitted that his rebuke had been fruitless, and had perhaps even confirmed his erring friend in his obnoxious course. Miss Herkomer, who still persisted in being unsympathetic, flaunting her admiration of Brooks in the face of the shocked committee, had the hardihood to approve of the rescue of book-keepers on general principles, because it furnished a good illustration of the Horatian precept, to combine the useful with the amusing.

"He was far from expecting such cool irony and supercilious condescension."

It was quite true that the reprimand of Mr. Nichols, which went no further than the most cautious suggestion that somebody might take offence, was one of several half-confessed motives which prompted Brooks's actions during the week that followed. He would scarcely have admitted that he cared enough for the gossiping congregation on the piazza to find it worth while to defy it; but, for all that, it gave an added zest to his enjoyment of the fresh adventures he had planned, to think that he should "send those cackling old hens into hysterics." The girl, however, had by this time become the principal object of interest to him; and he found her invading his mind at all times with the suddenness of a meteor, leaving a shining trail of thoughts behind her. He was anything but a sentimentalist; at least he was confident that he possessed that knowledge of the world which is like an adamantine armor against the mythological arrows. That distance lends enchantment, he held to be particularly true in the case of women; and he was more than half expecting, in his own case, to produce disenchantment by annihilating the distance. He discovered, by patient exploration of lanes and alleys, that Charity had found a refuge with an ancient retired mariner, named Captain Jewell. This worthy man, he ascertained, supported existence by making baskets, and had no objection to the visits of customers. Brooks found him a guileless old tar, crooked and gnarled, with lumps and knots in all sorts of wrong places.

"I came to look at your baskets," said the young man, as he entered.

"Ye don't say," replied the Captain, looking up from his work with a blank, senile stare.

"What is the price of this one?" inquired Brooks, after having examined the stock with an air of connoisseurship.

"Ye can give what ye like fur it."

"I prefer to give what you like."

From baskets the transition was easy to life in general, and the special problems and vexations which it presented in Poltucket. Captain Jewell had reduced these to a minimum, as his wants were few and Charity always looked out for him.

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"Then you live on Charity?" remarked his visitor with wilful obtuseness.

The old man moved his jaws and looked up again with his vague, senile stare. The pun, bad as it was, was a little too much for him.

"She is out now in the dory," he observed in explanation, "gone scuppin', I reckon, or plaice-fishin'."

"Then Charity is your daughter."

"My darter! No she ain't my darter. No kin of mine—as I knows on; though my wife and her they was sorter second cousins or aunts or somethin'. She's sorter anchored here,—and a mighty good and seasonable gal she be."

"A seasonable girl!"

The Captain's mind, like a craft with a broken rudder, refused to change its tack in obedience to the wind. He could talk but he could not converse.

"She's sorter shy and skittish-like," he went on meditatively. "Ef she spies a man through the glass anywhar on the horizon, up flies her jib and mainsail, and away she skips and takes no 'count o' the weather."

That was an interesting piece of information to Brooks; the old man's guilelessness emboldened him to be more explicit.

"Then she is not married," he said; "or engaged to be married. But I suppose she has beaus?"

"Beaus! Bless ye, no. She ain't that kind of gal. Ye know Charlie Thurston, the drug clerk? Wal, he sorter cruised about her fur a year or more; signalled to her and sech like; but she didn't give him no show. Never answered his signals, nur hove him a line, nur nuthin'."

It was obvious that this was a favorite topic with the old man, for he went on without any urging, relating with much gusto anecdotes illustrative of the young girl's shyness and indifference to the charms of masculine society. Brooks felt tempted to put out a little feeler, just then, and remarked quite casually:

"By the way, I think I have seen her. Wasn't she out fishing last Monday?"

"Right ye be. That was Charity. She had been a-scuppin', but she didn't ketch nuthin'."

"I hope she got home safely—without any mishap. I saw her in her dory, lying a short distance beyond the jetty."

"It would have ter be a mighty smart mishap ter ketch up with her," chuckled the Captain, in amused retrospect. "I tell yer, she sails a boat as stiddy as any man in Poltucket. Ef she wa'n't a gal, she could take out her papers fur pilot, and beat 'em all at it. She's got a weather-eye as would make her fortune on the sea, ef the government hadn't killed our shippin' deader nor a doornail and laid us all up in dry-docks fur ter die of dry rot and rheumatics."

Brooks could scarcely tell why the knowledge that she had not confided her adventure to the Captain filled him with satisfaction. Having gained this vantage ground, he determined to await her arrival, and in order to while away the time lighted a cigar and offered one to the Captain. They talked for an hour about the good whaling times before the war, about shark-fishing, and about the three great families which, springing from Poltucket, had played so prominent a part in commercial and political affairs. It was about five o'clock when they heard the outside gate click, and rapid steps approaching.

"Thar she blows!" said the captain, with a confidential wink to his visitor; "keep yer look-out and lay low."

These phrases, borrowed from his old whaling experience, conveyed but the faintest sort of meaning to Brooks.

"Does she blow?" he asked naïvely.

"You bet a chaw of terbacker that she do," said the old man and chuckled down into his very boots.

At this moment the door was flung open, and the girl, flushed with excitement, burst into the room.

"Captain," she cried breathlessly opening her basket and showing him its contents; "what do you give me for that?"

She held a ten-pound bluefish close up to his nose, while her face beamed with pride.

"I'll be blowed ef it ain't bluefish," said the captain. "But who hauled it in fur ye? Ye tuk Charlie Thurston along with yer in the boat, didn't ye?"

He was about to appeal with a furtive glance to Brooks for appreciation of his delightful slyness, but a vigorous

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slap of the fish-tail upon his cheek frustrated his purpose. "Captain Jewell," she said, stamping her foot, "I am ashamed of you."

Brooks was amazed at such an exhibition of spirit, and the animation of her

"Thar she blows!" said the captain, with a confidential wink to his visitor.

pretty face, usually so demure, took him no less by surprise. She gave the captain a vivid account of the day's adventures, and was scudding along at a brisk rate, when all of a sudden she broke off in the middle of a sentence, dropped her eyes and stared at the floor. The animation died out of her face, and the blood mounted to her cheeks and spread over her neck and forehead.

It was the sudden discovery of Brooks, sitting half hidden behind the opened door, which caused the transformation. It was pitiful to see her embarrassment. She seemed to look in vain for some crack or corner where she might creep and hide herself. If she had twisted her apron or bit her finger tips, in the conventional way, the Captain would have been relieved of his oppressive sense of guilt. But she stood utterly helpless, looking at him with the blank reproach of a creature which suffers but cannot retaliate.

"Wal now, I'll be blowed ef I hain't gone and done it," exclaimed the old mariner with a kind of half-hearted bravado; but he saw the vanity of persevering on that tack and promptly took his bearings. "I didn't mean to hurt yer, child," he added ruefully. "Ye know I be an old fool."

V.

The island of Poltucket is about as flat as a pancake. There is a saying there that, if your children go astray, you only have to stand up on a chair and look through an opera-glass; then you are sure to find them. To make assurance doubly sure, however, most of the houses in Poltucket are provided with a square platform or balcony on the roof, right around the chimney; and there you may see the aged sea-captains sit by the hour, sweeping the horizon with their telescopes. It may not be their children they are looking after; as these are apt to be beyond the age of parental tutelage, but anything, living or inanimate, on land or sea, affords a welcome break in the heavy monotony of life. A ship, if it be sound, calls half the population to their roofs; a wreck the whole. Charity Howland was therefore perfectly in order when, the day after Brooks's visit, she was seen seated on the roof with her glass leveled toward some distant object. It was only Miss Herkomer, at Mrs. Morgan's, who found her action reprehensible; and that was probably because Miss Herkomer was herself, at that moment, engaged in marine observation. She had gotten Brooks in her focus, as he lay "scupping" in a boat out at the bell-buoy; and she had a suspicion that Charity's glass was leveled in the same direction. She had been Charity's champion, as long as she believed the whole affair to be a mere idle excitement, bred in the fancy of hysterical spinsters. But now a sharp pang of jealousy nestled in her heart; and she began to suspect that she was not so disinterested as she had imagined. And Charity, when suddenly she found Miss Herkomer's gaunt image in her focus with quite a sinister expression, and the threatening glass pointed unmistakably at herself, was smitten by her conscience, and in guilty

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confusion tumbled down the stairs. The damsel from Vassar, on the other hand, persevered for two hours in her task; and rather invited than repelled observation. She was endeavoring to persuade herself that her sham passion was real; while the poor little girl in Captain Jewell's garret stood with fear and trembling, staring at the wall, endeavoring to convince herself that her real passion was a delusion. A man was such a remote and formidable kind of creature to her, that it had never seriously entered into her calculations that he was indispensable to any sort of love romance ending in bliss or misery. But since her adventure at the end of the jetty, she had begun to think with vague thrills of joy and fear of the possibilities which such a relation involved. She lived over again in fancy, a hundred times, her sensations when she sat enthroned upon his arm, with the gulls and the wind shrieking in her ears and the wide glorious horizon all about her.

"The poor little girl in Captain Jewell's garret stood with fear and trembling."

Such an hour,
When the shriveled life-germs burst into flower,
Compensates in a breath
For the chill and the darkness of death.

Miss Anastasia, in the deadly tedium of Mrs. Morgan's piazza, spent much time pondering on the relation of Brooks to Charity. Her own life had been desperately barren and devoid of incident. She had taken refuge in intellectual pursuits, as a *dernier ressort*, in order to make existence endurable. Otherwise she would have gone mad from sheer boredom. She had taken a lively interest in Charity, as long as she believed her to be a wronged member of her own sex. But she found it hard to forgive her the enjoyment of romantic misery and agitation. The telescope incident put a new face upon everything; it made her hate Charity, and yet vaguely desire to be near her. I am not sure that she resolved to outshine her intellectually, and by her superior charms to introduce an unpleasant complication into the romance which might otherwise run too smoothly. I think rather it was a dim craving for excitement which impelled her, and a dim but tantalizing curiosity as to what was really going on between those two mysterious and uncommunicative persons. She accordingly surprised Captain Jewell with a visit one afternoon, and quite dumfounded him by her lively interest in his baskets. She bought half

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a dozen, which she declared to be "immense," though they were but eight or ten inches in diameter; and importuned the old man to teach her how to make them. He saw no way of refusing, and finally agreed to give her lessons, at fifty cents an hour.

"And how is your sweet granddaughter?" asked Miss Herkomer with nervous vivacity; "I do hope she is well."

"She is underground these nine years, mum," answered the literal Captain; "I reckon she be comfortable."

"You don't mean to say so. Why no, that isn't possible; for I saw her only the other day, and she looked perfectly lovely."

"She was a likely child, mum, but she turned up her toes, nine years ago, in August, jest as the mackerel come, and the Spanish brigantine was wrecked on the south shore."

Miss Herkomer, feeling unequal to the further pursuit of the subject, transferred her interest to the wreck, and sat down on an empty soap-box, while the Captain consented to part with some fragments of information concerning the memorable event. He was endeavoring, with the utmost difficulty, to explain the uses of the life-saving apparatus, when the door to the kitchen was opened, and Charity entered. Miss Herkomer jumped up, put her arms about her waist, and kissed her with much effusion. She did not allow the girl's look of surprise in the least to dampen her ardor.

"I have missed you so much since you left, dear," she said; "and I regretted so much that lamentable affair with Mr. Brooks. I think he was horrid to subject you to such a humiliation; and I have never been able to forgive him for it. I assure you, I have not spoken to him once since you left. I don't suppose you have seen him, either, have you?"

"Yes," said Charity simply; "I have."

"Yes, of course, you couldn't help seeing him; but what I mean is, you haven't talked with him."

"Yes; I have talked with him too."

Anastasia was a trifle taken aback. She was not prepared for such sincerity. The thought occurred to her that Charity was crowing over her; or that perhaps she was deeper than anybody suspected.

"Now, dear, let us be perfectly frank with each other," she said; "there is nothing that I admire more than perfect sincerity. If there is one virtue I possess, it is that. You know, of course, it is of no consequence to me, one way or another, whether you have talked with Mr. Brooks."

She felt she had struck a false note there, before the words were fairly uttered; but her lips went mechanically and blundered on. There seemed to be a demon in her tongue, who delighted in this kind of transparent mendacity which deceived no one. She felt she was getting into deeper waters the longer she talked; and yet she could not stop without, somehow, appearing to herself awkward and foolish. The fact was, she was new to the rôle, having never cared enough for men to compromise her conscience on their account. But this miserable Brooks, in whom she had interested herself, at first, as a joke, had revenged himself by taking possession of her mind in a wholly unprecedented manner. She was now perfectly aware that she had lodged in Charity's heart the very suspicion she had intended to avert. She was looking anxiously toward the door, expecting, every moment, to see Brooks enter. Charity was sitting, with a kind of chilly wonder, watching her face, and dodging her direct questions with a childlike ingenuity which was admirable, because it looked like candor. As killing time was the object, Miss Anastasia again addressed herself to the Captain, who had been braiding his osiers automatically, and deplored the frequency of wrecks upon the Poltucket coast.

"It ain't no use whimperin', mum," the old man replied; "ef wrecks wasn't good fer somethin', the Lord wouldn't send 'em."

"Good for something!" exclaimed Miss Herkomer; "you don't mean to say that you like to see people perish!"

"I didn't say nuthin' of the sort, mum; but our folks has got ter live; and there ain't nuthin' else fer them to live on now, sence the guvernment killed the shippin'."

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"Then you are, on the whole, glad when you hear of a wreck."

"I didn't say that, mum; I don't pray the Lord fer ships ter be wrecked; but I do pray the Lord that ef ships has ter be wrecked, they be wrecked on Poltucket."

The Captain showed a vigor of intellect on this one topic which was the more impressive, because of his decrepitude.

"I tell you, mum," he went on, after having moved his jaws, for some minutes, in silent indignation, "I voted the Republican ticket every blessed year, but now I don't no more. Sence they put up the two life-savin' stations on the island and six light-houses, I am a Democrat. And many more with me, mum; as they'll find out by and by, mum, when they put up their next man fer President."

VI.

Brooks was laboring under a difficulty which in all lands makes greatness more or less inconvenient. He was so conspicuous a figure in Poltucket that everything he did or said made something of a sensation. It seemed unchivalrous to him to expose the young girl who filled his thoughts to the cruel village gossip, unless he was irrevocably determined to ask her the fatal question. He despised himself for entertaining such pusillanimous considerations; for his ideal of a lover was a daring and unscrupulous Don Giovanni, whose joyous march of conquest was strewn with wrecked hearts. He saw himself constantly in spirit doing all sorts of audacious things which in the body he never could hope to attain. That little, timorous girl with the sweet, demure face, who looked up at him with those large, trustful blue eyes, how could he afford to experiment with her fragile heart, and throw it away, in case it should not prove to be worth keeping? He knew that, in case he made such a discovery, his pusillanimous conscience would get the better of his heroic aspiration, and he would end by keeping her heart, regardless of its value. He went occasionally to visit the Captain, and for want of anything better to do, presented him with high-flavored imported cigars, which the mariner ruthlessly bit in two, putting one half into his mouth and chewing it, and the other into his vest-pocket. After having chewed them, he dried the leaves and smoked them in a pipe. Brooks invariably, on these occasions, met Miss Herkomer (for she watched his movements through her telescope with great exactness) and was drawn into conversation with her about all sorts of nightmarish literary topics, which gave her a chance to parade her intelligence. It was obvious that the Fates were against him. There never was a courtship attended with more hopeless difficulties. The wrath of a father with a shot-gun, or of a deceived rival, thirsting for gore, would have been trifles compared with the dire vigilance of Miss Herkomer and a hundred other morbid moralists who sat in windows, on piazzas, and on the house-tops, taking social observations, all on the *qui vive* for scandalous developments.

It would never have occurred to Brooks that his chief persecutor should be the very one to extricate him from this sad dilemma. Miss Anastasia was inclined to believe that she had now advanced far enough in the young man's favor to risk a change of programme. She knew that the moon had the reputation of stimulating the hidden springs of sentiment in the masculine heart, and determined to arrange a moonlight sail, in which Brooks and herself should be the principal participators. She broached her plan cautiously to the Rev. Mr. Nichols, who, without suspecting ulterior motives, went headlong into the trap. He pleaded, with clerical innocence, for half an hour, to be allowed to invite Brooks, as the young man had, he thought, now been sufficiently punished for his *faux pas*, which had, after all, not been anything more than a youthful indiscretion. It is superfluous to add that Anastasia was convinced by this argument, and gave Mr. Nichols the desired permission. But when Brooks had accepted, she was not at all anxious to extend her hospitality further. She wanted a small, congenial party, she said, and Mr. Nichols was finally persuaded to coincide in her view. By

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some clever manœuvring, several were invited who, it was known, would be unable to go, and in the end the select and congenial party, when it met at three o'clock in the afternoon on the wharf, was found to consist of but four persons, the fourth of whom was Charity Howland. Brooks, who had done a little plotting of his own, had persuaded Nichols to hire Captain Jewell's catboat, (on charitable grounds as he urged) and as the young girl was amply competent to sail it, the guileless parson had concluded to engage her, and dispense with a sailing-master. That seemed, in view of what had occurred between him and Brooks (in whose good graces he was anxious to re-establish himself), a sort of *amende honorable*—a vote of confidence, as it were, the delicacy of which no one could fail to appreciate.

I shall not attempt to describe Anastasia's feelings, when she found herself outplotted in this shameful manner. She had to display a cheerful mask, of course, but it cost her a considerable effort. The plan was, to spend the afternoon fishing, take supper on board and sail home by moonlight, returning about 10 or 11 o'clock in the evening. The wind was fair, and the boat shot ahead at a good speed. Charity sat bare-headed at the rudder, holding the tiller with a firm grasp, and with a cool professional glance (which Brooks found ravishing) watching the sail, the water, and the horizon. She commanded "heads down" when she jibed, with a *sang froid* in which there was no trace of her customary timidity. The low sand-dunes that inclosed the harbor floated like enchanted isles upon the bosom of the sea, the vast vault of the sky was steeped in sunshine, and the gulls who rejoiced in its freedom seemed embodiments of bliss. If it had been Nichols and not Miss Herkomer who, in the midst of his glorious absorption in the elements, had asked Brooks what his opinion was of George Eliot's "Theophrastus Such," he would have felt tempted to do him bodily harm. In fact, the question jarred so violently on him that he had to exercise all his self-restraint, in order to give a polite answer

"Oh, have pity on my youth and innocence, Miss Herkomer," he exclaimed with mock entreaty; "what have I done to thee, that thou should'st thus maltreat me?"

"I fear, Mr. Brooks, you are one of those who disapprove of intellect in women," Miss Herkomer rejoined, with a primness which was in itself a rebuke to his levity.

"Not at all. I only hold that there are some things which are more valuable than intellect."

"More valuable than intellect! What are they, pray?"

"Health, first of all; innocence and simplicity of soul, sweet and unspoiled emotions."

He looked directly at the unconscious girl at the rudder, as if he read out of her face all the things which he found most admirable.

"You mean to say," demanded Miss Herkomer, with a note of exasperation which she found it hard to suppress, "that the mere crude health which any peasant or fisher-girl possesses is more valuable to the world than the noble intellect of a George Sand or a George Eliot?"

"If it is a question of universal application, I should say yes," answered Brooks fearlessly; "if you mean only in rare individual cases, I should say no. In my opinion, the world could better afford to spare in its womankind the intellect of George Eliot than the health which such intellectual attainments would be apt to undermine. George Eliot, as you know, died childless; if all womankind died childless, but with towering intellects, civilization would expire with us, and we should all have lived in vain."

Mr. Nichols, who had been trolling a bluefish line, here gave a shout, which happily interrupted the discussion. He rose in the boat with visible excitement, and began to haul with all his might.

"Keep your line taut," cried Charity, her eyes suddenly afire with interest; —"no, no! not that way, or you'll unhook him!"

"But he cuts my hands cruelly," whimpered Nichols. "I don't think I can stand it much longer."

"Take the tiller quick; and I'll haul him," said the girl, with quiet decision,

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and no sooner had the clergyman handed her the line, than, with five or six strong and steady pulls, she landed a splendid bluefish, weighing some six or seven pounds. Brooks, who could not get his eyes off her, was enchanted at the swift security and skill with which she handled the big fish, keeping at the same time a vigilant watch on the parson, whose manipulation of the tiller she evidently distrusted. Hers was no crude peasant face in which the primitive bovine virtues were legibly written. In her eye the fire of thought had been kindled, generations ago, and in the chiseling of her face nature had traced many a delicate intention. And yet, coupled with this, there were an admirable alertness of sense and practical skill which, to the young man who had spent his life among books and in the over-refinement of a foreign civilization, seemed wholly adorable. He had all his life seen helpless women who took a pride in their uselessness and ignorance of practical concerns; and by contrast, an efficient woman who, without the sacrifice of her womanly character and charm, could sail a boat, braid a basket, and cook a beefsteak, struck him as a fascinating novelty. He contrasted her deep and wholesome content with the intellectual contortions of Miss Herkomer, who skimmed with feverish restlessness over all the sciences, and was always uneasy lest she should not secure proper recognition for her attainments.

It is not improbable that Anastasia had a suspicion of what was going on in Brooks's mind; at all events, she was aware that she had displeased him by her question about "Theophrastus Such." She always felt an irrepressible irritation in the presence of men who undervalued the intellect of women; and neglected no opportunity to champion the cause of her oppressed sex. And yet, in the case of Brooks, it somehow heightened her respect for him, to know that he did not take her intellectual claims seriously. It did not occur to her "to give in," of course; but in her heart of hearts she rather liked his contemptuous tone, provoking though it was.

Nothing of any consequence occurred during the afternoon, except that several dozen scups were caught and a few sea-bass. At about seven o'clock they anchored near the island of Puckertuck, a mere reef or sand-dune, which is cut up into several islets at high tide, one of them supporting a light-house with a revolving light of three colors, and the summer cottage of a Bostonian, who thus advertises his love of solitude. The wind had stiffened somewhat, after sunset, and the tide was coming in, flowing with considerable violence over the shallow sand-flats. On the outer side of the reef they could hear the surf booming, and the wind flung, every now and then, a shower of spray toward them. The wicks were trimmed in the kerosene stove, and in an amazingly short time the big bluefish found himself split down the back and flung into the frying-pan.

"Hand me a match, please," said Charity, who was stooping over the stove, attending to the preliminaries of the banquet.

"A match? Why, certainly," answered Brooks and Nichols in chorus, and fumbled in their pockets.

"I confess I am almost hungry," said Anastasia, a little anxiously.

"I confess I am ravenous," remarked Nichols; "this sea-air has aroused in me a very unclerical appetite."

"Or say, rather, a very clerical appetite," suggested Brooks. "I do hope you have brought matches, for I have none."

"Nor have I," the clergyman rejoined, with a dismayed look; "I could have sworn I had some, but I must have left the box in my room."

An excited consultation ensued, during which Nichols suffered all the horrors of slow starvation, while Anastasia drew lots in fancy as to who was to be eaten, and found that her rival was designated for the sacrifice.

"We shall have to land at Puckertuck," said Charity. "I'll go up to Mr. Bateman's cottage and get some matches."

"But it is getting dark and foggy," Brooks objected. "You might be blown off to sea, and nobody know what had become of you."

"The moon is just rising; and anyway I am not afraid."

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"You wished to say something to me," she whispered after a long silence.

He was about to answer, but found himself suddenly enveloped in an intense crimson illumination. He looked at Charity, and she too shone as if lighted up by Bengal fire. It took him fully a minute to recover from his consternation, and to trace the singular phenomenon to its origin. It was the revolving light of the government light-house, which had accidentally flashed its blood-red sheen upon them. And it was owing to this circumstance that a belated fisherman who was tacking close to shore caught sight of them in the midst of the fleecy sea of indistinguishable fog.

"Man ahoy!" he called; and was not a little surprised when the answer came in a woman's voice.

He made out the mystery, however, by recollecting the passage in the marriage service which bids the two to be one.

TWO GRECIAN MYTHS.

By C. P. Cranch.

I.

ICARUS.

He sold his poems and was free from care.
The critics praised them, and he trod on air.
The people crowned him 'mid their poet-kings.
He touched the earth no more, but spread his wings.

But ah, the test of worth he could not shun.
His wings were wax, and melted in the sun.
The sires gazed upward on a flight of fame.
Their sons looked down on a forgotten name.

II.

GANYMEDE.

Doubtless they missed him at the rustic board
  In the rude herdsmen's feast of home-brewed ale.
His thoughts, his dreams, his nobler longings soared
  Beyond the vulgar jest and trivial tale.
Into his larger sky's ethereal zone
The wings that lifted him were not his own.

Jove's eagle snatched him from the common throng,
  And bore him to the blue Olympian heights.
What cared he for his comrades' homely song
  In the new opening heaven of sounds and sights—
Where in a sphere of harmonies divine
He served the gods and poured celestial wine!

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CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HISTORY OF FIFE.

RANDOM MEMORIES.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

MANY writers have vigorously described the pains of the first day or the first night at school; to a boy of any enterprise, I believe, they are more often agreeably exciting. Misery—or at least misery unrelieved—is confined to another period, to the days of suspense and the "dreadful looking-for" of departure; when the old life is running to an end, and the new life, with its new interests, not yet begun; and to the pain of an imminent parting, there is added the unrest of a state of conscious prëexistence. The area railings, the beloved shop-window, the smell of semi-suburban tanpits, the song of the church bells upon a Sunday, the thin, high voices of compatriot children in a playing field—what a sudden, what an overpowering pathos breathes to him from each familiar circumstance! The assaults of sorrow come not from within, as it seems to him, but from without. I was proud and glad to go to school; had I been let alone, I could have borne up like any hero; but there was around me, in all my native town, a conspiracy of lamentation: "Poor little boy, he is going away—unkind little boy, he is going to leave us;" so the unspoken burthen followed me as I went, with yearning and reproach. And at length, one melancholy afternoon in the early autumn, and at a place where it seems to me, looking back, it must be always autumn and generally Sunday, there came suddenly upon the face of all I saw—the long empty road, the lines of the tall houses, the church upon the hill, the woody hill-side garden—a look of such a piercing sadness that my heart died; and seating myself on a door-step, I shed tears of miserable sympathy. A benevolent cat cumbered me the while with consolations—we two were alone in all that was visible of the London Road: two poor waifs who had each tasted sorrow—and she fawned upon the weeper, and gambolled for his entertainment, watching the effect, it seemed, with motherly eyes. Long ago has that small heart been quieted, that small body (then rigid and cold) buried in the end of a town garden, perhaps with some attendant children. She will never console another trembler on the brink of life: poor little mouse, bringing strength to the young elephant: poor little thing of a year or two ministering to the creature of near upon a century.

For the sake of the cat, God bless her! I confessed at home the story of my own weakness; and so it comes about that I owed a certain journey, and the reader owes the present paper, to a cat in the London Road. It was judged, if I had thus brimmed over on the public highway, some change of scene was (in the medical sense) indicated; my father at the time was visiting the harbor lights of Scotland; and it was decided he should take me along with him around

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a portion of the shores of Fife: my first professional tour, my first journey in the complete character of man, without the help of petticoats.

The Kingdom of Fife (that royal province) may be observed by the curious on the map, occupying a tongue of land between the firths of Forth and Tay. It may be continually seen from many parts of Edinburgh (among the rest, from the windows of my father's house) dying away into the distance and the easterly *haar* with one smoky sea-side town beyond another, or in winter printing on the gray heaven some glittering hill tops. It has no beauty to recommend it, being a low, sea-salted, wind-vexed promontory; trees very rare, except (as common on the east coast) along the dens of rivers; the fields well cultivated, I understand, but not lovely to the eye. It is of the coast I speak: the interior may be the garden of Eden. History broods over that part of the world like the easterly haar. Even on the map, its long row of Gaelic place-names bear testimony to an old and settled race. Of these little towns, posted along the shore as close as sedges, each with its bit of harbor, its old weather-beaten church or public building, its flavor of decayed prosperity and decaying fish, not one but has its legend, quaint or tragic: Dunfermline, in whose royal towers the king may be still observed (in the ballad) drinking the blood-red wine; somnolent Inverkeithing, once the quarantine of Leith; Aberdour, hard by the monastic islet of Inchcolm, hard by Donibristle where the "bonny face was spoiled;" Burntisland where, when Paul Jones was off the coast, the Reverend Mr. Shirra had a table carried between tide-marks, and publicly prayed against the rover at the pitch of his voice and his broad lowland dialect; Kinghorn, where Alexander "brak's neckbane" and left Scotland to the English wars; Kirkaldy, where the witches once prevailed extremely and sunk tall ships and honest mariners in the North Sea; Dysart, famous—well famous at least to me for the Dutch ships that lay in its harbor, painted like toys and with pots of flowers and cages of song-birds in the cabin windows, and for one particular Dutch skipper who would sit all day in slippers on the break of the poop, smoking a long German pipe; Wemyss (pronounce Weems) with its bat-haunted caves, where the Chevalier Johnstone, on his flight from Culloden, passed a night of superstitious terrors; Leven, a bald, quite modern place, sacred to summer visitors, whence there has gone but yesterday the tall figure and the white locks of the last Englishman in Delhi, my uncle Dr. Balfour, who was still walking his hospital rounds, while the troopers from Meerut clattered and cried "Deen Deen" along the streets of the imperial city, and Willoughby mustered his handful of heroes at the magazine, and the nameless brave one in the telegraph office was perhaps already fingering his last despatch; and just a little beyond Leven, Largo Law and the smoke of Largo town mounting about its feet, the town of Alexander Selkirk, better known under the name of Robinson Crusoe. So on, the list might be pursued (only for private reasons, which the reader will shortly have an opportunity to guess) by St. Monance, and Pittenweem, and the two Anstruthers, and Cellardyke, and Crail where Primate Sharpe was once a humble and innocent country minister: on to the heel of the land, to Fifeness, overlooked by a sea-wood of matted elders and the quaint old mansion of Balcomie, itself overlooking but the breach or the quiescence of the deep—the Carr Rock beacon rising close in front, and as night draws in, the star of the Inchcape reef springing up on the one hand, and the star of the May Island on the other, and further off yet a third and a greater on the craggy foreland of St. Abb's. And but a little way round the corner of the land, imminent itself above the sea, stands the gem of the province and the light of mediæval Scotland, St. Andrew's, where the great Cardinal Beaton held garrison against the world, and the second of the name and title perished (as you may read in Knox's jeering narrative) under the knives of true-blue Protestants, and to this day (after so many centuries) the current voice of the professor is not hushed.

Here it was that my first tour of in-

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spection began, early on a bleak easterly morning. There was a crashing run of sea upon the shore, I recollect, and my father and the man of the harbor light must sometimes raise their voices to be audible. Perhaps it is from this circumstance, that I always imagine St. Andrew's to be an ineffectual seat of learning, and the sound of the east wind and the bursting surf to linger in its drowsy class-rooms and confound the utterance of the professor, until teacher and taught are alike drowned in oblivion, and only the sea-gull beats on the windows and the draught of the sea-air rustles in the pages of the open lecture. But upon all this, and the romance of St. Andrew's in general, the reader must consult the works of Mr. Andrew Lang; who has written of it but the other day in his dainty prose and with his incommunicable humor, and long ago in one of his best poems, with grace, and local truth and a note of unaffected pathos. Mr. Lang knows all about the romance, I say, and the educational advantages, but I doubt if he had turned his attention to the harbor lights; and it may be news even to him, that in the year 1863, their case was pitiable. Hanging about with the east wind humming in my teeth, and my hands (I make no doubt) in my pocket, I looked for the first time upon that tragi-comedy of the visiting engineer which I have seen so often reënacted on a more important stage. Eighty years ago, I find my grandfather writing: "It is the most painful thing that can occur to me to have a correspondence of this kind with any of the keepers, and when I come to the Light House, instead of having the satisfaction to meet them with approbation and welcome their Family, it is distressing when one is obliged to put on a most angry countenance and demeanor." This painful obligation has been hereditary in my race. I have myself, on a perfectly amateur and unauthorized inspection of Turnberry Point, bent my brows upon the keeper on the question of storm-panes; and felt a keen pang of self-reproach, when we went down stairs again and I found he was making a coffin for his infant child; and then regained my equanimity with the thought that I had done the man a service, and when the proper inspector came, he would be readier with his panes. The human race is perhaps credited with more duplicity than it deserves. The visitation of a light-house at least is a business of the most transparent nature. As soon as the boat grates on the shore, and the keepers step forward in their uniformed coats, the very slouch of the fellows' shoulders tells their story and the engineer may begin at once to assume his "angry countenance." Certainly the brass of the handrail will be clouded; and if the brass be not immaculate, certainly all will be to match—the reflectors scratched, the spare lamp unready, the storm-panes in the storehouse. If a light is not rather more than middling good, it will be radically bad. Mediocrity (except in literature) appears to be unattainable by man. But of course the unfortunate of St. Andrew's was only an amateur, he was not in the Service, he had no uniform coat, he was (I believe) a plumber by his trade and stood (in the mediæval phrase) quite out of the danger of my father; but he had a painful interview for all that, and perspired extremely.

From St. Andrew's, we drove over Magus Muir. My father had announced we were "to post," and the phrase called up in my hopeful mind visions of top-boots and the pictures in Rowlandson's *Dance of Death;* but it was only a jingling cab that came to the inn door, such as I had driven in a thousand times at the low price of one shilling on the streets of Edinburgh. Beyond this disappointment, I remember nothing of that drive. It is a road I have often travelled, and of not one of these journeys do I remember any single trait. The fact has not been supposed to encroach on the truth of the imagination. I still see Magus Muir two hundred years ago; a desert place, quite uninclosed; in the midst, the Primate's carriage fleeing at the gallop; the assassins loose reined in pursuit, Burley Balfour, pistol in hand, among the first. No scene of history has ever written itself so deeply on my mind; not because Balfour, that questionable zealot, was an ancestral cousin of my own; not because of the pleadings of the victim and his daughter; not even because of the live bum-bee that

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flew out of Sharpe's 'bacco box, thus clearly indicating his complicity with Satan; nor merely because, as it was after all a crime of a fine religious flavor, it figured in Sunday books and afforded a grateful relief from *Ministering Children* or the *Memoirs of Mrs. Katharine Winslowe*. The figure that always fixed my attention is that of Hackston of Rathillet, sitting in the saddle with his cloak about his mouth, and through all that long, bungling, vociferous hurly-burly, revolving privately a case of conscience. He would take no hand in the deed, because he had a private spite against the victim, and "that action" must be sullied with no suggestion of a worldly motive; on the other hand, "that action" in itself was highly justified, he had cast in his lot with "the actors," and he must stay there, inactive but publicly sharing the responsibility. "You are a gentleman—you will protect me!" cried the wounded old man, crawling towards him. "I will never lay a hand on you," said Hackston, and put his cloak about his mouth. It is an old temptation with me, to pluck away that cloak and see the face—to open that bosom and to read the heart. With incomplete romances about Hackston, the drawers of my youth were lumbered. I read him up in every printed book that I could lay my hands on. I even dug among the Wodrow manuscripts, sitting shame-faced in the very room where my hero had been tortured two centuries before, and keenly conscious of my youth in the midst of other and (as I fondly thought) more gifted students. All was vain: that he had passed a riotous nonage, that he was a zealot, that he twice displayed (compared with his grotesque companions) some tincture of soldierly resolution and even of military common sense, and that he figured memorably in the scene on Magus Muir, so much and no more could I expiscate. But whenever I cast my eyes backward, it is to see him like a landmark on the plains of history, sitting with his cloak about his mouth, inscrutable. How small a thing creates an immortality! I do not think he can have been a man entirely commonplace; but had he not thrown his cloak about his mouth, or had the witnesses forgot to chronicle the action, he would not thus have haunted the imagination of my boyhood, and to-day he would scarce delay me for a paragraph. An incident, at once romantic and dramatic, which at once awakes the judgment and makes a picture for the eye, how little do we realize its perdurable power! Perhaps no one does so but the author, just as none but he appreciates the influence of jingling words; so that he looks on upon life, with something of a covert smile, seeing people led by what they fancy to be thoughts and what are really the accustomed artifices of his own trade, or roused by what they take to be principles and are really picturesque effects. In a pleasant book about a school class club, Colonel Fergusson has recently told a little anecdote. A "Philosophical Society" was formed by some Academy boys—among them, Colonel Fergusson himself, Fleeming Jenkin, and Andrew Wilson, the Christian Boodhist, and author of *The Abode of Snow*. Before these learned pundits, one member laid the following ingenious problem: "What would be the result of putting a pound of potassium in a pot of porter?" "I should think there would be a number of interesting bi-products," said a smatterer at my elbow; but for me the tale itself has a bi-product, and stands as a type of much that is most human. For this enquirer, who conceived himself to burn with a zeal entirely chemical, was really immersed in a design of a quite different nature; unconsciously to his own recently breached intelligence, he was engaged in literature. Putting, pound, potassium, pot, porter: initial p, mediant t—that was his idea, poor little boy! So with politics and that which excites men in the present, so with history and that which rouses them in the past: there lie at the root of what appears most serious unsuspected elements.

The triple town of Anstruther Wester, Anstruther Easter and Cellardyke, all three Royal Burghs—or two Royal Burghs and a less distinguished suburb, I forget which—lies continuously along the sea-side, and boasts of either two or three separate parish churches, and either two or three separate harbors. These ambiguities are painful; but the fact is (although it argue me uncult-

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ured) I am but poorly posted upon Cellardyke. My business lay in the two Anstruthers. A tricklet of a stream divides them, spanned by a bridge; and over the bridge at the time of my knowledge, the celebrated Shell House stood outpost on the west. This had been the residence of an agreeable eccentric; during his fond tenancy, he had illustrated the outer walls, as high (if I remember rightly) as the roof, with elaborate patterns and pictures, and snatches of verse in the vein of *exegi monumentum;* shells and pebbles, artfully contrasted and conjoined, had been his medium; and I live to think of him standing back upon the bridge, when all was finished, drinking in the general effect and (like Gibbon) already lamenting his employment. *Et ego artifex*, he may have thought; like Hayley over his poems or Haydon before his canvases.

The same bridge saw another sight in the seventeenth century. Mr. Thomson, the "curat" of Anstruther Easter, was a man highly obnoxious to the devout: in the first place because he was a "curat"; in the second place, because he was a person of irregular and scandalous life; and in the third place, because he was generally suspected of dealings with the Enemy of Man. These three disqualifications, in the popular literature of the time, go hand in hand; but the end of Mr. Thomson was a thing quite by itself, and in the proper phrase, a manifest judgment. He had been at a friend's house in Anstruther Wester, where (and elsewhere, I suspect) he had partaken of the bottle; indeed, to put the thing in our cold modern way, the reverend gentleman was on the brink of *delirium tremens*. It was a dark night, it seems; a little lassie came carrying a lantern to fetch the curate home; and away they went down the street of Anstruther Wester, the lantern swinging a bit in the child's hand, the barred lustre tossing up and down along the front of slumbering houses, and Mr. Thomson not altogether steady on his legs nor (to all appearance) easy in his mind. The pair had reached the middle of the bridge when (as I conceive the scene) the poor tippler started in some baseless fear and looked behind him; the child, already shaken by the minister's strange behavior, started also; in so doing, she would jerk the lantern; and for the space of a moment the lights and the shadows would be all confounded. Then it was that to the unhinged toper and the twittering child, a huge bulk of blackness seemed to sweep down, to pass them close by as they stood upon the bridge, and to vanish on the further side in the general darkness of the night. "Plainly the devil come for Mr. Thomson!" thought the child. What Mr. Thomson thought himself, we have no ground of knowledge; but he fell upon his knees in the midst of the bridge like a man praying. On the rest of the journey to the manse, history is silent; but when they came to the door, the poor caitiff, taking the lantern from the child, looked upon her with so lost a countenance that her little courage died within her, and she fled home screaming to her parents. Not a soul would venture out; all that night, the minister dwelt alone with his terrors in the manse; and when the day dawned, and men made bold to go about the streets, they found the devil had come indeed for Mr. Thomson.

This manse of Anstruther Easter has another and a more cheerful association. It was early in the morning, about a century before the days of Mr. Thomson, that his predecessor was called out of bed to welcome a Grandee of Spain, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, just landed in the harbor underneath. But sure there was never seen a more decayed grandee; sure there was never a duke welcomed from a stranger place of exile. Half-way between Orkney and Shetland, there lies a certain isle; on the one hand the Atlantic, on the other the North Sea, bombard its pillared cliffs; sore-eyed, short-living, inbred fishers and their families herd in its few huts; in the graveyard, pieces of wreck-wood stand for monuments; there is nowhere a more inhospitable spot. *Belle-Isle-en-Mer*—Fair-Isle-at-Sea—that is a name that has always rung in my mind's ear like music; but the only "Fair Isle" on which I ever set my foot, was this unhomely, rugged turret-top of submarine sierras. Here, when his ship

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was broken, my lord Duke joyfully got ashore; here for long months he and certain of his men were harbored; and it was from this durance that he landed at last to be welcomed (as well as such a papist deserved, no doubt) by the godly incumbent of Anstruther Easter; and after the Fair Isle, what a fine city must that have appeared! and after the island diet, what a hospitable spot the minister's table! And yet he must have lived on friendly terms with his outlandish hosts. For to this day there still survives a relic of the long winter evenings when the sailors of the great Armada crouched about the hearths of the Fair-Islanders, the planks of their own lost galleon perhaps lighting up the scene, and the gale and the surf that beat about the coast contributing their melancholy voices. All the folk of the north isles are great artificers of knitting: the Fair-Islanders alone dye their fabrics in the Spanish manner. To this day, gloves and nightcaps, innocently decorated, may be seen for sale in the Shetland warehouse at Edinburgh, or on the Fair Isle itself in the catechist's house; and to this day, they tell the story of the Duke of Medina Sidonia's adventure.

It would seem as if the Fair Isle had some attraction for "persons of quality." When I landed there myself, an elderly gentleman, unshaved, poorly attired, his shoulders wrapped in a plaid, was seen walking to and fro, with a book in his hand, upon the beach. He paid no heed to our arrival, which we thought a strange thing in itself; but when one of the officers of the *Pharos*, passing narrowly by him, observed his book to be a Greek testament, our wonder and interest took a higher flight. The catechist was cross-examined; he said the gentleman had been put across some time before in Mr. Bruce of Sumburgh's schooner, the only link between the Fair Isle and the rest of the world; and that he held services and was doing "good." So much came glibly enough; but when pressed a little further, the catechist displayed embarrassment. A singular diffidence appeared upon his face: "They tell me," said he, in low tones, "that he's a lord." And a lord he was; a peer of the realm pacing that inhospitable beach with his Greek testament, and his plaid about his shoulders, set upon doing good, as he understood it, worthy man! And his grandson, a good-looking little boy, much better dressed than the lordly evangelist, and speaking with a silken English accent very foreign to the scene, accompanied me for a while in my exploration of the island. I suppose this little fellow is now my lord, and wonder how much he remembers of the Fair Isle. Perhaps not much; for he seemed to accept very quietly his savage situation; and under such guidance, it is like that this was not his first nor yet his last adventure.

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GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

(From the last portrait taken.)

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